THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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June/July '74

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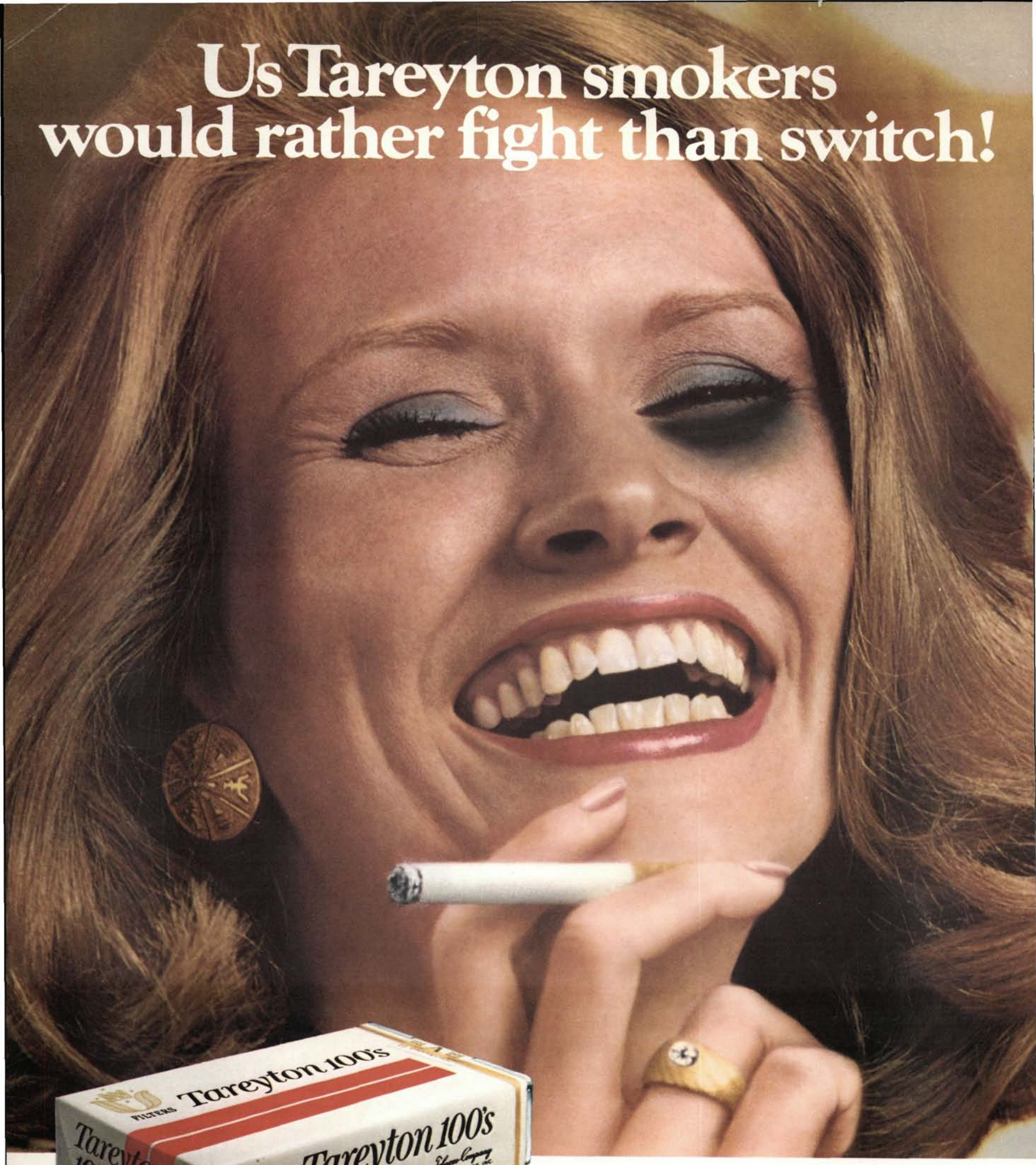

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And money on your Allstate auto insurance.

At last the air bag is here.
General Motors now makes it available to you.
And we at Allstate are delighted.

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General Motors is offering air bags as an option on certain 1974 cars—Cadillacs, Buicks, and Oldsmobiles, in place of the currently mandatory seatbelt-ignition interlock system. Allstate commends GM's action, and hopes other car manufacturers will move to follow GM's example.

What Allstate is doing.
We've been urging and supporting the development of an automatic passive-restraint system like the air bag for years. Because we believe that a system like the air bag will do a great deal to save lives. Prevent serious injuries. And help hold the line on your insurance costs. And we make the following offer. *Allstate will provide a 30% discount on the medical coverage portion of the auto insurance for cars factory-equipped with air bags.*

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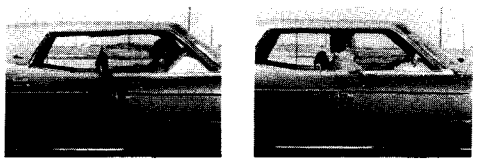

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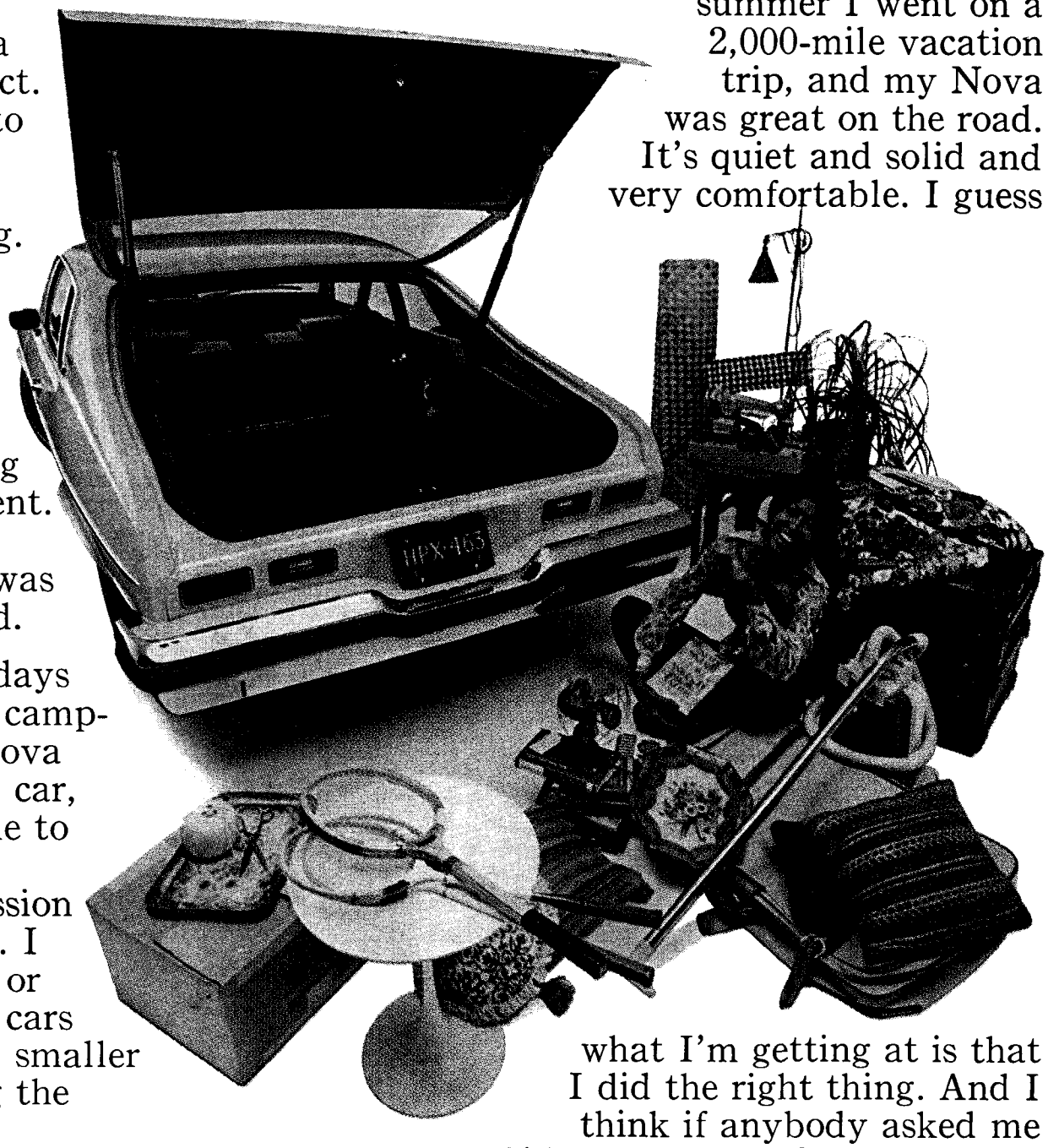
My economical Nova-6 Hatchback. It didn't cost a lot but it sure does hold a lot.

Big cars make me feel comfortable. Until it's time to parallel park. Small cars make me feel economical and wise. But, I like to camp and carry friends around with me sometimes.

The Chevy Nova Hatchback is perfect. It's small enough to be easy to drive in the city. It's big enough for camping. The rear seats fold down to make a nice flat space six feet long. That's helping today because I'm moving to a bigger apartment. I can afford *that* because my Nova was economically priced.



Of course, most days I'm not moving or camping, right? Well, Nova is a great everyday car, too. It's easy for me to drive. I ordered automatic transmission and power steering. I don't feel cramped or intimidated by big cars like you might in a smaller car, whizzing along the expressway.

The real reason I bought the car was I liked the looks of it. Kind of sporty looking, you know. And the price was a thing too, of course.

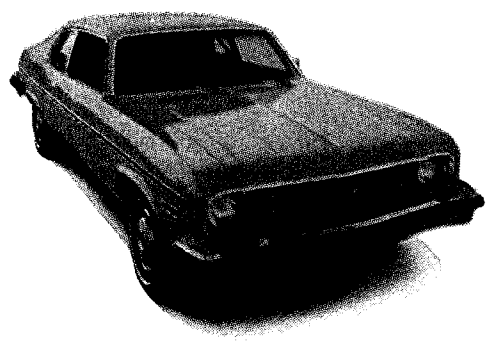
It was a good price by comparison. Jerry and I shopped around and got an idea of the prices of cars beforehand.

When I got the car I wasn't aware of the current energy situation. Luckily, my Nova is pretty good with gas.

Another big thing. Once in a while I go back home for a visit, and last summer I went on a 2,000-mile vacation trip, and my Nova was great on the road. It's quiet and solid and very comfortable. I guess what I'm getting at is that I did the right thing. And I think if anybody asked me I'd say that the Chevy Nova is just about perfect for a working girl.

Or even a working man for that matter.

CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA. Chevrolet



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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EDITORIAL
Beurt SerVaas, Editor and Publisher
Cory SerVaas, M.D., Executive Editor and Publisher
Frederic A. Birmingham, Managing Editor and Associate Publisher
Starkey Flythe, Jr., Assistant Managing Editor and Associate Publisher
John Burkhart, Editor at Large
Julie Nixon Eisenhower, Associate Editor
Jep Cadou, Senior Editor and Sports Editor
Sonia Patten, James Beaudry, Assistant Editors
Astrid Henkels, Research Editor
Consulting Editors:
Dollie Cole, Roberts Ehrgott, Kristin SerVaas, Mary Alice Simpson Beth Thomas

ART
Pamela Chisham, Art Manager
William Cragun and Andrea Eberbach, Art Associates
Robert Charles Howe, Lucian Lupinski, and Bill Ware, Illustrators
Edward F. Cortese
Consulting Art Director

PRODUCTION
Bob Fletcher, Production Manager
Pamela Chisham, Production Associate

CIRCULATION
Helen Fowler, Judy Sears, Rushh Reynolds

GENERAL OFFICES
1100 Waterway Boulevard
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206
(317) 634-1100
Associate Publisher: Robert L. Silvers
Advertising Administrator: Mary Lou Smiley
Business Manager: Donald R. McPherson
Marketing Director: Frederick B. Tuttle
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Special Projects: Dieter Daus
Special Sections Director: Bertie Beitman Joan Moreillon
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ADVERTISING OFFICES:
Vice President & Advertising Director: Joseph R. Spadea
1018 Fisher Building
Detroit, Michigan 48202
(313) 875-2420-1

Atlanta:
Miller & Tillman
Suite 3, 130 W. Wieuca Road, N.E.
Atlanta, Georgia 30342, (404) 252-9588

Boston:
Howard Temkin
16 Whites Ave.
Watertown, Mass. 02172, (617) 926-4761

Chicago:
Moe Rutherford, Mark M. Morrissey
Wrigley Building, 400 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611, (312) 467-6477

Dallas:
Bill Sutherland
1726 National Bankers Life Bldg.
Dallas, Texas 75201, (214) 742-6065

Denver:
Art Helmers, Helmers Associates, Inc.
6986 South Newland St.
Littleton, Colorado 80123, (303) 798-7290

Indianapolis:
Robert Fredrickson
1100 Waterway Boulevard
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202
(317) 634-1100

Los Angeles:
Paul Coutlee
Assoc. Publisher & Western Manager
3345 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90010
(213) 385-0221

New York:
Ron McIntyre, Eastern Manager
Waldorf-Astoria, 301 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 371-0400

Canada:
Arthur B. Carveth
Regency Towers Hotel Apt. 508
89 Avenue Road
Toronto, Ontario, Canada, (416) 923-1116

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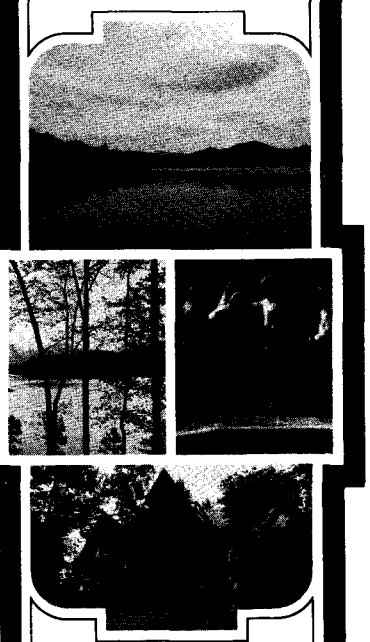
the Heart of God's Country



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CLARE BOOTHE LUCE TO WRITE ON "WATERGATE IN HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE"

Archbishop Fulton Sheen called her intuitive . . .

On December 6, 1941, she wrote that nobody "would be the slightest bit surprised if we went to war with Japan tomorrow."

She proposed a Western military alliance several years before NATO was formed.

We've invited her in a coming issue of the SatEvePost to predict how historians will view Watergate in perspective.

Clare Boothe Luce is one of the most brilliant, accomplished and talented persons ever to be loved, respected and cherished by the American public. Winner of an international beauty contest on the French Riviera at the age of seventeen, managing editor of *Vanity Fair*, war correspondent, Broadway playwright, author, Congresswoman from Connecticut, Ambassador to Italy, she is now a senior stateswoman whose clarity of mind, even as she approaches the end of her seventh decade, permits her an unusual vantage point from which to evaluate contemporary America.

A clairvoyant Clare Boothe Luce advocated a postwar European rehabilitation plan almost identical to the plan proposed two years later by George Marshall. While in Congress and long before it was accomplished she called upon Britain to grant independence to India.

She introduced into Congress a resolution calling for racial equality in the Armed Services.

She condemned the DAR for refusing its Constitution Hall to Marian Anderson.

She was a principled and consistent anti-Communist at a time when many of the political and social elite were still infatuated with "Uncle Joe" Stalin. And when she made her intellectual conversion to Catholicism, after the death of her twenty-year-old daughter, she declined to run for reelection because she knew her enemies would say that her conversion was manufactured to appeal to her strongly Catholic constituency.

The editors of the *Post* have asked this unusual woman to utilize her clairvoyance to establish an historical perspective for the events called "Watergate."

Already broadcast officials and publishers, concerned about citizen protests of news bias, are beginning a process of introspection relative to the swelling criticism from the electorate.

Evidence of this introspection reached my desk last week in the unusual and little-used form of a pamphlet.

Pamphleteering was an early form of communication in the American colonies and many a Revolutionary hero took pen in hand amidst bombs bursting in air to

Clare Boothe Luce

voice his alarm at the course of human affairs. In this tradition, Mr. Arthur R. Taylor, President of CBS, found good reason to issue this unique pamphlet, unique in that pamphlets are seldom used today by those commanding the power of mass media. The pamphlet is devoted to Mr. Taylor's belief that "individual or collective bias (on TV) is not permitted to distort the journalistic treatment of controversial issues of our time."

The pamphlet contains certain remarks of the President of CBS Broadcast Group before a Rotary Club in Mobile, Alabama, February 21, 1974:

Excerpt From The Pamphlet

"Television is not, cannot be, and never will be all things to all people.

"Let me read a few quotes to you, as an illustration of one of the major problems facing television today—accusations of news bias.

" '*I am extremely tired of the news media continuing its accusations against the President without any proof to support them.*' That one is from a letter to CBS from a corporate executive in South Bend, Indiana.

" '*We are sick and tired of watching the national networks humiliate our President and embarrass our country before the entire world . . . freedom of the press is essential, but this freedom is being grossly abused and we resent it.*' That's from a full-page ad in the Thomasville, Georgia *Times-Enterprise*, and was paid for by a Georgia group calling itself 'Concerned Americans for the President.'

" '*Some of the press and the three TV networks have given the American people a scurrilous exhibition of what "freedom of the press" means. It is high time for a Supreme Court ruling as to what freedom means and does not mean.*' That's from a recent letter to the editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

" '*I have never heard or seen such outrageous, vicious, distorted reporting in twenty-seven years of public life.*' That, of course, was from President Nixon's October 26 news conference last year, and he was referring to the electronic media.

"All of the statements that I have just quoted have several things in common. Each attacks television news in fairly strong fashion. Each attack is a generic one, completely lacking in detail and making it virtually impossible to answer except in the broadest terms of 'It's not so.' Each attack stands by itself without any support, without any justification, without any evidence.

"Most important, each attack represents the purest form of selective perception by the viewer. News bias, somewhat like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. For the most part, bias is a subjective concept."

Although CBS thus steadfastly holds that no bias exists on the broadcasting end of its news programs, but only "in the eye of the beholder," Mr. Taylor, the pamphleteer, is increasingly concerned with the number of persons wrongfully accusing the networks of hostile and prejudicial newscasting, particularly against the Nixon Administration.

At the conclusion of the pamphlet, CBS Broadcast Group president opined: "I do not fear any drastic moves against the independence of television news. However, I feel that some people are moving in a direction that may impinge on (our) freedoms."

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A little-noted event may well have characterized the fatal flaw in the mass media's polemics. This hole in the dike, through which a torrent of public opinion may yet engulf the now-wary media, appeared in the unlikely form of a letter to the editors of *Time* magazine from Clare Boothe Luce.

Said Mrs. Luce, widow of the founder of *Time* magazine, and still a substantial stockholder in that enterprise:

The Press and Nixon

Sir/Harry Reasoner recently took *Time* to task on ABC-TV for certain instances of its obsessional and below-the-belt reporting on Watergate, which he said had betrayed the canons of both objective and ethical journalism.

It was predictable that sooner or later *Time* would begin to pay the price for its editorial overinvestment in the destruction of the President. That price, as Reasoner noted, is the loss of journalistic prestige and credibility. How ironic, and how fitting, that a distinguished media colleague and certified Nixon critic like Reasoner should blow the whistle on *Time* for its phobic Watergate reporting!

No President of the U.S. except Lincoln (in retrospect, now to be considered another impeachable character) has ever been more savaged by the press than Nixon. For one solid year the press has been beating on him mercilessly. And he has shown that he can take it and take it and take it with cool and courage. But few journalists—none on *Time*—have had even the sportsmanship, no less the journalistic objectivity, to report that whatever Nixon is or is not, he is one helluva gutsy fighter. To be sure, the capacity to take punishment as well as dish it out is not widely associated with journalists, which is no doubt why they do not recognize it as a virtue in Nixon.

Pity. Because when, or if, the New York and Washington press succeeds in knocking out Nixon, the country is going to need an even tougher President, for America's economy and world prestige are bound to take the count along with him.

Clare Boothe Luce
Honolulu

If CBS is concerned about a public which would express itself as does Mrs. Luce, CBS does indeed have reason for concern.

Beurt SerVaas, *Editor & Publisher*

This bird was caught stealing gas

It's criminal what can happen when your engine's out of tune.

The whole idea of a tune-up is to help increase your engine's efficiency. And many things can be involved.

Just take one misfiring spark plug. In an eight-cylinder engine, this one bird can cut gas mileage up to 12 percent.

How do you catch a gas thief like this? With a tune-up, including a new set of AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs.

AC has the right spark plug for your car and your driving conditions. Even if you're driving at slower speeds these days, with more short trips and stop-and-start driving.

So, a tune-up that includes AC Spark Plugs can help deliver improved gas mileage. Even under today's changed driving conditions.

AC SPARK PLUG
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DOLLIE COLE ON BREAST CANCER

To die or not to die; it may be your choice.

Editor's Note: Dollie Cole, as a trustee of the Meyer L. Prentis Cancer Center in Detroit, has been very close to growing excitement there over the possibility of a major scientific breakthrough on the isolation of a breast cancer virus. So it seemed only appropriate that the Post *assign the writing of an article on this vital subject to Mrs. Cole, bringing to it her pungent personal viewpoints as well as the available expertise of the Center's concerned staff.*

Dollie is an author who gets down to bedrock and puts things in no nonsense terms everyone can understand. Her enthusiasm is reminiscent of our founder, Ben Franklin, who said, "We can make these times better, if we bestir ourselves."

"All I do is light fires," says Dollie Cole, characteristically. Well, in Detroit—where clout is commonplace, where mere giants take orders from legends, and the put-down is honed to an art—they still insist that when Dollie strikes a match, it's more like a blowtorch. As the wife of the President of General Motors, mother of four, a dazzling hostess and a notable horsewoman and tennis player, Dollie is news enough in herself, but what she does beyond all that is encyclopedic. In recent years she has been teaching speech therapy to the mentally retarded; she serves on the boards of such organizations as Project Hope, the Michigan Vocational Rehabilitation Service for the Handicapped, Michigan Humane Society, Michigan Cancer Foundation, and the International Institute of Metropolitan Detroit. She is a member of the Board of Directors of the Public Broadcasting Service, vice-president of the Anti-Cruelty League of Oakland County, a commissioner of the Detroit Zoo, and has a list of other activities as long as an assembly line.

One columnist describes Mrs. Cole as a "talkative, talked-about woman who casts a spell over you . . . a woman who could charm a fish out of the water." When Dollie Cole is part of a project, they say that fact alone almost guarantees its success. What better Detroiter than Dollie, then, to arouse concern and call attention to this lifesaving project?

"My father died of cancer in 1955," says Dollie Cole. "I feel that cancer is virtually the most serious problem every person faces after twenty. Here at the Center we are presently concerned with the cause *of cancer—until you find that cause you'll never find the cure. I am primarily interested in women coming to the Center, willing to be examined. That way, they can protect their own health, and add to the great store of information building up to isolate the cause of breast cancer."*

Author Dollie Cole and Julie Nixon Eisenhower inspect a xeromammagraph at the Meyer L. Prentis Cancer Center. Aware that breast cancer is the most common type of cancer among U.S. women, Julie underwent all of the tests for breast cancer to set an example for other women and encourage them to utilize modern procedures in preventive examination.

Writing of the work conducted at the Meyer Prentis Center in Detroit, named after a former Treasurer of General Motors, Mrs. Cole offers her usual straight-from-the-shoulder comment.

While I was sitting under a dryer in Saks beauty salon indulging myself in my once-a-week passion of scanning the Hollywood gossip columns, my thoughts were interrupted somewhere between Elizabeth Taylor's reunion with Burton and someone giving birth out of wedlock to a child named China or Free or something. It was Cory SerVaas, executive editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, giving me an assignment in her usual quiet and calm manner, always making it seem as if the story could be written between your first and second cup of coffee.

Cory did herself proud. "Write a story about breast cancer, talk with women who have had a radical mastectomy, modified radical mastectomies and irradiation, and don't forget a lumpectomy." "Don't forget?" I replied. "Great Scott, I can't even spell those words and certainly do not pretend to know anything about any form of breast cancer except the usual information that floats around at gatherings of women where everything from the energy crisis to why older women run off with younger men is discussed, with little concern for facts."

After pleading total ignorance, I was certain my editor would be discouraged, but instead, she said the article had to be written by a lay person seeking knowledge from those who are searching for the cause and the cure of this cancer as well as its effect on those who have it now. "Oh yes," she said, "it must be absolutely factual."

Okay, where do I start? Since I live in Detroit, what does my city offer a woman who fears cancer of the breast, by far the most common malignant tumor in American women? One out of every seventeen American women is destined to have breast cancer. Breast cancer rarely occurs before the age of thirty and occurs only one-one hundredth as often in men as in women. So in the area of breast cancer, it's still a man's world.

In talking with friends who have had breast cancer, I was asked what I would do if I were told by a competent physician that I had breast cancer. "Cry a lot," was my immediate response. "Funny," one said, "so did I, until I was all cried out and realized that tears are definitely not a cure for anything but a temporarily broken heart." Twelve women later, tears won hands down as the first reaction to the diagnosis of cancer.

The second reaction was to determine the available treatment and the dangers involved and to locate the most advanced center for the study of breast cancer.

When the doors of the Meyer L. Prentis Cancer Center officially opened to the four and a half million people of Metropolitan Detroit, the Michigan Cancer Foundation (MCF) took a giant step into the future.

From this efficient Center, a concentrated effort at understanding and meeting the total cancer-related needs of our community in the 1970's, the 1980's and beyond are to be made.

The Foundation has come a long way since the 1940's, when $5,000 and an experimental rat colony worth $2,000 were the main assets of the newly incorporated Detroit Institute of Cancer Research and when the Women's Field Army, under the auspices of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, provided the only volunteer assistance to cancer patients and their families, and used an old supermarket as its headquarters.

Now the Foundation is a unified operation. One institution carries on research, performs patient services, conducts a detection clinic, carries on public education programs and operates a biostatistical research center.

A slim beginning, a rat colony without a home. One of the unlikely, but real beginnings of the Michigan Cancer Foundation.

It all began back in 1941, with the closing of the Columbia University Crocker Laboratory for Cancer Research. Among the articles to be disposed of was a colony of inbred rats, the only carefully studied line of its type in the country. What to do with them?

Two of the researchers who had worked with the rats, Drs. Maynie R. Curtis and Wilhelmina Dunning, found them a temporary home by ship-

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It is the quiet running and quiet cornering radial. With a ride so smooth we can offer to buy them back if you don't like them, and we will give you seven days to find that out.

And when you buy a set of Steel Radial 500's, you have a choice of six different ways to charge them at most Firestone Dealers and Stores.

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ping them back to a family farm and storing them in a barn. Soon a laboratory was found for both researchers and rats. It was in the basement of a now unknown building. Then all of the rats moved into a seventeen-year-old edifice originally designed as a repair shop for trucks. It had by then been converted to a supermarket. With more remodeling, it served as a passable laboratory. Suddenly here I am in the new Meyer L. Prentis Cancer Center. Fantastic that it grew from such a humble origin.

From Dr. Michael Brennan, president of the Meyer Prentis Center, I learned that Dr. Wilhelmina Dunning, now in her eighties, is living in Florida raising her inbred rats for research, and has on her farm several dozen cats that must be going out of their minds with all those rats just out of reach. So, Dr. Brennan, she's still quite a gal!

From the 420,000 plum-colored bricks of its exterior to the liberal use of polished woods in its interior, the new Meyer L. Prentis Cancer Center exudes strength tempered with warmth.

The environment must be rigidly controlled, so a variety of protective and monitoring systems have been installed. They focus primarily on the Foundation's most fragile tenants—the purebred mouse colony. Only a few degrees' variance in room temperature, for example, could wipe the mice and several five-year research projects right out of existence.

The colony is guarded not only by the good old human watchman method (security guards record the temperature within the mice areas every hour), but by automatic alarms which sound off the instant the temperature goes above or below safe levels. In addition, a monitoring unit in the building's basement enables the reading of temperatures in every area of the building.

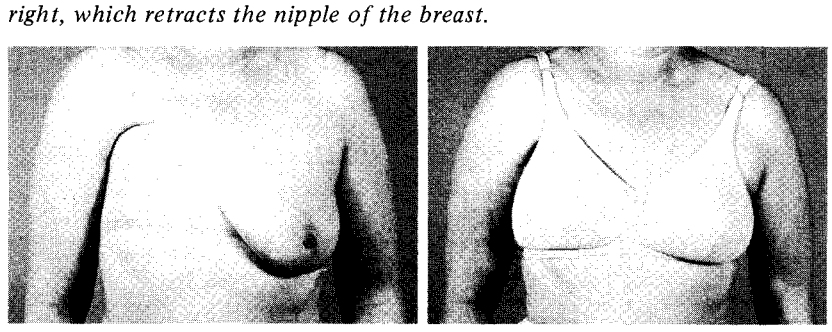
In order to keep the mouse colony and other research areas of the building free from contaminants, pressure gradient systems have been installed. These airflow systems, usually found only in hospitals (where areas like operating rooms must be kept sterile), control the flow of clean air and contaminated air. The pressure of this forced air forms an invisible curtain through which airborne contaminants cannot pass.

The first floor of the building is devoted to public service facilities—patient services, public health education, volunteer activities, and the detection clinic—and this will be my first stop.

As there is no totally effective *single test* for detecting breast cancer, a comprehensive series of tests and evaluations to aid in the detection of breast cancer must be made. A charming volunteer ushered me into a dressing room and instructed me to take off all my clothes and put on a marvelous little creation that has a permanent opening which permitted cold air to chill my backside to the point where I thought pneumonia might get me before cancer had a chance. For the next two hours medical experts took my medical history. I forgot to tell them about my Great Aunt Annie, who lived to ninety-three, drove a car to the day she died, and attributed it all to Carter's Little Liver Pills and henna rinse. Fantastic, wonderful Annie.

Then a clinical examination. This was a careful and thorough medical evaluation, including breast palpation, analysis of urine specimens and recording of blood pressure, height, weight, and temperature.

On this page are four photographs which might well be called a case history of hope. The first, above left, is a xeromammography of a normal undiseased left female breast, showing blood vessels and normal condition of nipple. The second step toward danger is shown by this xeromammography, above right, of a diseased left female breast. A tumor is indicated, lower right, which retracts the nipple of the breast.



Here we see how a patient looks today, age fifty-three, after a radical mastectomy performed in 1965. There has never been any limitation of function or her ability to use the right arm in any manner. There has never been any swelling, bursitis, or any other complication from the surgery. Moreover, the patient's life was saved. And as shown at right, she is able to present a normal appearance.

So far it was just the same old routine like a yearly physical, but then I was introduced to thermography: a graphic picture of varying heat temperatures at the breast surface under carefully controlled conditions that can signify cancerous development when higher temperatures are observed at specific locations.

You sit in a cubicle a little larger than a phone booth, and from several directions cold air, not uncomfortably so, reduces your body temperature and you are again reminded of the gap in your hospital-style wraparound which by then I was sure had been designed by a man who was either proud of his derriere or just terribly immodest. On to xeroradiography: a special mammography or X ray of the breast which produces finely detailed images under reduced levels of radiation.

I had always had a cervical Pap smear, an analysis of cells in cervical fluids which is offered in addition to specific breast cancer detection testing each year, but a Pap smear of the breast was something new. This is a painless clinical sampling and evaluation of the cells in fluids of the breast.

The last test was a blood test: the sampling and analysis of blood count, type and characteristics.

Now that my tests were over, I was informed that medical experts would administer, supervise and evaluate results and findings, that clinical reports would be sent directly to my personal physician, and that all information would be confidential. Services at the Breast Cancer Detection Center are provided on the basis of pre-scheduled appointments. Cost for the complete series of tests, evaluations and clinical recording services is only $40. Cheap enough for the peace of mind I will have after all the reports are in.

It was a great day at the Center when Julie Nixon Eisenhower, having heard about my article, volunteered to take all the tests and lend her support to our worthy cause. She chatted with all the ladies and is surely the most delightful young woman I've ever known. I hope other women will be encouraged by her example to take an active role in protecting themselves.

While waiting for Julie to finish her examination, I learned from Dr. Brennan that breast cancer is the most common type of cancer in U.S. women, each year striking 73,000 and killing 32,000. It is also the cancer which science knows the most about; therefore, he feels there is a better chance of unlocking the secrets of cancer through its study than in any other way. Regarding breast cancer risks, Dr. Brennan said,

"Over the years, we've found that a number of different factors seem to put certain women at a higher risk for breast cancer. Some of these factors have to do with age, others with childbirth, and still others with nationality. Here are some of the women we feel are at a higher risk for breast cancer:

"Women who deliver their first child after the age of twenty-eight. The sisters, daughters and nieces of breast cancer patients. Post-menopausal women who are obese, have hypertension or who suffer from diabetes.

"Women of North European ancestry, and especially Jewish women, as compared, for example, to women from the Latin countries. Women who have had any benign breast tumor or growth.

"Now, this doesn't mean that if a woman falls into any one or more of these categories, she's guaranteed to have cancer. It's just that we've found that these women tend to be more susceptible to the disease. And, of course, the more of these factors there are present, the higher the risk of breast cancer probably is."

Breast cancer, moreover, is more responsive to treatments already known than any other. And, since it can be hormone-related, scientists hope that when they truly understand it, they will also

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know how to deal with other hormone-related cancers—those in the uterus, ovaries, prostate and thyroid. For those practical reasons, research at the MCF is devoted to mammary cancers. But because breast cancer (and other cancers) seem to spring from several sources interacting with one another, research must also interact.

At the Michigan Cancer Foundation, several scientific subdivisions work together, in a multidisciplinary fashion, in search of the causes of (and ultimately of the cures for) breast cancer. While a large part of MCF's research is devoted to the study of viruses as a cause of breast cancer, scientists are also studying the roles of hormones, enzymes, and cancer-causing chemicals.

Dr. Marvin Rich, who is a remarkably good teacher and a national figure in virus cancer research, took us through the Biological Science laboratory.

"We know that viruses can induce breast cancer in experimental animals," he said. "Several years ago the Michigan Cancer Foundation, cooperating with a number of research groups, pioneered an experiment which demonstrated that similar viruses could be seen in the milk of women who had a particularly high incidence of breast cancer. These findings initiated a research program aimed at a basic problem in breast cancer control—the identification of that portion of the population at high risk of breast cancer." Toward this end, the Michigan Cancer Foundation's Dr. Samuel Albert established an extensive human milk collection network which covers the entire Metropolitan Detroit area and is aimed at determining if the presence of characteristic virus in milk could be indicative of a woman's risk of getting breast cancer.

Until very recently, the efficient detection of these viruses at MCF and at other major cancer research centers was stymied by the severe problems involved in the detection of these minute viruses. Dr. Rich explained, however, that the results of a major research program initiated three years ago now indicate that a solution to this problem may be at hand. Scientists at the MCF, with the support of the National Cancer Institute's Virus Cancer Program, have developed an effective procedure for growing human breast cancer cells outside the body. Within the past few months, a group under the direction of Drs. Charles McGrath and Justin McCormick has isolated a virus from these cells which is similar to the virus that induces breast cancer in experimental animals. At present, the MCF scientists are working intensively to establish that the isolated viruses are indeed human breast cancer viruses.

The availability of these cells and the ability to grow these viruses all at once provide the potential for making significant inroads into pre-

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vention, early diagnosis, and more effective therapy of breast cancer.

Viruses grown in the cancer cell cultures will be used to initiate vaccine studies aimed at breast cancer prevention in high-risk women.

Dr. Rich pointed out that hormonal therapy may be quite effective in the control of recurrent breast cancer following surgery. This kind of therapy seems to work only against cancers that contain a certain protein, and the ability to rapidly detect the presence of this protein in a patient's cells would greatly facilitate the prompt administration of the appropriate type of therapy. It would also avoid the delay and risks involved in administering hormonal therapy to patients whose cancer is not linked to hormonal control. "The MCF human breast cancer cell line," Dr. Rich pointed out, "was isolated from a patient with a hormone-sensitive tumor, and therefore they contain the key protein. The ability to grow these cells in large quantitites put us in a good position to develop rapid and sensitive tests for the detection of this substance, which could be routinely applied to all breast cancers."

In college I came closer to failing chemistry than any other subject, so talking with men as brilliant as Dr. Brennan and Dr. Rich about the advanced biology and chemistry involved in the study of breast cancer was like trying to become a brain surgeon through a correspondence course. From the two good doctors I was told that since approximately 50 percent of breast cancers appear to be hormone-dependent, the bulk of MCF's biochemical research is currently devoted to the female hormone, estrogen, and the pituitary hormones which work with it to drive the growth of these cancers.

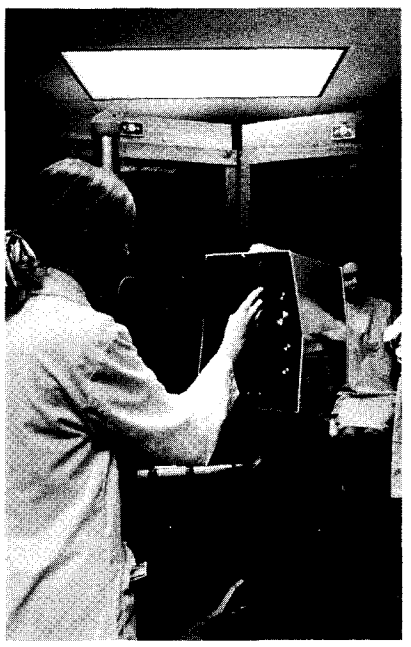
Taking advantage of the successful adaptation of human breast cancer cells and normal human breast cells to growth in test tubes achieved by Dr. Herbert Soule and Dr. Philip Furmanski at the Foundation in the last two years, Dr. Sam Brooks is leading his laboratory group in perfecting hormonal treatment of the disease.

This kind of therapy can restore a woman to health, but the control of the disease now lasts only about a year. Dr. Brooks and others are attempting to perfect this method of chemotherapy to make it longer lasting.

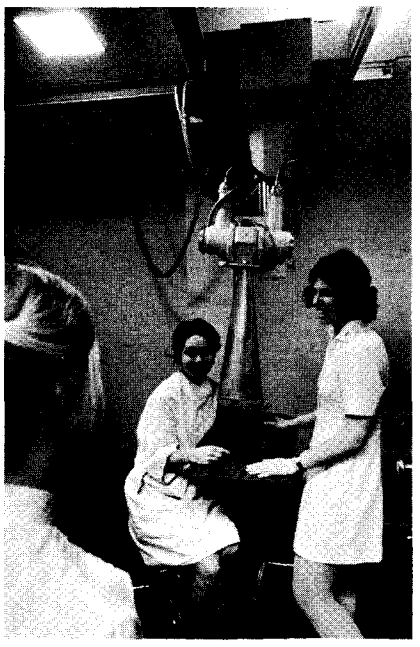
Another study involved with the hormone responsiveness of breast tumors utilizes organ cultures of fragments of actual tumors. MCF scientists keep the tumor tissue alive in a controlled environment (an organ culture), and, using various hormones, run tests to see which hormonal mixture accelerates the cancer's growth. When combined with specific measurements of the levels of the hormones in the patient's blood, these studies can be used to design treatment programs.

While the biochemistry staff works to analyze the systems which promote tumor growth, the organic chemistry group designs specific chemicals to interfere with each step.

Dr. Jerome P. Horwitz, a nationally known expert in the synthesis and design of such blocking drugs, has under test a series of new agents which he has developed for this purpose.



In the "cold room," varying temperatures under carefully controlled conditions are applied to the breast and recorded by a spectrotherm, the machine shown in the foreground. It indicates cancerous development when temperatures are observed at specific locations to be higher than elsewhere. This is one of a series of seven tests for breast cancer at the Meyer Prentis Center.



In this room is the highly sensitive equipment which produces the xeromammograph, of which several samples are reproduced from actual case histories on the preceding page. The xeromammograph, named for the Xerox Company, which developed the process, is actually a form of X-ray photograph which reveals finely detailed images of the breast for minute examination.

Dr. Charles M. McGrath describes cancer cell culture. Viruses grown in the culture will be used to initiate vaccine studies aimed at breast cancer prevention in high-risk women.

To these learned men, I confessed that most of what they had said sounded wonderful, but if I have breast cancer, what is there for me now? "Now" becomes the most important word to those who seek immediate help and relief. Dr. Brennan said, "Yes, I know, and while it is true that the major part of MCF's permanent staff of 192 is working on research, one of the most vital functions of the Foundation is to make the cancer patient more comfortable, to offer her counseling, and help her gather together the pieces of her life after what may be emotionally devastating surgery." These major chores fall to the Michigan Cancer Foundation's department of patient services and rehabilitation.

As I talked with others who have had a mastectomy, I was surprised when more women brought up the fear of a mutilated body than of the operation itself. Sharing her innermost thoughts, one lovely woman spoke of being so proud on her wedding night to give to her husband a full and healthy body, but now after twenty years of marriage, she could not face what she feared would be a lopsided, deeply distasteful cavern where once she had been soft and warm. This fear itself has cost the lives of so many women who have turned to those who have offered without scientific authority 100 percent cures.

If a kindly person offered me a 100 percent cure, would I believe—or would I settle for the tried and true and proven?

In the back of my mind I recall how the medical profession laughed at Madame Curie as she and her husband searched for radium salts in 1898; and it was the subject for cartoons when Dr. Jenner was using the pustules taken from milkmaids for a vaccine against smallpox, but he successfully developed the smallpox vaccine. The folkwives from Shropshire were "curing" dropsy for decades before an enlightened and fearless physican, Dr. William Withering, proved that these little ladies had given the world one of its most valuable drugs—digitalis—extracted from the lowly foxglove plant.

Have the eyes and minds of today's researchers remained open to all ideas? What happens when someone mentions Dr. Linus Pauling's theory of vitamin C in large doses being prophylactic in certain viral diseases?

Then there is Dr. Issac Djerassi of Mercy Catholic Medical Center in Darley, Pennsylvania, who allows the use of an already available anticancer drug in extremely high doses, referred to in the press as the Dynamite drug.

Doctors at Tulane University are discussing RF (Recognition Factors) and chemical threats, macrophages

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which are scavenging on killed white blood cells.

How, then, should one view all these new claims? (It appears that the press is announcing a miracle-a-minute from the American Cancer Society Science Writers Symposium.) The answer seems to be that all will have a hearing and an opportunity to prove scientific merit.

Drs. Rich and Brennan assured me that all cancer research institutions are cooperating, not to stifle discoveries, but to assure that research is done under controlled studies where the validity of the experiments is assured. It's the only way to deal constructively with the reality of cancer.

Breast cancer is curable only when it is treated early. If you suspect you have cancer, don't delay treatment because you are afraid that the treatment will mutilate your body. Modern methods of treatment are not mutilating. They offer you a chance to live a full and happy life.

For nearly a century, radical mastectomy, with or without irradiation, has been the accepted treatment of operable cancer of the breast. In the United States, although no longer in England or Scandinavia, it is still employed on the majority of patients with operable breast cancers, with overwhelming endorsement from the surgeons of this country.

Lately it has become very popular to focus a great deal of attention on the patient's "Bill of Rights" such as those rights enumerated by the Oregon Supreme Court. Here they cited a physician's duty to inform a patient of "material" risks inherent in a surgical procedure, and to disclose "feasible" alternative methods of treatment (Jan.–Feb., 1972). This was preceded by the California Supreme Court's attempt to spell out a physician's duty to tell about the choices of treatment available and the dangers involved (*American Medical News*, December 18, 1972). Shirley Temple Black wrote a story for *McCall's* insisting that she "make the decision and the doctor could make the incision" concerning the type of operation she would have after the discovery of a malignancy in her breast. I admire Mrs. Black tremendously, but I am sure that once I placed my body into the hands of the most competent of surgeons, I would find myself leaving both the decision *and* the incision up to her or him, as the case may be, for down deep I feel they don't want me to die and everything would be done to guarantee me the best chance for collecting my Social Security and watching my children grow up. And if those two things don't swing your decision to stick with the experts–think of your husband having a new wife, and having her going through your dresser drawers and closets.

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As I talked with Dr. Brennan, I said how easy it would be for a man to make the decision to remove a woman's breast. How could he appreciate the psychic disturbance this could raise in a female? Dr. Brennan said:

"You know, when a woman is told she has to have a mastectomy, there's a real conflict in her mind about whether she should trust what her doctor has told her. How can a man relate to loosing something which is so basically feminine? If we were talking about amputating an arm or a leg, maybe this doctor would think twice; maybe he wouldn't be so ready to cut. Well, I won't say these doubts are silly, because I know they're very, very real. But all I can say to women who feel this way is: I am a man, yes; but I'm also a doctor. Trite as it may sound, I'm interested in saving lives, and I know, beyond any reasonable doubt, that breast cancer kills. If you've got a tumor in your breast and if your doctor tells you that the breast has to be removed, listen to him. What this is all about, is life or death–it's just that simple. And if it's male chauvinism to tell a woman she's better off alive with one breast than dead with two breasts, then so be it.

"As far as lumpectomy is concerned–that's where only the tumor is removed from the breast–I won't say that it's quackery, but I will say that, as a physician, I don't think it's responsible medicine. Just look at the facts. We know, for example, that one out of five breast cancers that we find is already multicentric when it's discovered. That means that there are other little tumors growing or starting to grow someplace else in the breast other than where the larger tumor was found. It just seems to be in the nature of at least some breast cancers that they begin in several different locations in the breast. Now, if you're a woman with a lump in your breast, you can take that four-in-five chance that it's an isolated, more or less inactive tumor, if you want to. The odds are in your favor, probably. But I know if I were a woman I couldn't live with that. And I know it would be a pretty solid shock to me if I did have a lumpectomy and then, a year or five years or ten years later, there was another lump.

"Now, I'm not saying that a woman should *never* have a breast tumor removed by 'lumpectomy.' In some cases, this will work. But I just don't think our diagnostic and analytical tools are sophisticated enough yet to let us tell a woman with any high degree of confidence that a lumpectomy will save her life. In the future–and in the not-too-distant future, I hope–we'll be able to begin identifying breast cancers more precisely and we'll understand the particular characteristics of each tumor we find. We might soon be able to take a biopsy of a tumor and be able to say with pretty good assurance, 'This isn't a

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very active type of cancer,' or 'This is a potentially high invasive type,' which means that it's a kind of cancer that spreads quickly. When we get these chemical and biological tools, then I'll be much more willing to talk about lumpectomies. But until I can be a lot more certain than even 80 percent and until I can base my prognosis on a lot more than just statistical odds, I would never recommend this procedure."

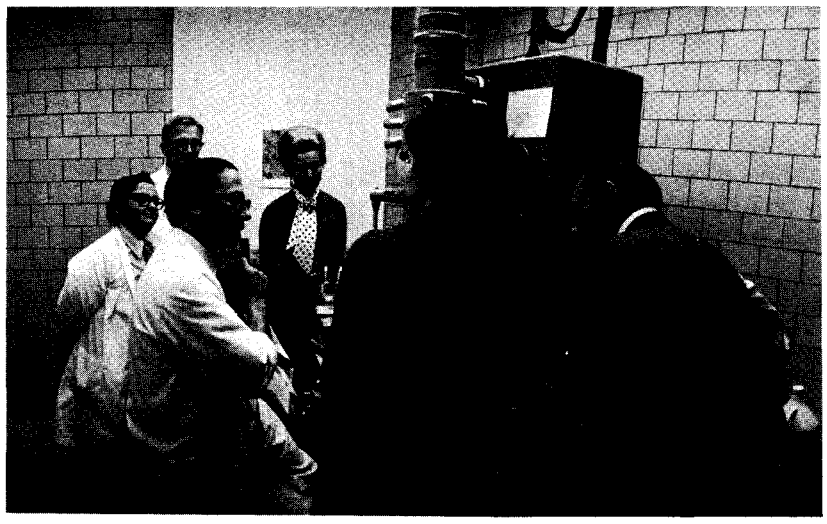
Were there any surprises for me at the MPCRC? You bet! As I mentioned before, they run the biggest dairy in Detroit—better known as Project 92. (What sounds like a mysterious code name, incidentally, was simply taken from the last two digits of the project's federal contract number.)

For the past year and a half, 2,000 women in Wayne, Oakland, Monroe, and Macomb counties have been combining breast feeding their babies with contributing to cancer research. Moreover, if you ask about these women, MCF scientists can supply you with a surprising number of facts about the state of health of their Aunt Minnies, their grandmas, and anyone in their families who ever had cancer. It's all part of what may be the Michigan Cancer Foundation's most unusual research project.

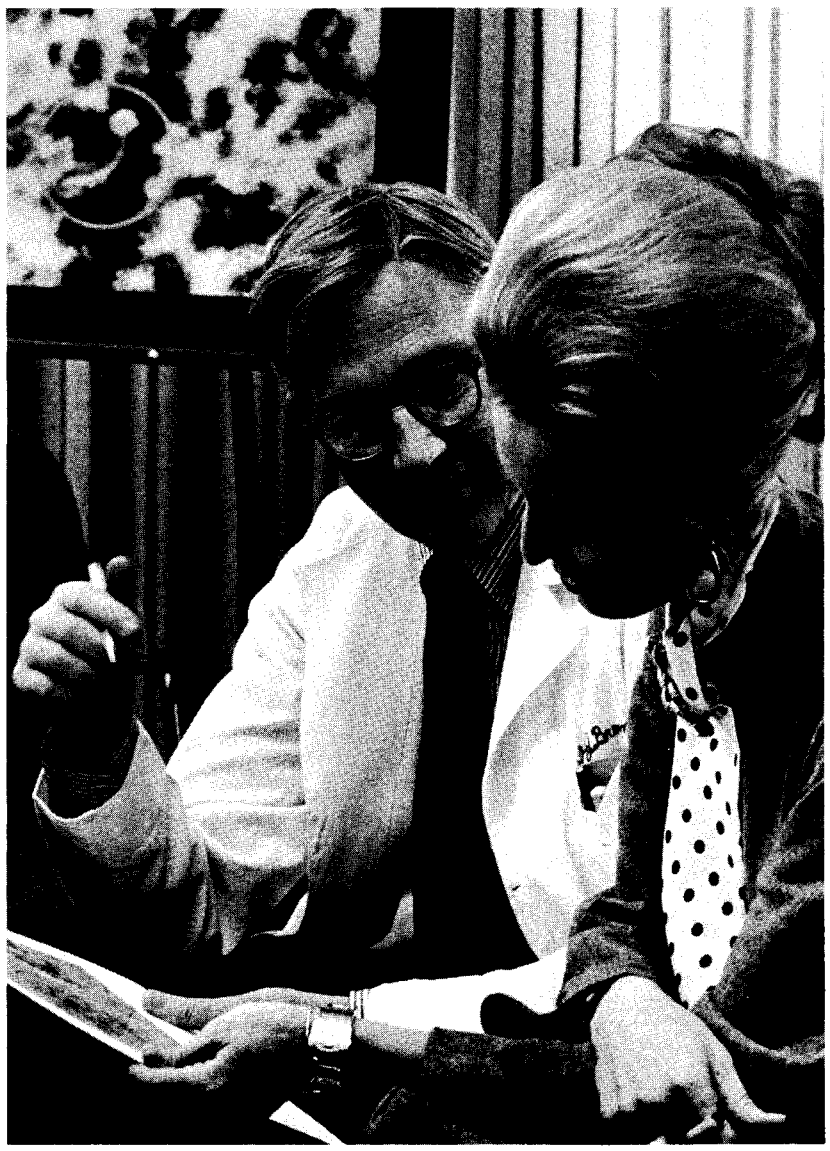
Project 92, reduced to its simplest terms, involves the collection of human breast milk from lactating mothers, the examination of this milk for virus particles like those known to cause breast cancer in mice, and the gathering of family health data from the participants in order to determine if women with a family history of cancer are more apt to harbor the virus particles than others.

Every time a participant reports that a family member did have cancer, researchers verify the information from hospital records, death certificates and other medical sources, to make certain they are receiving accurate information. Such checking involves letters and phone calls to all parts of the country. A few times, MCF researchers have even sent cemetery workers out to read grave markers for the date of death of someone's relative—a necessary factor in obtaining death-certificate information from the state. Doggedness of this type has enabled MCF researchers to verify 93 percent of the breast cancers and 87 percent of other cancers reported in the Project's nursing mothers' families.

Project 92 is carried out with the cooperation of thirty-four hospitals in the metropolitan Detroit area, and has been met with astonishingly positive reactions from the nursing mothers. In fact, only about a dozen women have refused to work with MCF, indicating perhaps a growing public awareness of the importance of breast cancer research. MCF also sends milk samples to research labs at Columbia University, The National Cancer Institute, and M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute for further studies. The project also supplies the Michigan Cancer Foundation with an excellent beginning for future study of the prevention and detection of breast cancer. Scientists plan on using the cooperation pool of women in long-range follow-up studies, ranging perhaps for fifteen to twenty years. They hope that by closely following this group, they will be able to pick out certain trends that may help in the early detection of breast cancer in the general population.



This group is inspecting an electron microscope. Left to right: Dr. Marvin A. Rich, Dr. Michael J. Brennan, Dr. Jose Russo, Dollie Cole, Julie Nixon Eisenhower, and Marvin A. Frenkel. The microscope is capable of magnifying an image 150,000 times.



Author Dollie Cole discusses a point with Dr. Michael J. Brennan. Above Dr. Brennan's head is a microphotograph of a cancer virus.

What does all this mean to me *now*? How close is a cure for breast cancer . . . days . . . months . . . years?

"I said before that we're probably a long way from a definitive cure for cancer," states Dr. Brennan. "That's why so much of our research here, and at other major centers like ours around the country, is devoted to such things as new prevention and treatment techniques, epidemiological studies to find out more about where and when and to whom cancer occurs most often, and new kinds of detection methods. But certainly another major aspect of our research is in the area of finding a cure.

"All in all, we're working on a number of different fronts, but it's all going to take time. There are a lot of exciting possibilities on the horizon, some near, some farther away. But as in any scientific problem, the road to discovery and cure must be traveled step by step. Each step has to be verified and tested, then tested again. You've got to be sure. You can't leave room for doubt at any level—from the test tube down to the detection and prevention units on the first floor. We're dealing with human life, and we must be sure. So, we'll keep moving along the road, testing ideas, following leads, putting the puzzle together a piece at a time. We really believe in the organized, systematic, careful approach to cancer research so strongly advocated by Frank Rauscher, who heads the National Cancer Institute.

"At the same time, however, one of the things we stress here, and one of the great advantages we have at the MCF, is that we are a total cancer center. Our research people and our applications people are only a couple of floors apart. We maintain our own tissue-culture cell lines here, our own animal colonies, our own detection center, a metropolitan-wide cancer registry, and our own treatment clinic. This allows us to get research breakthroughs verified, tested, and then applied where it counts in the shortest possible time. In the years to come, we're going to try to accelerate and streamline this process. Our ultimate goal here is to be able to provide the front-line, practicing physician in our community with a set of diagnostic tools and detection services that will let him specifically tailor a treatment regimen for each of his patients.

"I suppose it would be better for someone else to say this, but I think that the Detroit metropolitan area is pretty fortunate in having this kind of comprehensive cancer center operating here—but I want to add this right away: We're mighty lucky to be

Continued on page 122

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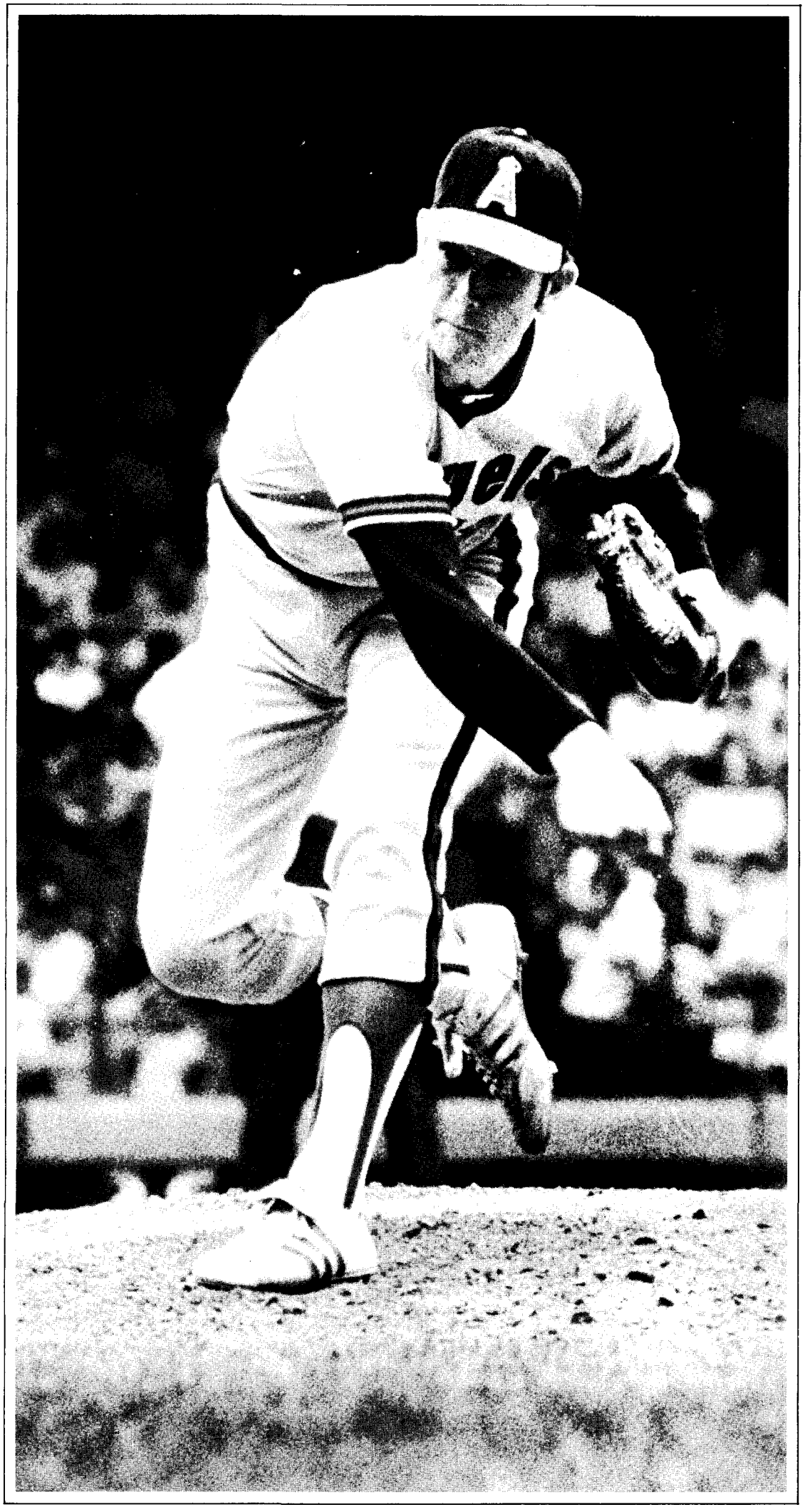

This is the follow-through of the most feared delivery in baseball as Nolan Ryan of the California Angels stares plateward after one of his searing fastballs for a 1973 strikeout.

NOLAN RYAN: WHOOSH!

Baseball's new strikeout king is a California Angel who breezed in from Alvin, Texas, after a New York Mets stopover.

By Steve Jacobson

Steve Jacobson has been covering sports events for New York newspapers for over fifteen years. A graduate of Indiana University, he is presently sportswriter for Newsday.

Just outside the baseball field at Alvin (Texas) High School, an oil well pumps on, oblivious to the seasons. Nolan Ryan remembers when a street was blocked off in downtown Alvin because there was a well pumping "black gold" in the middle of it.

Of course, that was before anybody thought of naming that baseball field Nolan Ryan Field. That was way back in 1965 when the most exciting thing in baseball was Sandy Koufax's charge toward Bob Feller's generation-old strikeout record.

The only thing named for Nolan Ryan then was the bruise he left on some high school baseball player's body. Ryan, a pitcher worth $100,000 a year to the California Angels now, was a senior in high school then, driving the twenty miles with his father up Highway 35 from Alvin to Houston for a glimpse of Koufax's fastball and a taste of his excitement.

The strikeout kings come from Van Meter, Iowa, where Feller pitched at a bucket nailed to a barn; from Brooklyn, New York, where Koufax pitched on the Parade Grounds of Prospect Park, and from Alvin, Texas, where the dimly lighted field merely gave warning to shivering youths that the pitcher they were facing was Nolan Ryan.

He's the strikeout king now and the number one attraction in baseball. The records are his and the crowds come to see him throw his fastball and unleash the excitement that goes with it.

Last season he struck out the most batters ever in a season. He became the fifth man ever to pitch two no-hit games in a season—and the only man ever to pitch two no-hitters and two one-hitters in the same season.

At twenty-seven—with Henry Aaron's conquest of Babe Ruth's homerun record complete—Ryan stands as the most exciting performer in baseball. Any time he pitches, he's capable of setting a record for strikeouts or throwing another no-hitter.

Hitters wince at the thought of facing him and the mention of his name as the pitcher during the last two months of last season was enough to bring at least an additional 4,000 fans to the ball park in Anaheim, even though the Angels were far out of the pennant race.

It's hardly noticed in the oil, rice and cattle country south of Houston that Alvin's popula-

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tion is listed at 10,671 now. That's almost twice what it was during Ryan's growing-up years when there was no indoor movie in town and Ryan's friends hung around the Dairyland, just to hang around.

The change is even harder to detect in Ryan from the year he was named the outstanding athlete in his senior class and took all the kidding that he was henpecked because he preferred to spend his time at Ruth Holdorff's house instead of with the guys at the Dairyland.

His lanky body has filled out, and Nolan and Ruth Ryan have a two-and-one-half-year-old son named Reid now. The officers of Alvin State Bank recognize him as well as does the owner of the Mexican Village Restaurant, where the basketball team used to eat chicken-fried steaks as its pre-game meal. But the values and the style of life haven't changed much from what Nolan and Ruth felt while they were growing up.

"The thought of being paid $100,000 is staggering," Ryan says. "I can't believe it. I never believed I'd be that caliber of player. It will let us build a home, which we would never have done. It's a chance to achieve some goals. It sounds really fantastic, but it won't change the way we live."

She lived at the corner of Adoue and Beauregard streets, one of five children. He lived on Dezso Drive, the youngest of six children. The basketball backboard his parents gave him one Christmas is still there in the driveway, the grass around it slightly less trampled than it used to be. When he was in high school he got up before dawn to deliver newspapers. After school he'd drive Ruth home.

Now Nolan and Ruth live just a few blocks away. There are two hunting dogs in the pen in the backyard under the tall oak trees that may be eighty years old. In the eight acres behind the small asphalt-shingled house there are eighteen heifers and a young bull named Rocky, who will double his size to nearly 3,000 pounds before he's full grown. And blond, quick-smiling Reid has his own menagerie of stuffed animals.

It's almost too much to believe, a cliché coming true. They are what America, in its innocence, once believed of its heroes and hardly ever found to be true. And now, when we've become adjusted to the most cynical of athletes, we find the Ryans.

In a time of preoccupation with images, they aren't afraid to show what they're like. In a time when athletes grasp at the few dollars on the banquet circuit while they're hot, Ryan prefers to spend his winter at home. In a time of actuarial tables and stock tables, he can laugh at himself. It makes the head spin.

When the Angels promoted a Nolan Ryan Night

SURPRISING JOHN WAYNE

NEW BIOGRAPHY BLASTS SOME OLD LEGENDS, CREATES SOME NEW ONES

Almost 50 years ago, a California football player with the unrewarding name of Marion Michael Morrison put his foot into the stirrup, mounted his hoss and headed towards the pass . . . to become an epic figure in his own time.

Now, in the first epic-length biography to take the measure of Wayne the man, ace reporter George Carpozi assesses the true grit of the toughest hombre ever to wallop a rustler before the movie cameras.

Carpozi watches John Ford push young Wayne's face into the dirt to teach the hulking brute a lesson. He analyzes the key films in Wayne's long career. He studies the chili-spiced marriages, the reasons for each breakup. And he reveals why Wayne went west and turned right . . . why John Wayne stands out in Hollywood for his unabashed conservatism.

Here's the straightforward story behind the Frank Sinatra-John Wayne set-to. The dimwitted directors, crooked producers and Hollywood hangers-on who have buzzed around Wayne for nearly a half century in a futile attempt to bring the big guy down. And here's the unvarnished truth about Wayne's fight for life . . . why the Soviets banned *The Conqueror* . . . what really happened when the Duke encountered billionaire Howard Hughes.

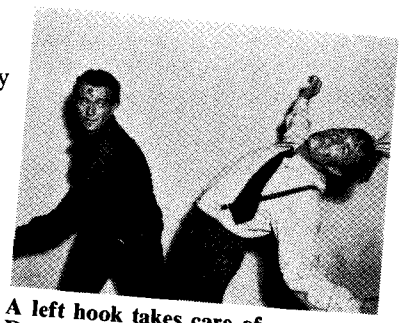
Why is John Wayne still a box-office bonanza when most of his contemporaries are either counting coupons or pushing up daisies? And why does everybody like John Wayne the actor—even those who can't abide John Wayne the man? With dozens of photos and a witty, often hilarious text, George Carpozi shows why the Duke stands taller.

★★

- The Gail Russell episode
- Wayne vs. Columbia chief Harry Cohn (harsh words here!)
- John Ford takes Wayne's part . . . in spite of Hollywood's opinion
- 3 rules for living that John Wayne's father gave him
- The real story behind the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals
- What Duke said—uncensored—about blacklisted actors
- Statistics of "The Alamo," including the $250,000 feed bill (for the humans), and a little matter of 12 million dollars
- Wayne's dry years. $40 in walking-around money
- Wayne's patriotism: sincere?
- Moving up to the big time: $666,666.66 per picture
- Behind the scenes: the legendary Oscar battle for "The Alamo"
- "Why do people like me?" Wayne analyzes his popularity—frankly
- Why did the rapped "Green Berets" become boffo at the box office?

★★

The crown of a great career



A left hook takes care of Randy Scott . . .

. . . but it takes a hard right to dispose of Victor McLaglen

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★ 147-movie filmography, as packed with memories of a 50-year Hollywood career as a certain moment at the 1969 Academy Awards

★ Plus: 10-page index, with over 555 entries

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Wearing a colorful shirt, Nolan Ryan relaxes in Alvin, Texas, home with wife Ruth and their two-year-old son Reid. Ruth was Nolan's high school sweetheart and he once "dusted off" a rival for her.

last September, as he edged closer to the strikeout record, and the gift of a car was announced, Ryan chose a pickup truck.

On a short drive across Alvin to pick up hay for the cattle, he points to the impressive brick building set well back from the road and identifies it as the First Methodist Church. "That's where we were married," he says.

He talks softly and smiles a lot, as if there were no reason not to smile. And maybe there isn't.

She's beautiful—fine features, soft honey-colored hair, trim. He's handsome—six feet, two inches tall, masculine with a trace of boyishness. They were high school sweethearts. They are kind to strangers and visiting reporters. When their veterinarian friend needs help delivering a calf, he asks Nolan.

As a boy he remembers always having a calf for a pet and what emotions he had at slaughtering time. Until he had accumulated thirty credits at Alvin Junior College and decided he didn't have the incentive for study, he considered being an animal doctor himself.

That doesn't make him a Renaissance man in any literary sense. So the Ryans aren't involved in the moral movements of our times. So they aren't patrons of the arts. What they are is a renewal of values we thought obsolete.

"The things we value," Ruth Ryan says, "are our privacy, our family and our friends. Anything else we acquire is nice, but it's not important. The things that are really dear to us are the things you can't buy. If everything fell apart—if we had no money—we'd still live here."

You have to believe them and envy the sense of security they can throw up against the outrages. It isn't as if they didn't know what life was like outside of Alvin; it isn't as if they didn't know what went on in other people's lives. They've chosen their own.

As gentle as Nolan Ryan the man is, he's a positively frightening pitcher. The fastball is the pitcher's ultimate weapon. The batter has the briefest instant to judge the flight of the ball. He swings a bat that is suddenly heavier than ever and the ball leaps over his swing. When Ryan coils his body and draws back his right arm, batters stand gingerly, trying to scrunch their bodies underneath their helmets.

It's a sensation they don't forget. "He's the fastest pitcher I've ever seen," marveled St. Louis Cardinals manager Red Schoendienst when he first saw Ryan in the uniform of the New York Mets in the spring of 1968.

"You mean one of the fastest," St. Louis general manager Bing Devine responded.

"No, I mean the fastest," Schoendienst insisted. "Ryan throws harder than Feller did. I hit against Feller. I saw Koufax, Jim Maloney and Bob Gibson break in. I saw Rex Barney. But, believe me, Ryan throws harder than all of them."

When Ryan pitches at Anaheim, the Angels organist plays "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." In dressing rooms all around the league, hitters describe the flight of Ryan's fastball with the flat-handed motions of fighter pilots describing a dogfight. "Curses! Foiled!" they say.

When he broke the record of 382 strikeouts set by the great Koufax with the Los Angeles Dodgers in 1966, Ryan did it with dramatic flair. It was September 28 and Ryan needed fifteen more strikeouts to tie Koufax. He'd have one more chance on short rest if he needed it. But by the fifth inning it was clear he had a chance to break it that night.

The crowd booed each out Minnesota made with a batted ball. They cheered each time one of the Twins hit a foul ball because that gave Ryan another chance to strike him out. In the eighth inning he struck out Rod Carew, the American League batting champ, for his fifteenth strikeout of the game and tied the record.

Ryan had one more inning to break the record, but the muscles in his right leg were cramping and the ball club wanted him to come out of the game, lest he hurt himself. The score was tied and instead of exiting, Ryan went to the clubhouse for an energy drink and a rub from the trainer. He went in again after the ninth and after the tenth, still looking for one more strikeout.

It came on three pitches to Rich Reese to end the top half of the thirteenth inning. The crowd stood and cheered for five minutes. As the Angels scored in their half of the inning, Ryan had his twenty-first victory in addition to the record; then the crowd cheered again. Ryan is still moved by the cheers of the crowd.

Ryan's feat of 383 strikeouts is enhanced by the fact that is was accomplished in spite of the new American League rule that had a real professional hitter bat each time in place of the pitcher. Koufax and Feller before him had the benefit of the pitcher as an easy victim.

For four seasons with the New York Mets there was only that super promise that never materialized. The size of New York and the cult of the Mets put heavy pressure on Ryan and he was never able to find the reassurance he needed from manager Gil Hodges. Ryan often thought about going back to school to study veterinary medicine. Nuclear physics seemed like a snap course then.

All the while he was leaving a trail of incidents that formed a legend—or myth. The day he tried out with the Mets before signing, his fastball broke through the hands of catcher John Stephenson and broke his collarbone.

At Williamsport, Pennsylvania, he bounced a warmup pitch in front of the plate and gave catcher Duffy Dyer a concussion. Not with a fastball, but with a change of pace.

More than that, he was acquiring a reputation as a beautiful china doll, to be looked at and not touched. When his teammates called him "Myth," it was only half in jest. Infielder Ken Boswell played on two minor league teams with Ryan and never saw him pitch.

Ryan joined the Jacksonville, Florida, team on a road trip and struck out eight batters in a row in his first appearance. After seventeen strikeouts in seven innings, his third appearance was to be a start in front of the home fans. The batters were saying Ryan's fastball leaped as if it struck something on the way to the plate and the Jacksonville newpapers were making comparisons with Koufax.

So there were over 6,000 fans waiting to see Ryan start—more than on the night that, as a fan promotion, they gave away the pony. Ryan took

Continued on page 124

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GLORY TRAIN

"I'm going to ride on the train to glory,
talk about love and tell Jesus' story,
a one-way ticket will take me there,
I'll never come back and I don't care."

By Jane Stuart

Illustrated by Marvin Friedman

Daughter of Jesse Stuart, who contributed many stories and poems to the Post *and the story of whose life is interestingly recounted by John Bird in the old* Post *(July 25, 1959), Jane Stuart is already an accomplished author in her own right. She was a published poet by age fifteen and since then has written numerous poems and short stories and has published two novels with a third in the works. Possessing a Ph.D. in Italian from Indiana University, she also does translations and gives lectures. Mother of two, she makes her home in Gainesville, Florida.*

I'm going to ride on the train to glory,
Talk about love and tell Jesus' story,
A one-way ticket will take me there,
I'll never come back, and I don't care.

"Are you saved?" Brother Sugg cried out when the song had ended. "Are you saved?"

"Praise the Lord, yes," called back Thelma Fawver from the middle of the train. "Praise the Lord, yes."

Nobody paid much attention to Sister Thelma. She was always saying she was saved and that she knew she was, and that she was happy and on her way to heaven. That was fine, but it didn't leave Brother Sugg much work to do with her, and Brother Sugg was a man who wanted to work. He wanted to go out and find the disturbed and the dying, the heretics and the indifferent, the lost souls that were taking up so much room that should be given over to the good Christians who needed more jobs, bigger homes, finer churches, and better schools.

"Are you saved, I asked you?" Brother Sugg cried out again, this time raising his guitar and holding it like a sign, or a symbol. Music reached a lot of people, he knew, and some of them, just by looking at the guitar and remembering the songs they had been singing, might suddenly feel the spirit, rise up, and let salvation in.

"Hallelujah," Thelma Fawver cried out, looking at the guitar and remembering the fine music they had just had after their fried chicken picnic on the train Brother Sugg had rented to carry them from their hometown to the revival in Doxie.

". . . saved and do you know it?" Brother Sugg went on, ignoring Sister Thelma. "Are you happy? Is God inside you? Has he spread His wings and grasped you to His breast? Has He taken you for one of His own? Are you no longer yourself, the sinner of the past, but are you now one of His, an angel on earth, a better man, a finer woman, a child on the right way, the way to glory?"

"Yes!" They all cried out to him then. "Yes!"

"Amen," Brother Sugg cried, shaking his guitar with his right hand and then laying it down so he could wipe off the sweat that was pouring down his face like a fine sheet of rain. "Amen, Brothers and Sisters. We're on the Glory Train, all right. And it's a fine day for us to be here. We're going to be revived. We're going to pray to the Lord to *revive us again*."

At once forty-nine people on car 1180 broke out into song. And Brother Sugg, when he had caught his breath, reached for his guitar and began to sing along as he played the old hymn that had done so much good for so many. From the corner of his left eye he could see Galen Millz's mouth twitching and he thought that if he was going to catch a fish today, this would be a good one for the pan. Galen had a lot on his conscience; everyone in Littlewood was talking about him. It was time that it all came out into the open and the air got cleared.

Praise the fount of mannnnny blessings, they were singing now, and Jeffy Titsworth had taken out his guitar from its fine case, and stood up to come to the front of the car and accompany Brother Sugg.

Brother Sugg motioned for him to come on, and Odle Knip followed, holding tight to his banjo as he tried to walk a straight line down the aisle. The train was lurching so that it was hard for anyone to walk straight, but then Odle had drunk so much in the years before he was saved that now people often said that he still couldn't walk a straight line. This bothered Odle so much that he had gone on an all-out campaign against drink, even giving up his beer which he'd held on to for years after he'd given up gin. Now he spent most of the time that he was laid off from the plant out preaching in the streets and in the bars and trying to get every man and woman he could to take the oath that they'd never touch the stuff again. He hadn't saved anyone until Thelma Fawver had taken the oath—she agreed to anything—and that really made Odle feel like a man. He started courting Thelma off and on, when he wasn't working at the plant or preaching in the bars, and sometimes Brother Sugg thought that things might be going on there and that marriage was the best possible answer to their problem, even

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if they both were rather strange—just a little bit on the crazy side.

Where I'm goin', the Lord is waitin'.
Got no fear of Man or Satan

they all sang, the two guitars going fast and strong now and the banjo keeping time. Thelma Fawver was tapping her feet to the music, and Nevelyn Wente had taken out his harmonica to give a little treble to the singing.

Brother Sugg stole another look over toward Galen Millz and, sure enough, he could see the big tears welling up in Galen's eyes and his thin red lips starting to tremble.

At once, Brother Sugg stopped playing and raised his right hand.

"Brothers and Sisters," he said slowly and reverently, "I think we have someone here who wants to speak. Someone who wants to step forward and say what it is that's bothering him. Someone who wants to talk to the Lord, to pray to Him, to ask Him for forgiveness and help not in the future but NOW, this minute, the holy present."

"Amen," Thelma called.

"Amen," her sister Phon echoed.

"Amen," cried Jeffy Titsworth and Odle Knip, who had stopped their playing and were waiting to be told what to do.

"Sit down, Brothers, sit down," Brother Sugg said. "Nevelyn, put aside your mouthpiece until you can play with joy and jubilation because we've brought a man to repentance and prepared him for the judgment day."

"Amen," they began calling out throughout the train car. "Amen. We're on the Glory Train, and we're going to glory. Stand up and speak. Stand up and testify."

"Stand up and speak."

"Stand up and testify."

"Be saved and get happy."

"Take joy in the comfort of the Lord."

"He's with us, let Him be with you."

"Be saved for the revival!"

"Be ready for Doxie!"

"Hallelujah!" Galen Millz cried out then, throwing aside the paper bag he'd been holding in his hand—the rest of his picnic lunch—and leaping to his feet. "Hallelujah and help me, Brothers. Pray for me, Sisters, for I'm a guilty man. I've sinned and there's no salvation for me unless it comes today. I know because the Lord has spoken and He's told me it's time. He's told me that if I don't find it on the Glory Train, it'll never be there for me. Help me find it. Pray for me and bring me there a new man."

"Praise you, praise you!" Brother Sugg cried, holding his hankerchief to his face and wiping away the tears of emotion that were flowing down his red cheeks. "Praise you, Galen, for finding the courage and the strength to stand up and tell us all. Speak to us and we will listen. The Lord is surely with you, and He'll bring you through this trial."

Galen stood holding onto the seat in front of him and almost pulling little Susie Rice's hair, his hands were clenching the seat back so hard.

"I've sinned, oh, Lord, I've sinned," he cried, and his voice was shaking.

"We all have at some time or other," Brother Sugg said, quietly now, trying to give encouragement and understanding to the man who was speaking out to save his soul.

"But not the way I have," Galen said, and he began to sob. Little Susie started crying then, and her mother held her down in her lap and put her hands over her eyes so she couldn't see what was happening behind her.

"I have broken a commandment," Galen said. "Oh, I've broken them before. When I was a child, there were times when I did not honor my mother and my father. And once I stole, yes, Brothers, I stole. . . I stole bread from the store when I was hungry, and I stole apples from the trees of another man's field. And there have been times when I didn't love my neighbor as I should have, times when I didn't want to build up my part of the fence, times when I didn't want to have to go to his house and help him when he was in need."

"Amen," someone called.

"It's happened to us all," another said.

"But I've done worse than that," Galen went on. "I've done worse. I've loved my neighbor too much, too. I've fornicated. I've done what I should never have done when I had the desire, the need, the lust for another man's wife."

Brother Sugg stood very still, holding on to the railing above him when the train lurched. He was watching Galen carefully, and he was watching the faces of the men and women in the train, watching them and waiting for someone to give himself away. It could be a man, the husband; it could be the guilty woman. Brother Sugg knew it was coming, and he couldn't tell which way the wind was blowing. It worried him that he couldn't tell because he had a nose for finding out the truth, just like he'd known there was something on Galen Millz's mind, and he'd known there was talk in town, and he'd known it all had to come out in the open or it would destroy them all and their faith in God.

"I want forgiven," Galen said then, and he was still trembling. "I want saved."

"Yes, yes," came the cries from throughout the car. They were all serious now, serious and watching, serious and waiting, wondering who it would be, and how Brother Sugg would get it done and all cleared up by the time they got to Doxie. There were only forty-five minutes left, and there was bound to be a lot of crying and yelling and the praying and singing and rejoicing.

"Galen," Brother Sugg said, "you are a brave man. You've come forth and confessed your guilt. You've said it here in front of us the way only a true man and a real believer could do. You're asking God's forgiveness just as you're asking ours. But there's one thing more you've got to do."

Galen shook his head slightly but Brother Sugg went on.

"You've got to name the guilty party," Brother Sugg said. "You've got to help save a soul, in order for yours to be saved, too. You've got to bring it all out, wash it all out in the stream of forgiveness. How could you be saved if you left another adrift out in the river of temptation? How could you get to heaven if you didn't help take another by the hand, in a right and holy way?"

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FRANK COSTELLO: PRIME MINISTER OF THE UNDERWORLD

PART II

At the pinnacle of his power, Costello could smash even the murderous Chicago mob.

By George Wolf
with
Joseph DiMona

Illustrated by Bill Ware

Editor's Note: *The story of Frank Costello, America's mastermind of the underworld up until his death only last year, is that of a curiously gifted man, without a doubt a business genius of the first order—except that his business was crime. In Part I of this two-part sequence, drawn from a new and dramatically revealing book about Costello, told by the legal counsel who advised him for thirty years through mazes of legal entanglements, we learned of Costello's birth in 1896 in Sicily, his arrival in New York City's uptown slums at the age of six, and of his subsequent rise to fame and riches as a bootlegger who fought the United States Coast Guard on the open seas. Frank Costello actually owned his own fleet of rum-running freighters and speedboats and even wielded an air arm, a wing of planes, when air power was still something of a military novelty. The take was huge; even his underlings were to become millionaires weaned on the smuggled whiskey they sold at astronomical prices.*

Prohibition was the key to Costello. On January 16, 1920, the National Prohibition Amendment became law—and launched Frank Costello into big business. Before that he had been a small-time crook, starting from his very first venture which culminated in a "most successful bankruptcy." The public had swallowed that law without considering very much in advance what it might mean to the national habit of social drinking. Consequently, when Costello chose the smuggling of bootleg liquor as the best means to making a fortune, citizens encouraged him to break the law for everybody's benefit. There was tacit connivance on all sides, even some on the part of the authorities, to look the other way and let the liquor come in, even accept the fabulously high prices as part of the glamorous game of living dangerously and recklessly. Costello, the mobster with the mind of a top executive and a head for figures like a walking computer, played a curious role, almost that of a Robin Hood who fought the establishment for the sake of the common good.

His long career had many high points. He defied Congress and the Kefauver Committee. He was said to run New York City by controlling its officials. He even managed to win a verdict of "innocent" in a trial accusing him of—imagine!— bootlegging. But perhaps the greatest indication of the raw power he enjoyed was right in the heart of the mob, as the boss of the Mafia. In a sequence in this fascinating new book his attorney tells how Costello faced the challenge of the most feared mobster of them all, Chicago's boss Al Capone.*

Frank's success in "beating the rap" when everyone in the underworld knew he was guilty was a turning point in his career. The mystique of Frank Costello grew. By then he was a millionaire, with business booming. His businesslike methods of operation made many Mafia and other underworld associates rich, too. "Everybody gets his share," was Frank's often-quoted motto.

But prosperity was wreaking havoc in the Mafia at the same time. Too much money was at stake; ambitious underworld chiefs quarreled and then assassinated and then quarreled again. Frank would have preferred to ignore this strange and fruitless warring. But he knew the violence, if it kept escalating, would eventually bring a public reaction far different from his popular support in the bootlegging.

Bodies were falling all over Chicago as Al Capone battled Dion O'Banion. In New York the Mafia chieftains were engaged in a mortal battle for supremacy. Frank knew he could save his own business and his own skin only by trying to mediate their violent quarrels and by bringing the same efficient techniques he had used in bootlegging to the rest of the criminal world.

At the moment none of the underworld chiefs wanted to listen. They were too busy plotting against each other's lives.

It has been suggested in the press that Frank Costello is "The Real Godfather" of the Mafia. If that is the case then Johnny Torrio, the Brooklyn boy who went to Chicago in 1920, was the "Great-Godfather." In fact, when Costello called together the great peace conference in Atlantic City's President Hotel in May 1929, Torrio would be at his side as the conference's "elder statesman."

It would be a conference that would come at the end of a decade filled with blood, ironically much of it Torrio's fault. For he was the man who brought Al Capone to Chicago as his "muscle." The "muscle" soon grew too strong for the "brain" which was supposed to control it.

In fact, "Scarface" Al Capone was the symbol of what has been called the lawless decade. All through the Twenties it was Capone's name that frightened ordinary citizens. And it was his city, Chicago, which got the name of Mobtown, a city so violent that even Lucky Luciano called it "a real crazy place. Nobody's safe in the streets."

Because of Capone, Torrio would be a "man without a city" before the decade was out. And when Torrio returned to New York, it would be Frank Costello who saw that the violence in Chicago would ruin the underworld in New York. Enraged officials and the citizenry at large made no nice distinctions between Chicago and New York gangsters. After Capone started killing, they wanted all "gangsters" put away.

And so it was Chicago which eventually forced Costello to abandon his hoped-for behind-the-scenes role and come to the forefront in underworld leadership. He was smart enough to know it was a question of survival, and when things were to

*Published by William Morrow, and also sold in England, Japan, Spain and Germany. A paperback version will be published next year. A motion picture version is in the making and will be a major Chartoff-Winkler production of 20th Century-Fox.

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reach that point, Costello would show what a man, and what a diplomat, he was.

The strange story begins with a phone call from the Chicago crime boss, Big Jim Colosimo, sometimes known as "Diamond Jim." The call was to Johnny Torrio in Brooklyn, and the message was that Big Jim needed help.

Big Jim Colosimo was having trouble with an outfit called the "Black Hand." The members of this group were extortionists, preying on Italian citizens with threats of kidnapping and murder. No one was sacred, not even the Boss of Crime.

Torrio went to Chicago and within a few months had the situation under control. A few well-placed informers, some shots in the night, some bodies disappearing into Lake Michigan, and the Black Hand stopped troubling anybody.

Big Jim was impressed with this "Eastern" talent, and he gave Johnny the go-ahead to import some more of his boys. One of the first men Johnny thought of was Al Capone, then a bouncer at Frankie Yale's Harvard Inn on Long Island.

He brought Al to Chicago as his Lieutenant and bodyguard. For special jobs, where out-of-town talent would be needed, Torrio would use Frankie Yale.

In those days Yale was regarded as a "comer." He was twenty-five years old and already was head of the Unione Siciliano, a charitable organization which included many Italian gangsters. For profit Frankie provided thugs (to enter either side of a labor dispute) with baseball bats, acted as a prizefight manager, and owned a stable of racehorses.

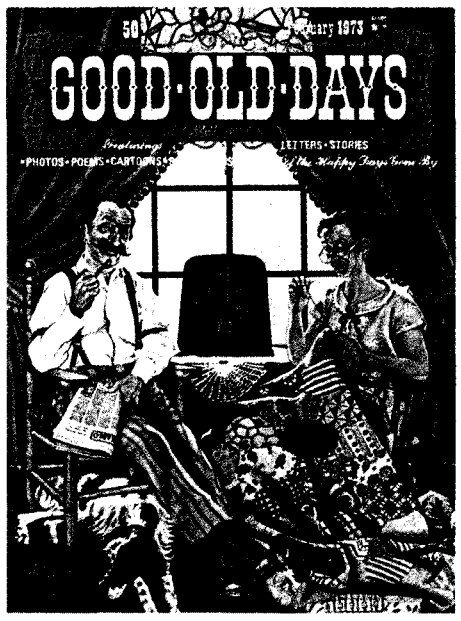
But all of Yale's business from racehorses to night clubs were secondary to the real reason for his success: violence. Frankie even owned his own funeral parlor to take care of the bodies.

In May 1920, Frankie Yale got a message from his old Brooklyn buddy, Johnny Torrio. The bloody underworld wars of the Twenties were about to begin and Frank Costello, fighting to stay out, would be in the middle of the climactic violence.

* * *

As his bride Dale later told the story, on May 11, 1922, Big Jim Colosimo, Chicago's Boss of all Bosses, got a telephone call that morning from Johnny Torrio, Jim's lieutenant. After she handed the phone to her new husband Dale knew Torrio was bugging Jim. She could tell by the way the muscles in Jim's cheeks were twitching, as they always did when he was irritated. He hung up. "Got a delivery of two truckloads at the club at four o'clock," he said.

"Why can't Torrio take the delivery?" Dale



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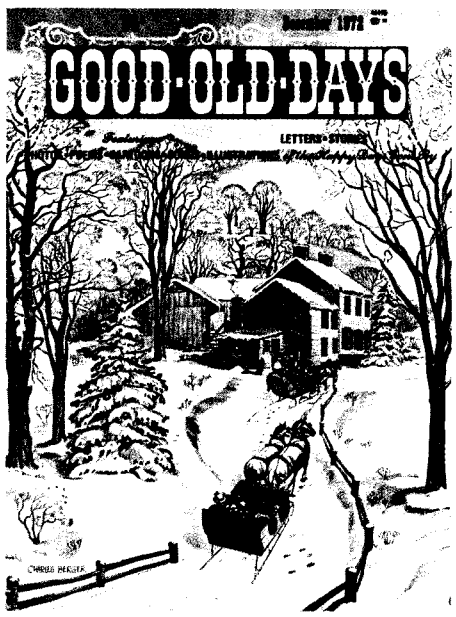

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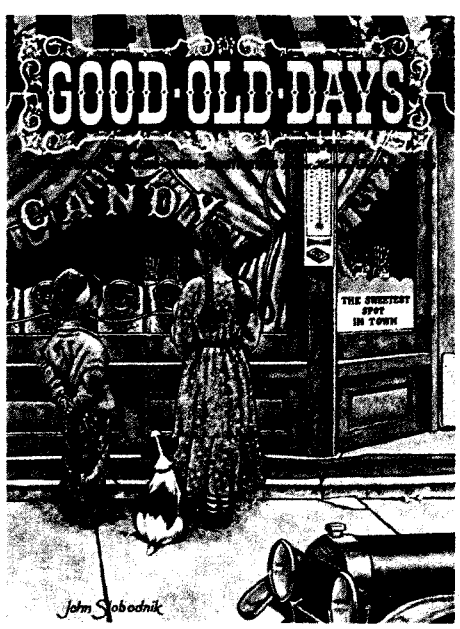

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asked her new husband quizzically.

"It's a special shipment of whiskey from Canada, and the boys will deal only with me," Jim said.

Colosimo's Cafe was the most famous nightclub in the city. Movie stars, politicians, athletes, and celebrities from everywhere made it a point to stop there when they were in Chicago. The illegal booze was the best, beautiful girls abounded, and the prospect of rubbing shoulders with real gangsters was alluring.

There, at night Jim reigned as the King, a giant of a man dressed in the height of fashion, with diamonds glinting from his "pinkies." Stopping at tables with elegantly gowned ladies and tuxedoed men who were on a "slumming" tour, he would call for champagne on the house, while afar off on the stage his chorus girls kicked their pretty legs and laughter rang through the club.

But now on a gray afternoon the Cafe was practically deserted. Big Jim got there precisely at four p.m., wearing a homburg hat and a bright red rose in his lapel. He found no trucks. Tired of waiting in the lobby, he went back into the club and found the assistant manager scurrying around while some cleaning ladies got ready for the evening's rush. He chatted with the manager, but his ear was listening for the phone. Surely, Torrio would have called him if the shipment had been delayed for some reason.

By 4:25 Jim was furious. He left the employees, telling them he was going home. He walked past the deserted little tables of the club until he reached the door to the vestibule, then pushed the door open, and strode through the lobby toward the street exit.

Frankie Yale came out of the cloakroom with a .38 pistol behind Jim and fired once, twice. The first bullet penetrated just beneath Big Jim's right ear. His big body lurched sideways, and then forward, and Big Jim plunged to his death on the porcelain tiles of the nightclub lobby, blood running gently from beneath his ear.

A few hours later the Chicago police apprehended Frankie Yale about to board a train bound for New York. Frank said he was in Chicago on a friendly visit, and the authorities, with no evidence, had to let him go.

The boss was dead, and it was a death which would affect the career of Frank Costello, hundreds of miles away. For the new Boss, Johnny Torrio, would himself have trouble in the ranks, and in the end it would be Costello he would turn to.

Big Jim Colosimo's demise brought Johnny Torrio, who wept at his funeral, to power. Johnny, a dandy little fellow with dainty hands and feet, had hired a stocky, muscular Al Capone for the "heavy" work.

Frank told me he liked Torrio. "He's reasonable," he always said. But Capone was another matter. Frank disapproved of Capone completely.

"We were all raking it in in the Twenties," he said to me once, "and Capone's got the Feds excited. For what? Stay quiet, do your business, and everything's set."

Capone's first move as Torrio's deputy was to take care of the leader of Chicago's rival syndicate, headed by an Irishman named Dion O'Banion. O'Banion had an unusual "front"—a florist shop from which he regularly sent out wreaths to demolished rivals, complete with cards stamped "Deepest regrets."

But the next wreath from that shop would be for his own funeral. On November 10, 1924, O'Banion was trimming some roses, humming softly, when a Cadillac sedan drew up to the curb outside. Out of it stepped an old friend, Frankie Yale, back in Chicago for another visit. He was accompanied by two heavyset men.

O'Banion went to the door to greet them. "Hey, Frankie," he said. "Long time no see."

A clerk in the florist shop was straightening up some ferns. They had a big order for a wedding on the North Side that afternoon. O'Banion told the porter to go in the back room while he talked to his friends, surrounded by roses and peonies and chrysanthemums.

O'Banion held out his hand to shake Frankie's. The next thing he knew his hand was gripped like iron and his arm jerked forward, and he stumbled into Yale's arms while the two other thugs on either side had pistols out, blazing bullets into his head. Dion O'Banion crashed among vases of white peonies, spraying them with droplets of blood.

This hit against the rival chief of crime in Chicago was not Johnny Torrio's idea—but Al Capone's. It was Capone's signal that he was in charge. Torrio tried to make peace across the city, but he was powerless. The war that broke out on Chicago's streets claimed more than 500 lives before it was finished. Torrio, himself, lasted only two and a half months. Then, on January 24, 1925, he made what he said to me years later was "a small mistake." He helped his wife with some packages.

Mrs. Ann Torrio said to her husband, "Take the two long boxes, John. Michael will be able to handle the rest."

They were standing in front of their apartment house, Michael, the chauffeur, reaching inside the limousine to get the packages Mrs. Torrio had bought that afternoon on a shopping trip. She and the chauffeur had picked Johnny up on the way home.

Now Johnny said, "You strong enough, Mike?" Mike came out of the car with four huge boxes. He said to his employer, "She bought half the fifth floor."

"I did not," Ann laughed, as Johnny reached in and got the two remaining boxes. He cradled them in his arms, sideways, and the three of them in single file started walking toward the apartment house door. That was when the Cadillac limousine drew up.

Two men jumped out with machine guns, and a firestorm of bullets jerked Johnny's body off his feet. The packages went flying. Bullets poured into his face, his chest, his groin, his arms. His wife screamed and began pulling him by the arms on his stomach toward the house. The two gunmen saw him inert, blood spurting from several wounds, turned and ran to the car where two getaway men waited. The wheels of the car spun on loose gravel, and the car roared off. Johnny, lying on the pavement, kept repeating, "Mamma mia, mamma mia."

Johnny Torrio was wounded in so many places that three surgeons had to operate on three areas at once. Incredibly, the little man lived. Johnny managed to get two ideas across: One, he knew who had shot him but he would never tell. And two, he was retiring.

Johnny Torrio left Chicago to Capone and came home to Brooklyn, a premature elder statesman. One of the first men he contacted in New York was Frank Costello. Frank set him up in a little bootlegging business.

He could afford to be generous. With his far-flung bootlegging organization funneling millions into his pockets, Frank was already esteemed as the shrewdest—and the richest—gangster in New York. He was above those far-off

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Chicago feuds and the New York Mafia rivalries. But events were to catch him up in their swirl.

In the mid-Twenties, the New York underworld was chaotic. It was a time when the Mafia was a small organization, and Jewish and Irish independent operators dominated the scene.

Frank was then one of the sub-capos in Joe Masseria's family in Manhattan, the branch of the Mafia which was the largest and best organized. Others in the family were Salvatore Lucania (Lucky Luciano), Vito Genovese, Albert Anastasia, Joe Adonis, Anthony Anastasia, Carlo Gambino and Willie Morett. Ciro Terranova, the "Artichoke King," ruled the Bronx. Frank Yale held sway in Brooklyn.

But in those days Arnold Rothstein, Dutch Schultz, Legs Diamond, Owney Madden and Bill Dwyer were the names the public knew as criminal leaders. The small, tightly knit Mafia was virtually unknown to the public. Joe Masseria, "The Boss of all Bosses," lived most of his career in the shadows of these more glamorous names, and was probably happy to do so.

Lucky Luciano, Number Two man in the Mafia under Joe Masseria, had a lot in common with Frank Costello—at least on the surface. In his heyday I remember he kept a suite in the Waldorf and, although he didn't frequent the East Side spots that Frank did, or make such an effort to be accepted by the "best" people, he did dress sharply, and looked neat and well turned out. This, despite a disfiguring scar which ran from the corner of his right eye down to his chin.

Frank once told me, "I never heard nobody call him Lucky, not even behind his back." And to the end of his days Luciano would snarl at newspapermen who called him that. He despised the name "Lucky" because, in his opinion, there was no "luck" at all in the incident which inspired the name. It was pure "Omerta," the code of silence of the Mafia.

Many romantic legends have sprung up about that event. What happened for certain was that Luciano was taken for a "ride" from which no one usually returns, and he somehow escaped alive at a lonely spot in the night on Staten Island. But not before, according to reports, he was hung by his thumbs, his face slashed by a knife, his feet burned with cigarettes, and an ice pick plunged into his body several times. An escape after this would surely merit the name "Lucky."

Of the men at the top in the Mafia in those early days, it was apparent that Luciano and Costello had the brains. But Lucky was a killer, Costello was not. Lucky dealt in narcotics, Frank wouldn't touch them. Lucky had a string of

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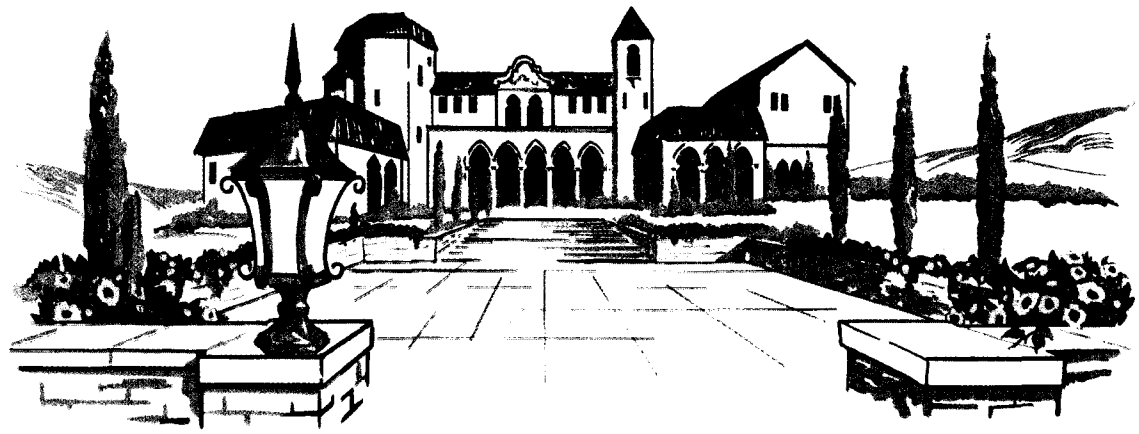

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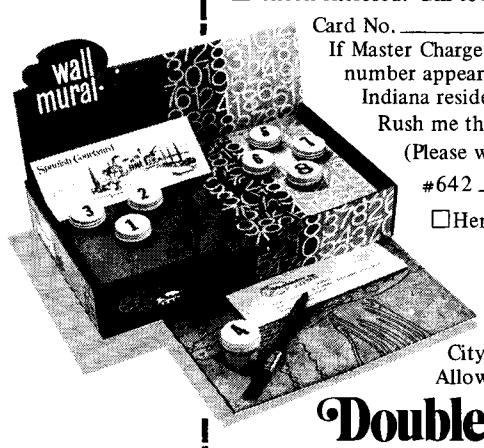

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whorehouses (more a hobby than a vital source of income). Frank didn't fool with such trivialities.

What brought these two different types of men together was necessity. Joe Masseria, the "Boss," was a man who still clung to the traditions of Sicily, and would someday launch a foolish and bloody war with a rival Sicilian sect.

But even more immediate was the fantastic orgy of killings in Chicago by Johnny Torrio's

successor, Al Capone. Capone was on a rampage, killing everyone from Italian and Irish rivals to Assistant District Attorneys. The public outcry was growing. Young J. Edgar Hoover called him Public Enemy Number One.

And still the killings went on. On one memorable occasion Capone invited three Sicilian leaders to a banquet at his Hawthorne Inn in Cicero, the Chicago suburb. After the banquet, complete with good red wine, Capone's henchmen grabbed the three men and tied them to their chairs. Then Capone took a baseball bat and methodically beat them to pulp. The corpses were found with hardly a bone unbroken.

Such was the savagery of Al Capone. But now Capone was reaching even farther, right into New York. His Eastern representative was the ubiquitous Frank Yale, whose job was to make certain Capone's bootlegging trucks got through from New York to Chicago. But, for some reason, in the late 1920's, fewer and fewer trucks seemed to be arriving in Chicago. Capone blamed it on Frankie—and Frankie did not exactly get a chance to defend himself, even at a kangaroo court. Instead, he took his car out for a Sunday ride in a pleasant residential section of Brooklyn, but did not notice a sedan moving up alongside him. When he did, it was too late. A machine gun poked out of the open window. The resulting fire not only killed Frankie, but sent his body sagging over the loose steering wheel.

Less than eight months later, things came to a head in a warehouse on Chicago's South Side. The occasion was a holiday. St. Valentine's Day, 1929. George "Bugs" Moran had inherited the O'Banion gang, and was causing Al Capone a little trouble. This time Al went for the whole ball game. Seven of Moran's henchmen were lured into a garage to await a shipment of illegal liquor. A sedan pulled up with two uniformed "policemen" and three in plainclothes. The "policemen" lined the Moran men against the wall as if it were an arrest; then the three others with tommy guns tore all seven apart with bullets.

Bugs Moran was on his way to the garage when it happened, and thus escaped. But his cry to reporters rang as far as New York, "Only Capone kills like that."

Frank Costello was worried. He waited nervously in the card room of the Neapolitan Club in Greenwich Village. He was doing something he often did in moments of crisis, playing solitaire.

Lucky Luciano came in the door. "Hey podner," he said, and took off his hat and skimmed it onto the couch. He grabbed a little folding chair and sat across from Frank. "The red queen, kid. You blind?"

Frank smiled and moved the red queen on the black king. Both of them saw the significance of the king. That was the man Lucky had just been to see, Joe "The Boss" Masseria. "What'd the big man say?" asked Frank.

Lucky pulled out a cigarette, lighted it, then puffed smoke a minute. His swarthy face, with its vertical white scar, was impassive. He said, "No deal."

"Big surprise," Frank said. He found an ace in the deck, and placed it at the head of the table.

"I think Al scares him," Lucky said.

"I say we move without him."

Lucky looked surprised. "Get everybody in the country to come to New York, and the Boss ain't invited? Come on, Frank."

"I got an idea," Frank said. "What we all need is a vacation in Atlantic City."

Frank once told me about that "vacation."

Atlantic City in the Twenties was the summer playground of New York. The great hotels on the famous boardwalk were fronted with dazzling white beaches on which girls paraded in bathing suits ending daringly above the knee while prosperous men smoked big cigars and thought indecent thoughts.

Frank Costello sat on a bench on the boardwalk in front of the Traymore Hotel, the sun shining brightly on this spring morning in 1929. Beside him, paunchy little Johnny Torrio was consulting a penciled list of names.

"They're all in," he said to Frank. "Al brought Nitti and Guzik."

He handed the list to Frank, who scanned it. Last week he had sent invitations all over the country for this convention, and everybody was coming. Lou Rothkopf and Moe Dalitz from Cleveland, King Solomon from Boston, John Lazia from Kansas City, Joe Bernstein and others from Detroit, Sam Lazar from Philadelphia—and most important, Al Capone and his boys from Chicago.

With Frank from New York were Luciano, Joe Adonis, a Brooklyn don, Lepke, the king of the garment district rackets and Torrio.

Later Frank strolled down the boardwalk and stopped in front of one of those windows where taffy was being made, the gleaming machine twisting and then cutting off chunks of the candy in front of your eyes. People inside at the counter were buying boxes of the taffy hand over fist, but Frank didn't go for it. Somebody tapped him on the shoulder, and he turned. It was Joe Adonis. Joe said, "Buy yourself a box. It may be your last meal."

"Tell me some more good news," Frank said.

The two of them walked away, Adonis with his arm around Frank's shoulder, talking softly. He said, "Capone is steamed. He thinks this whole sit-down is aimed at him."

"Yeah?"

"He's thinking of leaving."

"He'll stay," Frank said.

But in fact he wasn't sure. Capone had been Frank's big worry ever since he had gotten this idea for a peace conference to stop the wild killings which were bringing the government into the picture, and threatening everything they had built up. At this time Capone was earning ten million a year, owned a $250,000 home in Miami, and was sitting pretty.

Frank was at the height of his power—and now he must use it. He had spent many nights talking to Luciano and Torrio about what should be done. They had agreed that a nationwide meeting of all the leaders of crime should be called. The ostensible purpose would be to establish some sort of working relationship between the mobs in control of the various regions of the country. But the hidden reason would be to stop the violence—and somehow clamp down on Al Capone, without starting the bloodiest war of all.

And now Capone smelled what was happening! But he was too late. Frank, Torrio and Luciano had been busy with the visiting dele-

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gations and found all of them were agreed that Capone should be stopped.

Adonis and Frank were walking back toward their hotel when a chunky, smiling man surrounded by very tough guys came toward him. "Frank, I've been looking for you."

It was Enoch "Nucky" Johnson, Atlantic City's crime boss, and unofficial host of the crime convention.

"What's up?" Frank asked.

"I'm going to make you famous," Nucky said.

"If I get famous with one more jury I've had it," Frank said. But he was smiling with Nucky a few minutes later when a newspaper photographer took a picture of the two of them. The picture printed in the Atlantic City newspaper the next day was as good a signal as any to Al Capone that Frank *was* the *real* host here.

A large conference room had been provided by the President Hotel, and it was quite picturesque. A crystal chandelier, dangled above the table, and rich mahogany table and chairs gleamed from recent polishing.

Now the great criminal chiefs from around the nation sat uneasily, wondering what was going to happen. Near one end of the table the Chicago delegation sat, menacingly. Frank "The Enforcer" Nitti, Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, and bodyguard Frank Rio flanked the glowering Al Capone.

The New York delegation sat at the other end, Frank at the head. Torrio on his right. But Torrio, as the "elder statesman," was the first one on his feet. Cigar smoke curled to the ceiling as the gang leaders looked at the little man. Torrio said, "The reason we called this meeting is we have to get organized. Everybody's working on his own, we got independent guys muscling in, and that's got to stop. What we need is a combination around the country where everybody in charge of his city is the boss, but we all work with each other."

With this preface, he introduced Costello. Frank stood up and carefully kept his eyes away from Capone's. He said, "The reason we got to organize is that we got to put ourselves on a business basis. That's what we're in . . . a business. We got to stop the kind of thing that's going on in Chicago right now."

Not a murmur in the room as Frank turned and looked directly at Al Capone, who returned the stare, impassively.

Frank said, "You guys are shooting at each other in the streets and innocent people are getting killed, and they're starting to squawk. If they squawk loud enough the Feds get off their tails and start cracking down. And you know what that means. We got a thing where millions of dollars can be made just getting people what they want. When I was on trial three years ago on the whiskey deal, all the people were behind me. And I was able to stay in business.

"But if you make the people afraid of you, then they're going to turn the other way and start yelling at the government to clean us out. That means the Internal Revenue boys, the FBI, the Narcos, and every DA in the country. It ain't worth it."

He paused. Everyone was half listening to him and half watching Al Capone's reaction. Frank said, "From now on nobody gets killed without a commission's saying so. Johnny and I have got a little piece of paper we want to show you. We're going to have a national commission with every family represented, twenty-four by our count. No Boss will be attacked unless the commission says he has to go. And no button man gets hit without a hearing from his own Boss.

"The old way—killing a guy who bugs you, or who's in your way—is no good any longer. If we run our thing like a business, we'll get respect and all the dough in the world. If we keep the fireworks going we'll all be out of business in a year."

He sat down. Frank could see the other gangsters were impressed. Capone was waiting for his chance to speak. But before he could, Frank nudged Torrio and Capone's former mentor got to his feet. He looked down the length of the table at Al. "You're going to jail, Al."

"To what?" Capone was smiling.

"To jail. We have to smooth this thing over right now. You go back to Chicago after that Valentine Day shoot-out, and O'Banion's boys will be at war—and the heat will go higher and higher. We think you need a vacation, Al."

Unthinkable. Capone looked around the table at these men, none of them big enough to shine his shoes. And they were saying he should go to jail!

Nitti was leaning close to him and whispering, "Stall them and let's blow."

Instead, Capone said to Torrio, "Tell me when I'm supposed to laugh."

But the answer came from Frank Costello. "This ain't a joke, Al. We got too much invested for you to ruin the gravy train. Make it easy on yourself. Think of a way. But we need you off at 'college' until things cool down."

Al said angrily, "I'll let you know," and he and his boys moved out of the room, slamming the door behind them.

And so, two days later in Philadelphia, a remarkable event occurred. Al Capone, the untouchable, who had ordered the murders of more than a hundred men, Capone who had never been arrested, was picked up in Philadelphia for "carrying a gun." He and a bodyguard, Frank Rio, were taken into custody as they walked out of a movie theater at 19th and Market Streets. The arresting officers were Detective James (Shooey) Malone and John Creedon.

Capone and Rio were sentenced to serve a year's imprisonment for carrying concealed weapons. The legendary "Scarface" became number 90725 in the Holmesburg County Jail.

The fresh salt air blowing across the Atlantic City boardwalk must have seemed refreshing to Frank and those of his friends who stayed behind to enjoy a few days of sun after the conference was over. Capone had been defeated. The war in Chicago could finally be brought to a halt. A national crime commission, with rules, had been formed. Crime was ready to go "legit." ⁂

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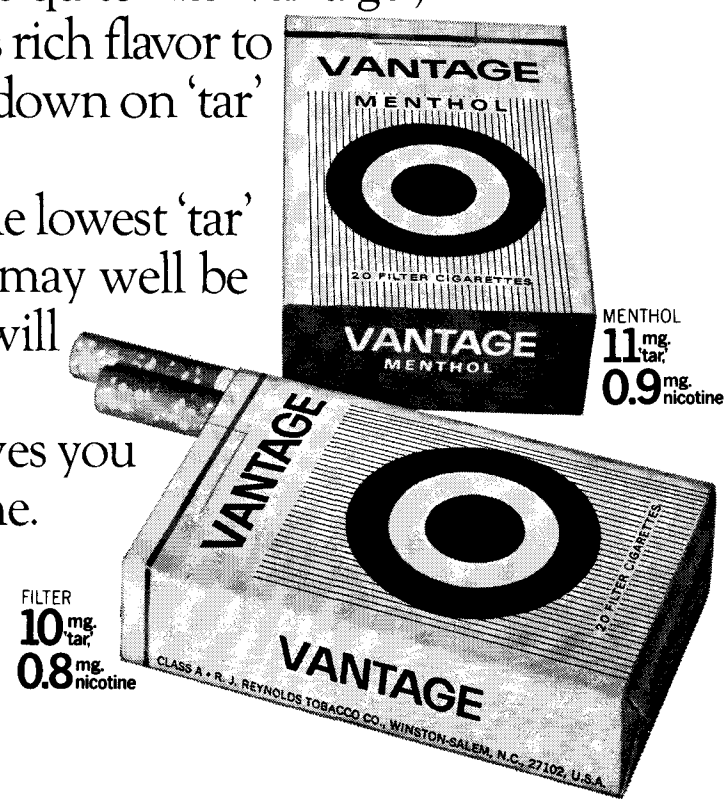

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HELPING CHILDREN COPE WITH A CRISIS WORLD

By Mrs. Norman Vincent Peale

Photography by Edith Smith

One of the tragedies of marriage to a celebrity is one's own disappearance. But Ruth Stafford Peale is a religious leader in her own right. Her precise mind has held her in good stead as co-editor of Guideposts, *national president of the women's board of domestic missions of the Reformed Church in America, secretary of the Protestant Film Commission, member of the boards of Nature Centers for Young America, Inc., Vellore Medical College, American Foundation of Religion and Psychiatry, National Council of Churches, American Bible Society and more Who's Whoish activities than this note can contain. Her deep and feeling approach to people's troubles have made her—from her numerous television and movie appearances—as beloved to Americans as is her husband. She was New York State's Mother of the Year of 1963.*

The power of positive time spent with children. The Peale farmhouse at Pawling, New York. Dr. and Mrs. Peale with granddaughters Rebecca and Katie. "Don't push your youngsters," says Mrs. Peale. "Give them time to grow up." Part of growing up is being read to, one of childhood's dearest memories.

The other day our daughter Elizabeth left two of her youngsters with me for the morning. Exuberant Rebecca and more-or-less sedate Katie ran happily through our old farmhouse at Pawling, New York, and finally settled down with an old book of fairy tales that once had been their mother's favorite. Ogres and giants, princesses and fairy godmothers all still had their ancient magic.

The radio was on, the news one long saga of gloom and doom. Crisis in the Middle East. In Cambodia. In Britain and Northern Ireland. The political crisis in Washington, the energy crisis . . . on and on.

Watching my two small granddaughters, I found myself comparing the predictable world of my own childhood with the crisis-haunted future stretching out ahead of them. Suppose, I said to myself, you were a young mother again, faced, as millions of parents are faced today, with the problem of teaching your children how to function in a world where tensions and problems seem to be steadily increasing. What qualities of heart and mind and spirit would you concentrate on, and how would you go about implanting them?

Gradually, during the rest of the morning, some answers took shape in my mind. Obviously, many attributes are needed for life in a crisis-dominated world, but it seems to me that there are six essential ones. Indeed, if I were a fairy godmother myself, here are the six magical gifts I would bestow.

1. **Self-confidence**. I would put this quality first, because only those who believe in themselves and in their capacity to meet challenges will be the crisis copers of the future.

Can parents really do anything to encourage self-reliance in a child? Yes, they can, and the secret is this: watch to see where a child's innate skills or talents lie, observe what intrigues or attracts him, lead or coax or urge him into the area where he excels and help him perform, not just once but over and over. Don't saddle your children with your own ambitions or preferences. *Find out what they like to do and then help them do it.*

This is never easy. It can be very hard for a mother who was gay and gregarious and popular herself to have a daughter who prefers to stay home and read books. It is very difficult for a father who was a crack athlete to understand and accept a son who would rather play chess than football. But chess, not football, is what such a boy needs if confidence is to grow in him. Every time he plays a good game of chess his crisis-coping mechanism will be strengthened, because the repeated exercise of any skill builds assurance. Gradually he will come to believe that if he does one thing well he can do other things well, and he won't be afraid to attempt them. Once that attitude becomes ingrained, he will be what the world needs most: a problem solver.

2. **Enthusiasm**. It was Emerson, I believe, who said that nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. I'm pretty sure that nothing small was ever accomplished without some degree of it either!

With children it's not so much a question of implanting this quality, because most of them are born with it. It's a question of protecting and safeguarding it. And this isn't easy, because it is a fragile thing, that is easily damaged by scorn, or ridicule, or repeated failure.

Sometimes a small child's enthusiasms may seem laughable to grown-ups. But it's important not to laugh! During World War II, I remember, someone gave our son John, then a very small boy, a book to be filled with war savings stamps. We found him one afternoon licking stamps with gusto and pounding them home with furious blows of his little fist. "What on earth are you doing, John?" his father asked. "I'm winning the war," cried John, hammering another stamp home. We laughed about it later, but we were careful not to laugh in front of John. That can-do attitude, absurd though it sounded, was too important.

One sure way to dampen enthusiasm in children—and this I think is a mistake many parents make—is to expect too much from them too soon. When they find that they can't live up to these too-great expectations, youngsters tend to draw into themselves with their enthusiasm diminished and their confidence shaken. Paul Tillich, the great theologian, once complained about teachers who "fling answers like stones at the heads of those who have not yet asked the questions." It's a mistake that parents also need to avoid.

Sometimes, I think, parents are fooled by adolescents who seem to be more mature than they actually are. In terms of surface sophistication and general knowledge the modern teenager is far ahead of where his parents were at a similar age. But emotionally he may be less advanced than they were, because their emotional growth took place in a more stable and less demanding world. Nature has her own timetable, and she is wiser than any of us. So don't push your youngsters. Give them time to develop and grow.

3. **Compassion**. This may seem like a gentle attribute to be included in my fairy godmother's choice of gifts. But we live, all of us, in a world where diminishing resources are sought after by ever-growing numbers of people, a world where the ominous gap between haves and have-nots grows daily wider. In such a world, it seems to me, crisis copers *must* be sensitive to the needs and yearnings of people outside their own limited circle. Without such awareness, the gigantic onrushing problems can never be solved.

Most children have an exquisitely sensitive responsiveness to pain or suffering in other living creatures. Every parent has had to console a child desolated by the death of a dog or a cat or even a goldfish. I remember very well, at the age of nine, reading *Black Beauty* while dissolved in tears.

This sensitivity can be preserved or it can be blunted, and here responsibility falls squarely on

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the adults who control and condition a child's world. Overexposure to scenes of cruelty or episodes of violence—even the synthetic violence of screen or television—inevitably dulls the capacity for such response. Conversely, if the climate of the home is one of sympathy and concern for others, if the child sees his parents occasionally making sacrifices for less fortunate people with no hope of tangible reward, then that capacity is strengthened and preserved.

Last December a young couple we know took their small children to a shopping center, gave each some money, and told them to select a Christmas present for a child their own age whom they didn't know and would never meet, but who was facing the prospect of a bleak Christmas. The children were instantly intrigued. Carefully they made their choices, supervised the wrapping, discussed the unexpected pleasure their gifts would bring. In such families, one may be sure, the glowing spark that we call compassion will never flicker out.

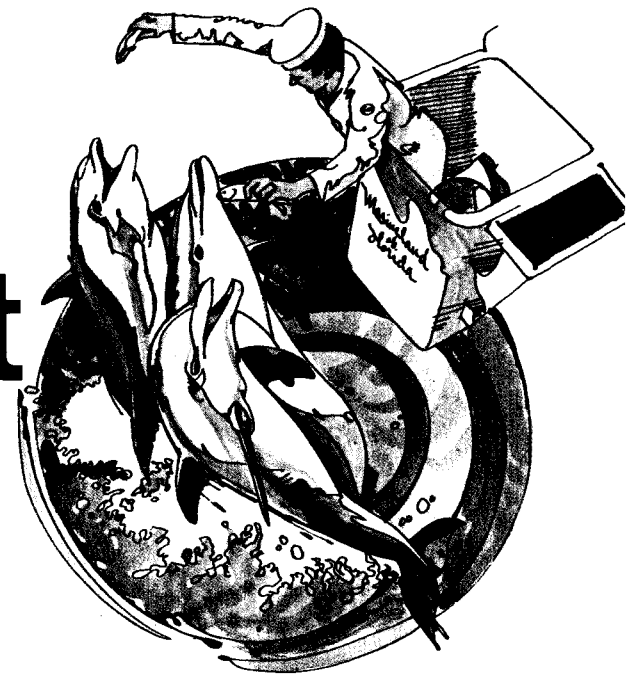
4. **Respect.** This is a word that has almost gone out of fashion, but I think we need to bring it back. I don't mean the "respect" that older people so often insist they're not getting from the younger generation (this lament has been going on since the days of the Pharaohs and is often simply a disguised form of jealousy). No, I'm talking about a subtle attitude that conditions a person's whole approach to life and can even determine the fate of nations: the conviction that certain things and certain values are worthy of esteem or reverence and need to be preserved at all costs.

It's amazing, when you stop to think of it, how many of our national troubles, past and present, might be ascribed to a lack of this quiet conviction. What is crime but lack of respect for law? What is pollution but lack of respect for the rights of others? What is inferior workmanship or shoddy merchandise but lack of respect for quality? What is slanted news reporting or misleading advertising but lack of respect for truth?

Can this sort of respect be implanted in children? I think it can, but not by pious hopes or wishful thinking. You have to demand—and at times enforce.

Demand what? Fair play, for one thing, which is an elementary form of respect. It can begin with something as simple as toy sharing or taking turns on the swing. It can continue through the story telling or reading-aloud stage, where such human qualities as courage, endurance, loyalty and honor can be made to seem exciting and desirable to growing minds. You can teach respect for the nation, for its institutions, for the flag by telling children about—or when possible taking them to see—places where the American dream was dreamed or American his-

How to enjoy Florida's Best



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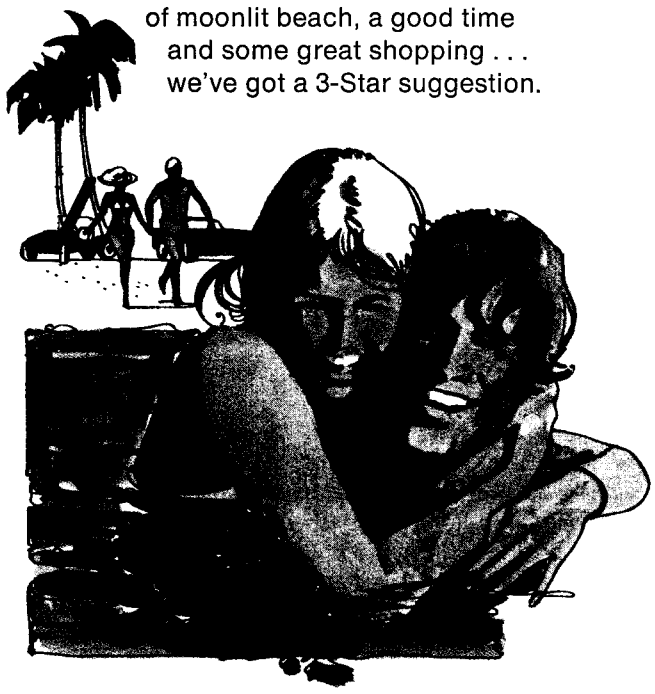

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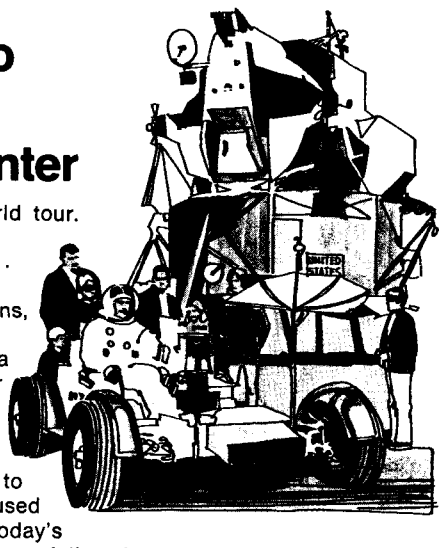

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Building confidence in children is finding first what they like to do and can do well. "It can be very hard for a gregarious mother to have a daughter who prefers to stay home and read books. But a small child's enthusiasms should never be laughed at by grown-ups." Humor, curiosity, resilience, warmheartedness are traits Mrs. Peale believes parents can encourage by applauding, admiring, and demonstrating these traits themselves.

tory was made: Independence Hall or *Old Ironsides*, Valley Forge or Gettysburg, the Alamo or Pikes Peak or the sand dunes of Kitty Hawk.

This slow implantation of values, the inculcation of respect, can continue, with parents always and inevitably the prime example, until eventually the point is reached where a self-imposed code of conduct takes over, a code that whispers to the child, "You do thus and so because this is what people who set high standards do." Or, "You don't do that because it isn't done by people who believe in excellence."

When that point is reached, respect becomes self-respect, and the person who can truly claim it has little to fear in a crisis-ridden or any other kind of world.

5. **Resilience.** Call it flexibility, call it adaptability, call it what you will, the ability to cope with change, to deal with the difficult or the unexpected is certain to be a requirement that life will increasingly demand of people in the years that lie ahead. Those who cling rigidly to the status quo are the ones least likely to be the problem solvers of tomorrow—and the ones most likely to be victims of future shock.

How do you help a child acquire this resilience? The best way to do it is to encourage the qualities that somehow seem to be antidotes to brittleness of mind or spirit.

Warmheartedness, for example. Parents can encourage it by applauding it, admiring it, demonstrating it themselves in terms of praise, closeness, touchingness, and expressed affection. Children who receive a lot of love turn into adults who can give it. And love is the greatest shock absorber.

Or the lively trait of curiosity. Rigid people tend to be disinterested people; somehow they have given up being seekers of the *why*. But such a seeker is precisely what a problem solver must be.

Or the marvelous solvent of humor, especially the capacity occasionally to laugh at one's self. A famous psychiatrist once told me that he had never been called on to treat anyone who had the gift of self-directed humor. And he added that he thought it could be passed along, like a priceless heirloom, from one generation to another.

The best way, almost certainly, to give a child the gift of resilience is to teach him to be receptive to change, to regard it as something exhilarating and stimulating, something that can provide new opportunities for growth and new dimensions. The other day I heard a young mother complaining a bit wistfully that her children seemed to lack initiative. "There's nothing innovative about them," she said. "They don't like anything new or different. They want everything to stay the way it is." Then she made a very penetrating observation. "You know," she said, "I wonder sometimes if by making life so pleasant for our children, by giving them everything, we aren't seducing them into being conformists who never challenge anything. If so, we may be robbing them of the knowledge that life without risks may be dull and stale."

Dynamic attitudes smothered by too much comfort? Progress blocked by infatuation with the status quo? Questions for parents to ponder, perhaps, in this affluent age.

6. **Hope.** This last attribute may well be the one the world needs most, not just for the future but right now. It's the bravest quality of all, this ability to look past dark times to brighter ones, to believe that questions *do* have answers, that challenges *can* be met, that problems *will* be solved.

To bring up hopeful children a parent needs to be hopeful himself. Pessimism, fear and gloom are highly contagious; if a home is saturated with them, a child's natural optimism can hardly survive. If, on the other hand, he can be exposed to the attitude that when there's failure there's always a next time, that when there's trouble it won't last forever, that when hard times come they can build character and endurance, this attitude in itself (hopefully!) will make uncertainties seem less frightening and crises less critical.

To me the greatest of all hope builders and hope sustainers (I say this not just as a minister's wife but as an observer over many years of many different kinds of people) is a strong religious faith. If a person firmly believes that there is a loving God who cares about people and stands ready to support and help them, such a person has a source of strength that will never leave him. No matter how stormy life becomes, no matter what problem he may be called upon to face, that inner conviction will keep him going until he overcomes the problem or makes a constructive adjustment to it.

Trust God and live one day at a time. Long ago my husband and I decided that these were the nine words we would live by, and try to pass along to our children. I commend them to any parent striving to prepare his own children for the tough challenges that lie ahead. ✠

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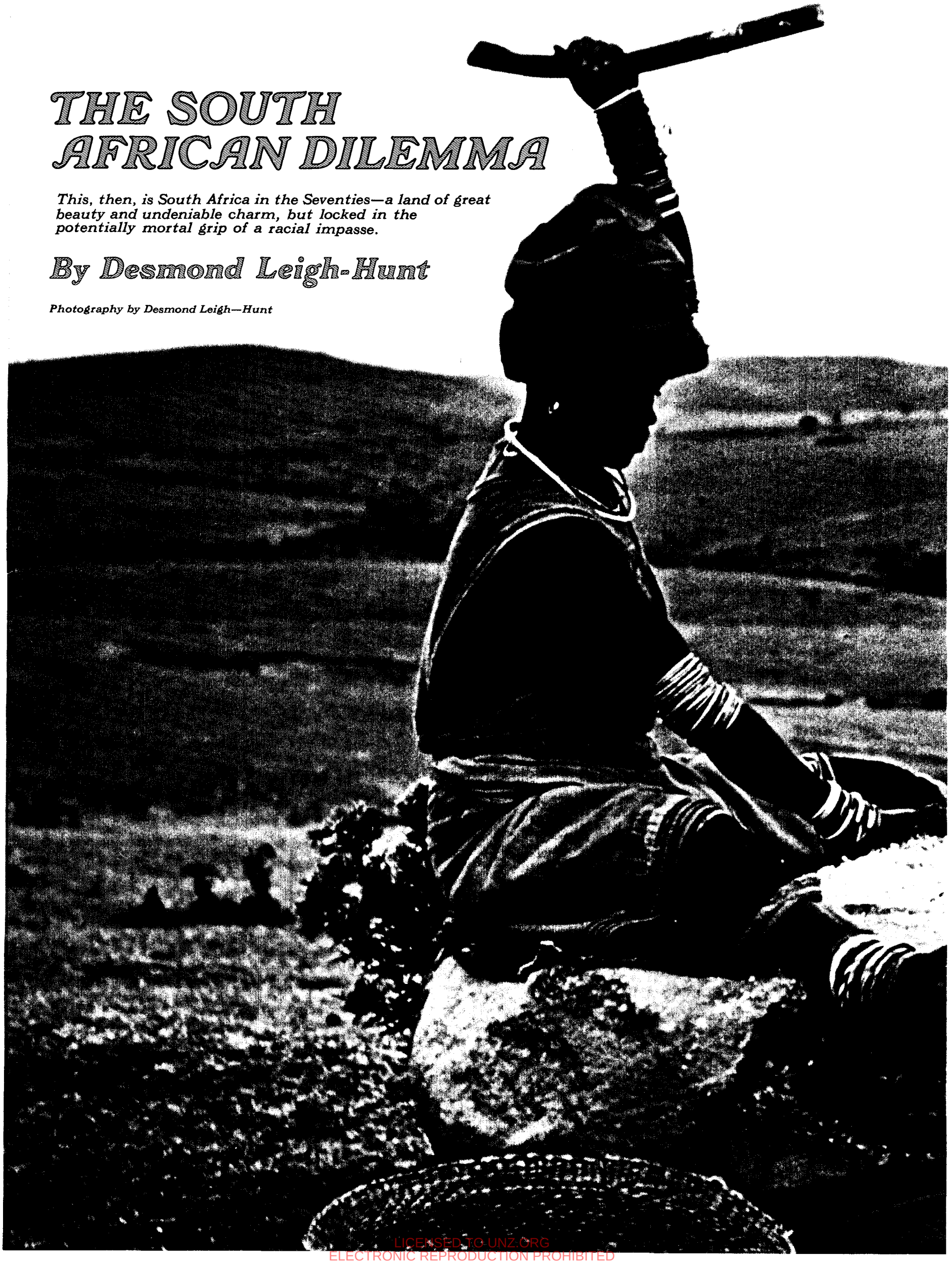
THE SOUTH AFRICAN DILEMMA

This, then, is South Africa in the Seventies—a land of great beauty and undeniable charm, but locked in the potentially mortal grip of a racial impasse.

By Desmond Leigh-Hunt

Photography by Desmond Leigh—Hunt



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Returning to the country of his birth and childhood after more than a quarter century, Desmond Leigh-Hunt surveys the changes that have taken place in South Africa. Great grandson of the noted English poet and essayist, James Henry Leigh-Hunt, whose father was a friend of Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia, Desmond Leigh-Hunt became a naturalized American citizen in 1951 and considers Southern California his home.

South Africa's 3.8 million whites control the political and economic destinies of the country's 19 million "nonwhites," including two million "coloureds" (of mixed racial descent) living mostly in Cape Province, and 620,000 Indians concentrated almost entirely in Natal. As stark statistics, these figures are enough to send a great many well-meaning people in distant lands into paroxysms of humanitarian indignation. The nonwhites cannot vote, they are subjected to total racial segregation, and their per capita income is a miserable fraction of that earned by the country's whites ($225 a year compared with $2,908) in 1970.

What is it, then, that has made more than half a million blacks leave the newly and so proudly independent neighboring countries and enter South Africa illegally? The answer is that, in spite of apartheid and everything else for which South Africa is criticized, economic opportunity is so much better here in the Republic than in the neighboring territories that its lure is enough to make these illegal immigrants risk arrest, imprisonment and eventual deportation—a fate which sooner or later overtakes almost all of them. There are additional thousands of blacks, of course, who come in lawfully each year on temporary work permits and are returned to their home countries at the end of their contracts.

One thing that should always be borne in mind is that biased, slanted and otherwise incorrect reporting has made it virtually impossible for anyone overseas to put together an even halfway accurate mental image of the way things are here in South Africa. I had read in the United States that any African found on the street after dark these days was likely to be pushed into a paddy wagon and taken off to jail for interrogation, yet my first night in subtropical Durban I sat on the balcony of my hotel room high on the residential Berea and listened to rhythmic clapping and the throb of Zulu drums in a nearby park where domestic servants gather in the evening to sing and dance. Another example of gross distortion was the unfortunate instance of the

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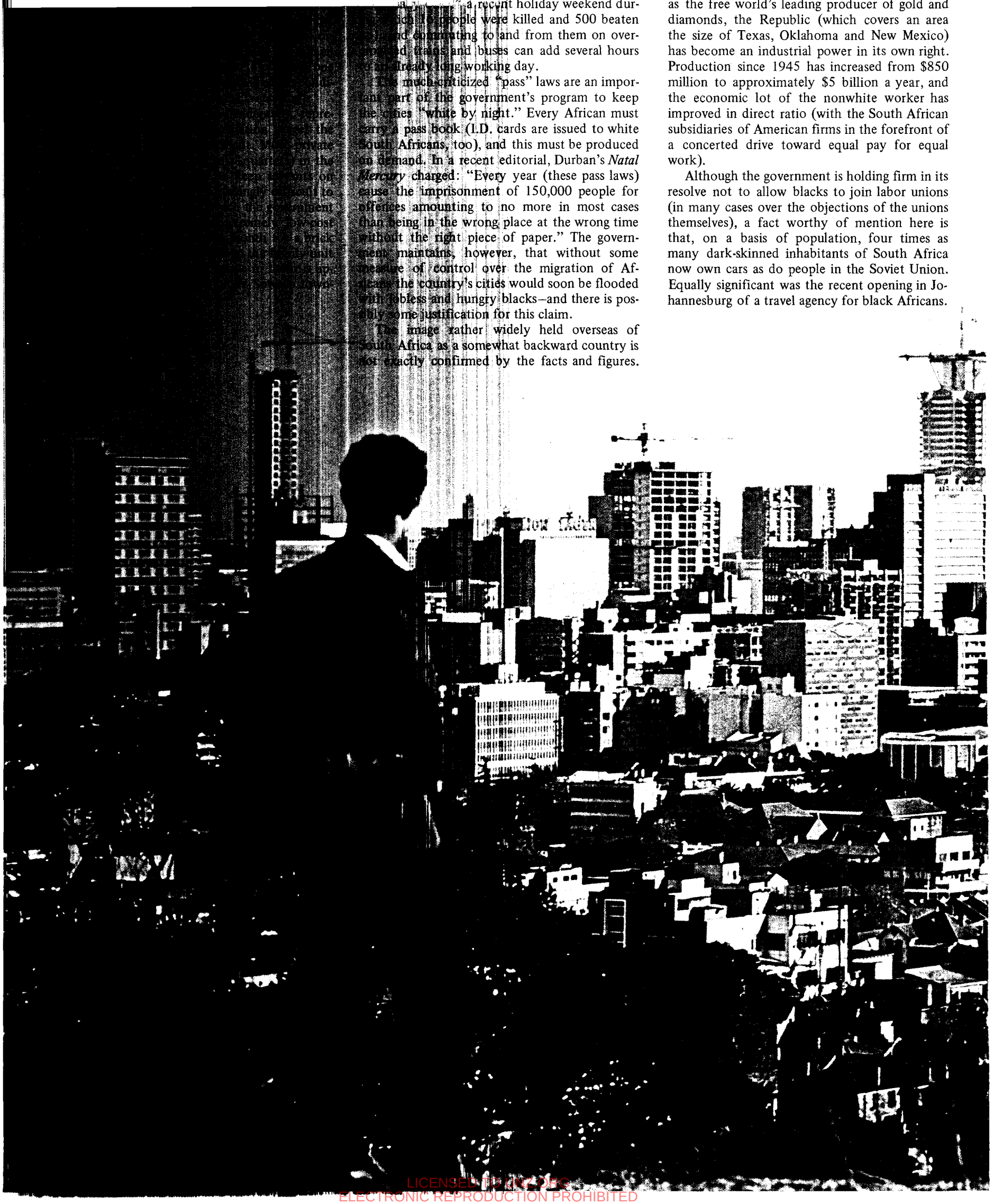
[illegible] Johannesburg police described as [illegible]," a recent holiday weekend during which 13 people were killed and 500 beaten [illegible] commuting to and from them on overcrowded trains and buses can add several hours to an already long working day.

The much-criticized "pass" laws are an important part of the government's program to keep the cities "white by night." Every African must carry a pass book (I.D. cards are issued to white South Africans, too), and this must be produced on demand. In a recent editorial, Durban's *Natal Mercury* charged: "Every year (these pass laws) cause the imprisonment of 150,000 people for offences amounting to no more in most cases than being in the wrong place at the wrong time without the right piece of paper." The government maintains, however, that without some measure of control over the migration of Africans the country's cities would soon be flooded with jobless and hungry blacks—and there is possibly some justification for this claim.

The image rather widely held overseas of South Africa as a somewhat backward country is not exactly confirmed by the facts and figures. Quite apart from maintaining its important role as the free world's leading producer of gold and diamonds, the Republic (which covers an area the size of Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico) has become an industrial power in its own right. Production since 1945 has increased from $850 million to approximately $5 billion a year, and the economic lot of the nonwhite worker has improved in direct ratio (with the South African subsidiaries of American firms in the forefront of a concerted drive toward equal pay for equal work).

Although the government is holding firm in its resolve not to allow blacks to join labor unions (in many cases over the objections of the unions themselves), a fact worthy of mention here is that, on a basis of population, four times as many dark-skinned inhabitants of South Africa now own cars as do people in the Soviet Union. Equally significant was the recent opening in Johannesburg of a travel agency for black Africans.



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Another rather interesting statistic (and one seldom quoted by the country's detractors in other lands) is that free all-black hospitals in South Africa, equipped with sophisticated diagnostic and treatment facilities, provide 7.41 beds per 1,000 of the black population—which is considerably better than the internationally accepted standard of 5 beds per 1,000.

None of this, of course, alters or conceals the fact that the human beings who comprise five-sixths of South Africa's population have no say whatsoever in the running of the country. Nor does it erase from the record the unhappy figures which reveal that, with only one-tenth of 1 percent of the world's population, South Africa has been chalking up 50 percent (more than 100 per year) of the world's hangings. And then, of course, there is the infamous business of its being perfectly legal (under the catch-all Suppression of Communism Act) for the government not only to detain a person for 180 days without trial but even to rearrest that same person for additional and successive 180-day periods.

Continued on page 127

Against the backdrop of modern Durban: a warning against fearsome beasts; young women in ceremonial finery; Cape Town's Boer architecture.

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"I was touring Universal Studios last summer and took this picture from the touring tram." Irene Leuck, hospital technician, East Alton, Illinois.

SNAP JUDGMENTS

The winners of the 1973 Kodak Amateur Photo Contest.

Photographs of misty fields, winsome children and dramatic still-life settings are among the winners of last year's Kodak International Newspaper Snapshot Awards. Over a quarter of a million amateur snapshots, taken with every kind of film and camera, are submitted each summer to local contests conducted by ninety-five leading newspapers in the United States, Mexico and Canada. The Rembrandt-like photo of a child on the opposite page won Mrs. Jeannine Mathews first place in the 1973 contest and an expense-paid trip around the world for two.

It all started, of course, when Monsieur Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre stuck a pin in a little box in the year 1822 and cast an image upon a sensitized bit of paper. *Alors, la photographie!*

Now, these many light years later, Monsieur D's little jape has given rise to techniques which on a progressional plane have risen upon occasion to levels of fine art. Fine photography has become one of the familiar elements of our lives in books, publications, and as a separate medium of creative expression. On the other hand, the amateur photographer has benefited as much and perhaps even more through the possession of a device of infinite variety in taking pictures of all kinds, under all sorts of conditions, and at any place his destinies may take him. He begins to appreciate by actual experience in the field what changing light conditions can do to a picture, how certain aspects of topography can fool the eye but not the lens (and how to reverse this, so that the lens may emphasize aspects the eye may miss), and how to compose a photograph as carefully as one might design a building or an advertisement.

All these things the amateur discovers for himself, through trial and error, and he begins to appreciate the craftsmanship of the professional. He also begins to appreciate the thing which most honest professionals will admit—that by taking the same subject many times and in many ways rather than just a single attempt, the laws of mathematical probability begin to operate in his favor, and sooner or later a beautiful picture may emerge from some random shooting through no apparent virtue or fault of his own. The world has a way of composing its finest moments that way, in art, in music, in thought, in living, and also in photography.

As the amateur begins to understand these variables, he begins to sharpen his pleasure in his vocation, trying harder each time to overcome the natural obstacles and the ruinous certainties of failure or at least mediocrity which lurk behind every move and glance. When he succeeds, which may be often or only once in a while, it is a small triumph which is hard to describe. It is the pleasure of a gardener who has brought forth a flower, and created a world.

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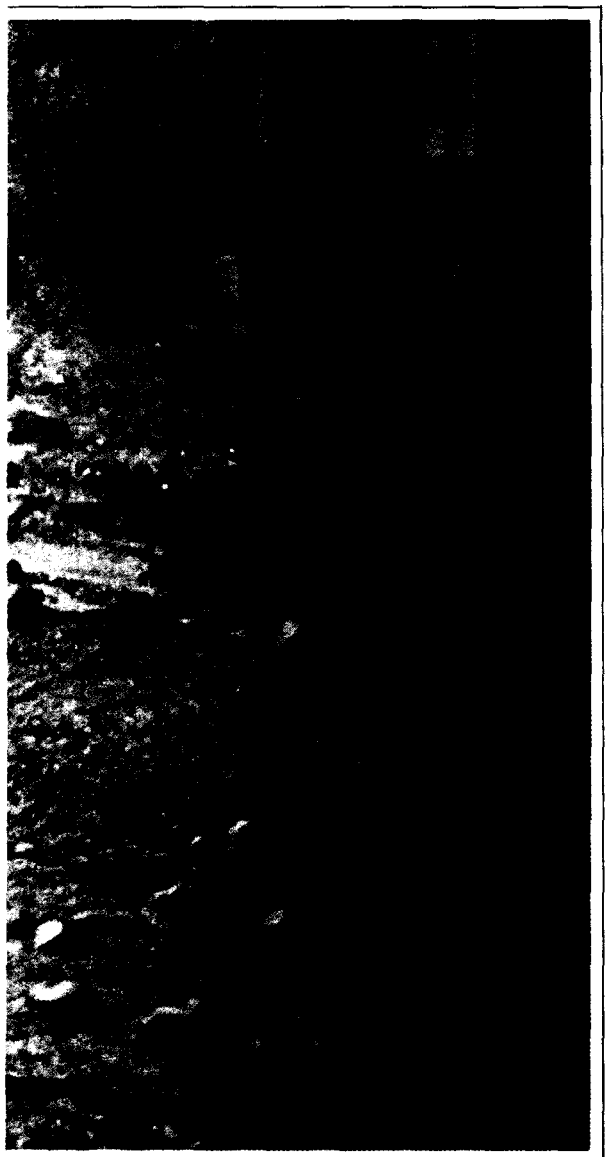

"Little Estelle just sat there while we were talking—she looked so grown up, I decided to take her picture." Jeannine M. Mathews, bank teller, Cerritos, California.

"The cat usually sits in the same window, but that morning there was something special about the cat's expression." Norbert Kurth, student, Cedarburg, Wisconsin.

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"This picture was taken through a chicken-wire fence on the road to Half Moon Bay, California, just a couple of days before Halloween." Donald E. Peri, graduate student, Belmont, California.

(left) "The idea of a daughter and great-grandmother playing together is appealing." Calvin F. Masnoka, ironworker, Aiea, Hawaii.

(right) "Amy, four, asleep in the hammock with her beloved Daisy Duck; the love and trust which comes through on film between child and pet is genuine." Mrs. G. Trent Downing, housewife, Herford, Texas.

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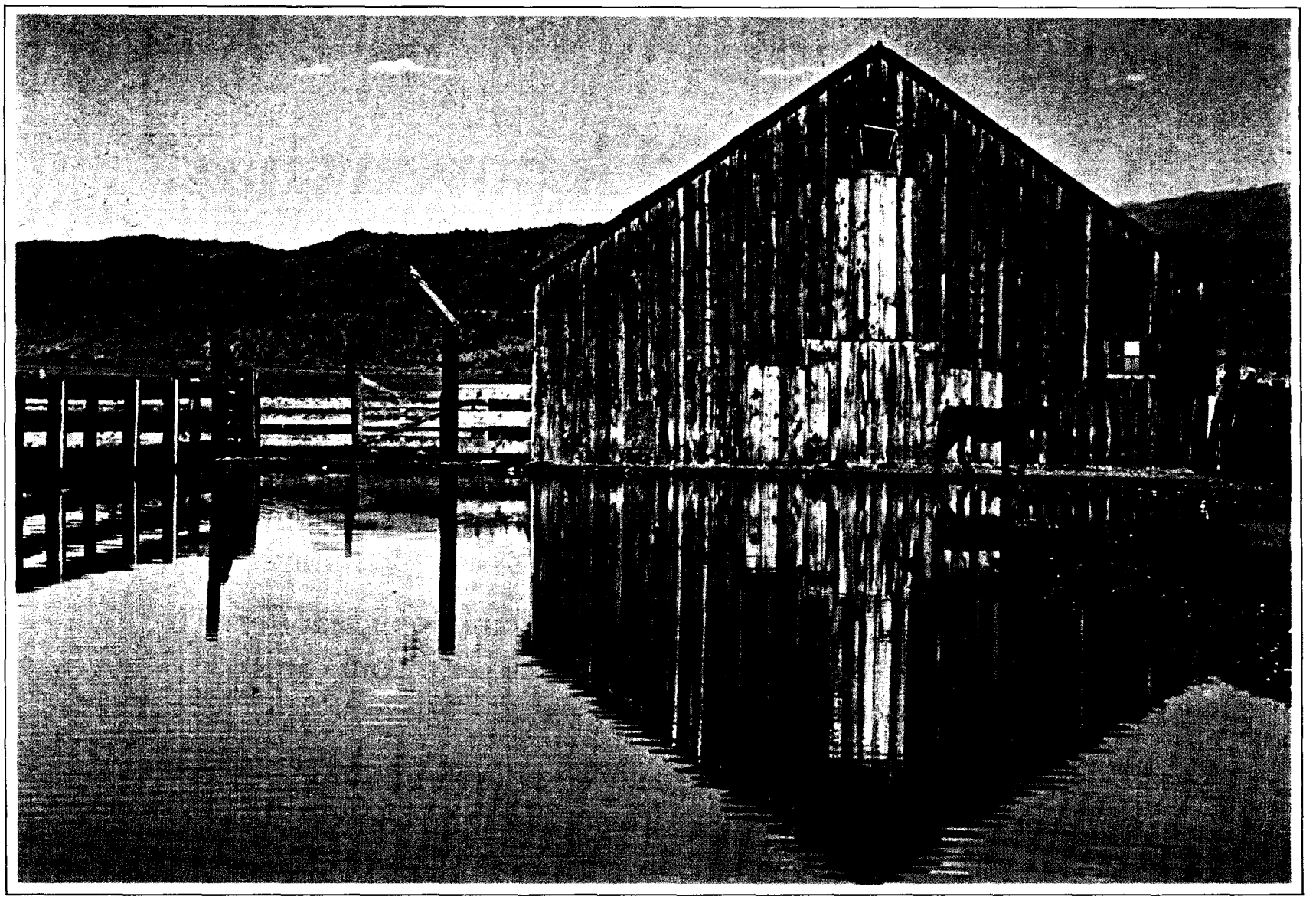

"I was hiking around a ranch on vacation and noticed the reflection of a barn and horse in the water and knew it would make a good photo." Peter D. Christiansen, student, Alameda, California.

"I broke a goldenrod and gave it to my daughter; the pose and expression are natural." Robert A. Jones, textile laboratory supervisor, Anderson, South Carolina.

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"Gee, I wish I'd known that."

Did you know that the energy crisis can lower your auto insurance costs?

Did you know that you may be paying for collision insurance you don't need?

Did you know that wearing seat belts can double your medical coverage without raising your premiums?

Did you know that some insurance policies offer coverage that will help pay for a rented car if your car is laid up from an accident?

Did you know it usually costs less for insurance if your teen-ager completes a driver-education course?

Did you know there are many more ways to lower your auto insurance costs and increase your benefits? They're all available in a new booklet entitled "Plain Talk About Auto Insurance."

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THE DEVIL AND THE PRIEST

Father John J. Nicola, consultant on the film* The Exorcist, *talks about witchcraft, fallen angels, ESP, and possession.

By Gwen Dobson

Gwen Dobson has been a journalist since she was nineteen years old. Based in Washington, she has written perceptive portraits of people in government and all walks of life which have fascinated readers for many years.

There he is. In Rome.

In the quiet serenity of Casa Santa Maria, safely inside the walls of Vatican City, and still he cannot escape the shock waves of a film that catapulted this serious, studious priest into a limelight he never quite expected.

When Father John J. Nicola was appointed consultant on the film *The Exorcist*, he viewed it as simply another facet of his study which commenced during his seminary days.

The fact that the film was shot in Washington and Father Nicola was then assistant director of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, added practicality to the matter.

In harmony with his knowledge of the subject was his familiarity with the actual case upon which the book was based . . . the documented and witnessed and verified case of a fourteen-year-old Mount Rainier, Maryland boy.

The 1949 case had been well followed and reported in the Washington press after a journalistic-wrestling match between the Irish Catholic reporter who wanted to write the account and the Irish Catholic managing editor, who didn't want him to but finally yielded. The editor did not question the story on the basis of its veracity but rather on its impact.

And that today is the prime concern of the priest-consultant.

He knew during the shooting that the film would draw criticism. He knew that many older Catholics, steeped in their childhood knowledge of the Catechism, would react bitterly against certain scenes and he tried, often in vain, to soften them. He also feared that the film would draw an X or R rating and he fought against that. He fought to protect sensitivities and he fought to shade several of the scenes which he felt would be repugnant. All the while though, he had to stand his ground against a director, William Friedkin, for whom he had great respect.

The director felt he had a duty to be faithful to the book and the priest felt as strongly he had a duty to the potential audience, whose reaction admittedly would be mixed.

So ambivalent was Father Nicola that he rejected two acting offers in the film as a quiet protest and a silent statement that he did not give his full approval.

He was particularly upset over the film's most shocking scene (the masturbation with the crucifix) and considered walking off the set. However, he felt there would be more danger in his abandonment since his presence at least might bring about some restraints.

"I would have preferred that the scene be left out altogether. Then I pushed for softening it . . . suggesting what was taking place, but as a scan shot, in the dark. I lost that. However, I have seen the finished product and at least it is not provocative in any way."

Father Nicola, an authority on exorcism, fervently hopes he will never have to perform the rite.

The film is out. The audiences are judging for themselves. Warner Bros. obviously has found a fortune, as lines form for blocks. But ITT and ATT are busy coining the cash too, as phone calls crackle into every Diocesan office in the country and across the Vatican walls into the Casa Santa Maria.

It would have seemed a merciful place to send Father Nicola–to Rome to work on his doctorate in theology. To Vatican City, where he can prepare his thesis on "Demonology" and where he can study the works of Monsignor Balducci and talk with Rome's Diocesan exorcist, Monsignor Novaresa.

But the phone rings. Catholics are incensed that he had any part of the film . . . others call, claiming the need of an exorcist. And Father Nicola worries that the film could produce a wave of hysteria which he likens to the periods of witchcraft and witch-hunts. "Such mass hysteria is possible and it could produce an outbreak of what is thought to be demonic influence. The book itself resulted in some eight or nine cases of pseudo-possession. I know of about 100 such cases and in most instances they were teenagers who had read the book, identified with it and began acting it out.

"The other danger is that it will serve as a smoke screen. Let's say 99 percent smoke and 1 percent fire. We might neglect one case of actual possession by calling it a psychiatric case."

So how is it then that this nice, mild-mannered priest, age forty-five, with crisp, graying hair and soft, dark eyes, can sit down and range over such unlikely subjects as the devil, fallen angels, fits, ESP and parapsychology?

How is it that he has become the country's leading authority on exorcism and yet has never performed the rite and hopes most fervently never to be called upon to do so?

When "Geraldine" says: "The devil made me do it," it's funny! When Father Nicola describes what the devil makes you do, it is incredible.

And it is not a subject he takes lightly because he has had his own brush with the devil.

After attending parochial schools in his native Evanston, Illinois, he entered the minor seminary at the age of fourteen. Though he vacillated once or twice about his vocation he chose to stay and went on to the seminary in Chicago and later Loyola.

It was when he began his study of spiritualism (in the seminary) and started work on a paper that strange happenings began occurring. Lights inexplicably began going off and on by themselves. Furniture moved about noticeably and his instructors "suggested" that he might do better to set aside his work for a while.

"That's what you should do when the devil begins to make his presence known.

"I recognize the powers of the devil, his intelligence." An intelligence which Father Nicola believes is related to man's in the way that a man's intelligence is related to that, say, of a dog.

The priest calmly outlines the three stages of deviltry: infestation, obsession and finally possession, all of which are so vividly portrayed in the film.

"The infestation of the young boy (a girl was used in the film) began several weeks after the death of an aunt. The boy was spending a good deal of his time alone.

"His first complaint was of hearing scratching sounds under the floor boards of his bedroom. His mother, father and grandmother listened. They heard. And the noises worsened to the point that they called in an exterminator. It didn't help.

"Then furniture began moving about the room, from one wall to another. The family tried to think of it as a prank or someone sleepwalking.

"On a quiet Sunday afternoon as the family relaxed in the living room, a heavy lounge chair in which the boy was sitting levitated, tipped forward and threw the boy to the floor and almost simultaneously a vase lifted from its place on a table and hurtled across the room, crashing into a wall."

The boy was rushed to a doctor. There was nothing wrong medically.

However, the devil followed him to school, where "his desk rolled around the classroom as if on wheels. It became so disturbing to the other students that the boy was removed from school."

Next came the nightmares. The boy screaming . . . the family horrified.

Continued on page 128

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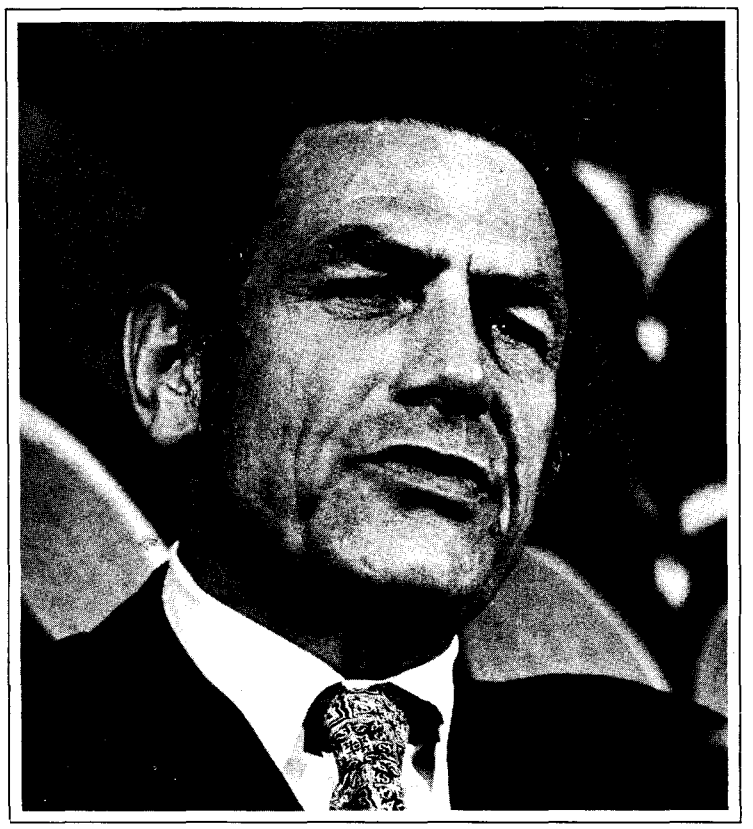
THE LORD AND HAROLD HUGHES

The Senator from Iowa, after 16 years in public life, moves from Government to Gospel.

By Nick Thimmesch

A syndicated columnist for the Los Angeles Times Syndicate *and author of several books on politics, Nick Thimmesch, a fellow Iowan, has known Harold Hughes for about ten years. He spent many interesting hours interviewing by phone many of Hughes's old friends in Iowa in preparation for this article.*



That rugged Iowan, Harold Everett Hughes, at fifty-two one of the U.S. Senate's biggest and most promising men, declared that he was renouncing politics for Jesus Christ when he declined to run for reelection next year. Nothing quite like Hughes's decision has occurred in the history of the Senate.

In Washington, many were flabbergasted. Religion is no stranger here, but to actually give up earthly power to go with God is regarded as strange. Indeed, in recent years, more men of the cloth are moving toward political power than the reverse. Clergymen becoming political figures even include two Jesuit priests—Congressman Robert F. Drinan, and Father John McLaughlin, unsuccessful candidate for the U.S. Senate from Rhode Island and now a White House speechwriter. Lincolnesque Reverend William D. Hudnut III, Indiana congressman from a long line of Princeton-trained Presbyterian ministers, has surprised his GOP backers by being more loyal and conservative than they had ever dared hope.

Politically speaking, Hughes was a highly saleable commodity in Washington. The citizenry hungers for men with the square look, the frankness and honesty of Hughes. His populist fervor, the bits of prairie loam stuck to his shoes, are political assets. When Hughes stands tall (6′3″), puts his bulky body (235 pounds) forward, speaks in that resonant, basso voice graced with the lilt of Iowa speech, and looks a man straight in the eye, people go away saying, "He means what he says." He appeared so on national television when he nominated Eugene McCarthy for president at the 1968 Democratic convention.

Still, many of Hughes's Senate friends felt his decision a major error, that he could do God's work, yes, but man's work, too, within the framework of politics. A correspondent in *Christian Century*, a "think" magazine of Protestantism, wrote that many religious leaders were distressed that Hughes was leaving an important forum "at a time when goodness is in short supply in Washington."

The kindest remarks heard about Hughes adjudged him sincere, held he could improve the world through men's hearts and minds. In other words, that he would engineer social change through religion. This became the conventional wisdom about Hughes's remarkable decision. A few cynics muttered that maybe the tall Iowan was going to detour through the religious movement in a longer journey toward the presidency.

The trouble with these explanations is that they touch Hughes only as a political figure. Only Hughes, his wife Eva, his three daughters and a handful of intimates truly understand what Hughes means when he says it isn't unusual for a professing Christian to pray to the saints, and therefore, to attempt to communicate with the dead. They know that Hughes believes in the miracles and the mystical experiences described in the Bible, in the Virgin birth, in the life hereafter. They know Hughes relies on guidance from God, that despite his passion for social justice in this world, his uppermost thought is the salvation of his soul for the next. To discover this about Harold Hughes is to understand why he's leaving the U.S. Senate. In his public statement, he spoke of serving as a religious lay worker with the Fellowship Foundation of Washington, D.C., and noted that he came close to leaving business twenty years ago for the ministry. The question remains: What does a restless, moody man like Hughes with that lurking tension do when he goes full time for God?

"I don't know what I'm going to do," he told me in his office, a darkened sanctuary where the Bible sits below antler trophies from hunting trips. "I haven't drawn a plan. It's hard for people to understand, but it is true. The first thing I intend to do is to take some time to wait on the Lord. To pray, to get guidance.

"How I am going to project to the public, well, I'll leave my future to God and the Holy Spirit. I don't know whether I will start on an evangelical mission, or use platforms, or simply relate one to one with people in need. I do that already. If I get a call from a sick alcoholic in California, I attempt to give him guidance. I offer to call someone in California to get in touch with him. I'll continue to do these things. I see no difference in style between the work I do for Christ and the work I do in politics. You're reaching for men's souls as well as trying to alleviate their agonies.

"I don't exclude anything in my future. My life is devoted to Jesus Christ as my personal Savior. . . . I believe that Christ paid a debt for my sins 2,000 years ago. No matter what I may have done with my life. With that sacrifice of the Son of God, I was cleansed by the blood of Christ of any sin I may have committed.

"Along with that, let me say I have a respect for all religions. My objective is not to proselytize people. I'm not going to present my views as the only ones that are reasonable, even though Christ said, 'I am the way.'

"Man does not earn salvation by good deeds alone. He earns salvation by the grace of God, by the acceptance of Christ as his personal Savior. That's more important than good deeds and material wealth and even material comfort. That is the first goal. The second goal is the alleviation of problems, to help lead men to Christ, to Christ's spirit.

"I'm not shooting any angles. I know a lot of people are trying to figure what sort of angle is behind all this. I'm not planning some amazing reentry into politics." Hughes has an angle, he says; it's God.

It is not easy to describe the process by which Hughes evolved from poor boy to alcoholic, to strong political figure, to the mature man who renounced it all for God. In Hughes's case, there was no sudden conversion of the kind St. Paul experienced when he was knocked from his horse by a blinding force on the road to Damascus. Unlike Paul, he didn't go through a rebirth.

Hughes was reared in the Methodist faith in a home of simple, rural piety. He never left the church; in fact, he often sang for Sunday services while suffering horrible hangovers in his worst hours of alcoholism.

His bouts with the bottle were celebrated when he entered politics years ago. There was the story about how he woke up in a Des Moines hotel room, not knowing how he got there from his hometown, Ida Grove, 135 miles away. There were the nights in jail, the time he put his fist through a window, and tales of chairs thrown around barrooms.

But Hughes makes it clear he didn't find Christ to get cured.

"It was a question of Christ pursuing me all my life," he told me. "No matter where I went or what I did, I turned around and found those early teachings and those early remembrances of the Bible staring me right in the face.

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"It was there. It was in me. When I finally quit drinking, it wasn't a Damascus experience, it was a gradual experience, one of evolution . . . till the awareness of Christ was in my everyday life, breathing with me, and seeing with me, and thinking with me."

Many nights when Hughes's wife saw that he was getting very drunk, she took their small children and went to stay with her mother. One such night in 1954, Hughes was left alone to drink and feel sorry for himself and to endure the starkest loneliness. It was also the night, he says now, which was the turning point in his life because he took his last drink.

"I knew that for me to drink was to die," Hughes recalls. "That in order to live, I had to quit. I knew I was already dead, spiritually, physically and in every other way. It was just a question of burial.

"It was the hand of Christ on my shoulder and in my heart . . . not a single experience. That night I knelt and prayed and thought about taking my life. I cried out in the agony of my heart for God to help me, because I couldn't help myself. I felt something. And my life changed from that point on. I started on the long haul that brought me to the U.S. Senate, but it really took me back to the Bible."

Hughes became a lay preacher in his church, taught Sunday school, bought and read dozens, then scores, of books on religion and Jesus Christ. There was no instant cure. His sleep was sweaty and punctured with nightmares of the war and his epic drinking bouts. He cursed and condemned himself. He begged God for forgiveness. He found joy in Jesus Christ. He worked in Alcoholics Anonymous.

One by one, Hughes shamefacedly became acquainted with his Ida Grove's clergymen. "We all felt that we should do something for him," says the Reverend Wayne Shoemaker, then his pastor, "but in the end he did it himself. He realized he couldn't drink all the whiskey in the world." Another old friend says, "Harold always went 100 percent for everything, drinking and religion included."

Hughes remembers himself as "not running around at that point preaching Jesus Christ. I quietly went about changing myself. I didn't expect anyone else to believe me. Jesus Christ is just as real to me in my life as He was to Paul on the road to Damascus. Christ didn't say this is the only way it happens. It happens to everyone in a different way—sometimes in a revival, sometimes in the privacy of a home, sometimes in ecstasy, sometimes in tragedy. He said the way you tell is by the way they live. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' "

That's the way Harold Hughes talks, and it booms at you direct from the shoulder, with his eyes looking straight into yours, the words pounding into your brain. There is no whining, no tone of explanation, just plain conviction. After a long session you feel a little woozy, and your legs grope for the floor again, and when the big, rugged man leads you to the door, you feel as though you'll have to come back to listen.

"Harold is one of the most *uncommon* men I ever met," says Senator Walter (Fritz) Mondale (D–Minn.), a close friend of Hughes. "There is pent-up tension and power in him. Religion isn't phony to him, it's central to his whole life. It's not piety either. He's an earthy man. He has a brooding conscience. Up here, he would have become one of the strong men because men move to him. He is highly regarded by a wide spectrum. The Southerners go for him, despite his liberalism. In the past three years, he revolutionized the government's thinking on alcoholism and drug addiction."

Himself the son of a Methodist minister, Mondale, a potential presidential candidate, follows a secular track. He understands Hughes, nevertheless, as does Senator Mark Hatfield (R–Ore.), a lay leader in the Baptist Church.

"Politically, what Harold has done doesn't make sense," Hatfield told me. "Spiritually, it makes perfect sense. A person's lifestyle, values and convictions reflect a transcendental relationship, a plugging into spirituality, into God. This is a highly personal God, beyond humanism.

"What no one seems to be able to accept is the fact that I want to live my life as much like Jesus Christ as I could live it. I want my life to be filled with the Holy Ghost."

"Harold and I developed a warm, personal relationship. [Between 1963 and 1967, both were governors.] He asked me to pray for his daughter, Carol, who was quite ill. There is a great need for the spiritual life in this town, in this sea of confusion and egomaniacs. The Lord leads people through pathways, in and out of politics. Harold is totally sincere.

"He believes in a man-to-man relationship, and we need that. No manipulation or lobbying. Just saying, 'I'm here because I have love for you.' That's so shocking in our routine here . . . giving to you, rather than taking from you. A personal relationship like that is almost therapeutic."

The intimacy shared by believers in Christ can be strong and moving. When Hatfield and Hughes talk about it, they do so without shame or reservation. Hughes's political frankness about his religious experiences has caused him embarrassment and political damage. In the most celebrated episode, he claimed to have communicated with his dead brother, Jess, who was, as Hughes put it, "killed at twenty-three, squashed like a fly, for no apparent reason." Jess died on an Iowa road when Harold Hughes was twenty, and just beginning his long bout with alcoholism.

Since losing his brother, Hughes fought with himself to find peace of soul, and in doing so, probed the mysteries of Christianity. He told me he "sort of climbed a mountain and reached a plateau. There I stayed for several years, and then I took off again and pursued my own theological and spiritual interests. . . ."

This quest wouldn't be awkward, except that Hughes has been in public life for sixteen years, and being open and candid, his interest in "frontiers of spirit," as he called them, found its way into a remarkable article in the Des Moines *Register* in July, 1971, at a time when Hughes was being touted for the 1972 nomination. "There is no way I can come out of this," Hughes said of the interview, "without being damned."

Hughes related how he had, when governor, attended séances, explaining his interest in spiritualism as religion, not black magic. In one such séance, Hughes said, he believed he communicated with the spirit of his dead brother. "There was a purported communication, and it seemed real to me," he recalled. He said he communicated with his brother, who spoke through the vocal chords of the medium for about an hour. Hughes said things were related that the medium couldn't possibly have known.

Hughes's political managers winced when the article was published, and Washington, a city where people relish cruel gossip, buzzed with garbled accounts that Harold Hughes tried to talk to the dead. One liberal Democrat, a Hughes fan, said: "I didn't mind the God bit but this eternity thing is too much for me."

Despite being burned aplenty for his frankness, Hughes unashamedly maintains his Christian belief in the communion of saints, and therefore he prays to the dead. "I don't believe there is any death," he told me. "Death is a misnomer. I believe death is a transition. I call it graduation day, the day you get your diploma and your demerits for what you have done here."

Hughes says his belief in the Bible pushed him to search for logical explanations, and eventually to séances, though the latter drew "a lot of nasty letters from fundamentalists telling me that I have been talking to the devil." The institutional church had failed to give him answers, so his inquiry led to mysticism. "The Bible is totally mystical and if you took the mysticism out of it, there would be nothing but a shell, a history of genealogy, and that would be about it. I think all the Saints were great mystics.

"Jesus saw things from far off that were out of sight of ordinary people. He heard voices. He had dreams. He could read people's lives and know precisely what they had done. He could stop the wind and the waves, and walk on water. We practice communion of the Saints in our churches. I don't know what that is, if it isn't communication with the dead. If someone dares to speak about it, it throws fear into the minds of people. But you see, I believe in life after death. I don't believe death is the end of anything."

Still, Hughes believes there is jeopardy in journeys into the spiritual world, and not just from public admonition. "There is a great danger in evil spirits," he says. "They're very real things. I'm not putting that down at all. I wouldn't advocate that any kid even play with a Ouija board because the possibility of communication is very real. But communication generally would be from earthbound spirits, not from those who would be on high planes of existence."

* * * * *

George Romney, the success story of Michigan autos and politics, is a devout Mormon, and that faith is a world apart from Methodism. But he and Methodist Hughes are good friends, and the two men spent considerable time discussing Hughes's decision to leave the Senate, and the possibility (now rejected) of Romney's running from Utah. While respectful of Hughes's deep interest in the spirit, Romney nevertheless has reservations:

"If Harold becomes known as a mystic,"

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Romney says, "a person who has spiritual séances, it will hurt him. If the only thing I read about him is belief in miracles, then he would have trouble."

The very language of belief can amuse the secular-minded, but Hughes says no one has ever made a derisive remark, within earshot, about his outspoken faith. "I get some mail on it," he says, "but most is so sadistic or misinformed that I don't answer it, or answer it gently."

He regrets that many Senate colleagues are shy about expressing their faith. "We shouldn't apologize for believing in Christ as the Messiah, the Savior," he says. "I find that most men who believe in Christ fail to stand up for Him.

"I've been inhibited too much of my life and I don't intend to be anymore. I have carefully tried to draw a line between separation of church and state. Gradually, as the years pass, I'm not as interested in drawing that line. I'm more interested in doing openly what I've been doing quietly, not for public gain, but for public example. If our young people are to believe and follow that belief and become convinced Jesus Christ is our personal Savior, that we believe in eternal life, then we've got to live these things and not be afraid to speak up."

When he speaks up, when he speaks to an alcoholic, addict or confused youth, Hughes mesmerizes. He wades in with a strength, assurance, and kindness that overwhelm. "Yes, I had great acceptance among young people," he says. "I found spiritual experience in the drug crisis centers. I sat on the floor with these young people who were in drugs up to their ears and asked them to pray with me. Never yet have I been turned down by a youngster I asked to pray with me. . . . I've had kids with tears running down their faces saying, 'My God, if my father had just talked with me this way, I probably wouldn't be here.' "

Hughes says about 75 percent of the alcohol and drug addicts he works with are cured [the national cure rate for hospital-treated alcoholism is estimated at approximately 10 percent] and adds that there is no "complete and total recovery without some sort of spiritual experience." He explains: "Addiction is a triple-threat disease killing the body, mind and soul. You can't heal the whole person without healing all three."

Altogether, Hughes is a remarkable man, and one wonders how it all came about. He was born February 10, 1922, in Ida Grove, Iowa, a farming community in the western section of the state, some fifty miles from the Missouri River. "My father's farm burned down the night mother was in the hospital giving birth to me, so we got off to a bad start," Hughes says. Caught in an agricultural depression, the Hugheses moved to town; the father found work as a laborer and later took up flower gardening. Hughes's parents and grandparents came from eastern Kentucky and became Methodists in Iowa. He remembers daily prayers, grace at every meal, church every Sunday.

His father was a huge six-footer, his mother was heavy and 5'10". His brother Jess stood 6'5" and weighed 230 pounds in high school. The boys had one pair of shoes apiece, and wore sneakers most of the time. There were gradations of income in Ida Grove (pop. 2,261), but no real class distinctions.

Harold was nicknamed "Pack" by his schoolmates after 'pachyderm,' a rough synonym for elephant or rhino. He was a big-chested 185-pound sophomore when he became state discus champion and was an All-State guard in football as a senior. He was a top student, won state honors for his tuba playing, and though quiet, was well liked. His friends say he drank plenty of beer in the off-season. His father had been a heavy drinker but broke the habit. After graduating in 1940, Hughes won a football scholarship to the University of Iowa, but his one and only year in college turned out badly, partly because he took to drinking. He came home to marry Eva M. Mercer. Hughes was a father within a year, the same year calamity struck. His brother Jess and three other young people were killed in June of 1942 when their car swerved on a narrow road, hit a bridge and plunged into a creek.

Harold Hughes's drinking got worse and continued after he was drafted into the Army in late 1942. He went in a buck private and came out one, again largely because of drinking. "His disposition could become ugly," recalls Everett Wood, a filling station operator in Ida Grove and an old friend. "He went through a horrible war and got shell shock on Anzio beachhead. He had malaria and jaundice, damn near died, and came home a nervous wreck."

All Hughes would say about combat is that he came to doubt the existence of God. He carried a Browning Automatic Rifle through North Africa and Italy and saw close-quarters combat and the look on men's faces when they died. "I couldn't understand a loving God allowing these things to happen," he said. "My drinking was heavy and I wasn't looking for chaplains, I tell you." Wine cellars kept his canteen full.

The Army gave him a medical discharge in 1945, and Hughes went home to his wife and two small daughters. "He was a real mixed up chap after the war," says the Reverend Carl Sinning, then pastor of Ida Grove's Presbyterian Church. "Pack was a real good singer, and we got him to do oratorios. He would sweat blood in rehearsal because he needed a drink so bad."

Family and friends suffered as Hughes tortured himself with drink, got into brawls, and occasionally smashed booths in taverns. His nervous state, the deepening alcoholism, and the anxiety over supporting his family kept Hughes from reentering college. Two of his friends, who were also fighting alcohol then, now say they were sure Harold would pull himself together because he was such a strong man. He hired out as a truck driver, became a livestock buyer, and kept fishing and hunting.

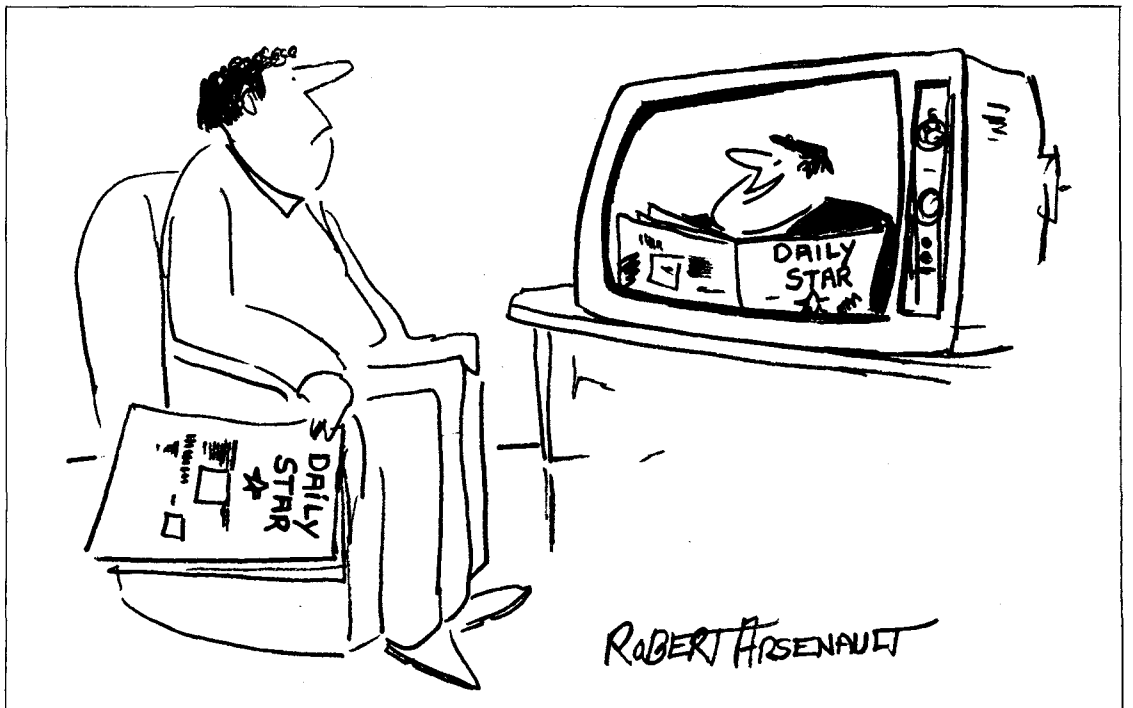
After that last drink in 1954 and the consequent slow conversion, Hughes still burned to do something. The energy he spent in drinking begged for an outlet. Hughes became indignant over what he felt was discrimination against small truckers by the Iowa Motor Truck Association.

Ida County is Republican and so was Hughes. But he couldn't get the Iowa G.O.P. to reform the Iowa Commerce Commission, which he charged was ignoring the small truckers he had organized. Angered, Hughes registered as a Democrat, and in 1958, when he was thirty-six, was elected to the Commerce Commission, using Reverend Shoemaker's mimeograph and desk as basic campaign equipment.

His language was salty, even as it is now, and he talked to farmers and the working class. After failing for a try for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in 1960, he won it in 1962, and created a sensation (for Iowa) when he unseated the incumbent Republican Governor.

In the next six years, through his three terms, Hughes became the best Iowa governor in memory. [Hughes got 68 percent of the vote in 1964, and 55 percent in 1966—a Republican year.] He refused to grant tightfisted taxpayers tax relief; instead, he channeled the state surplus into health, education and welfare programs. State-supported vocational schools were authorized for the first time. A Human Rights Commission was created; the judicial system was reformed; a public utilities commission was created.

Two of his more memorable achievements were persuading Iowans to pass a liquor-by-the-drink law (there had been a form of prohibition),



". . . and now for the news."

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and ending capital punishment. "We had liquor holes in practically every county of the state—illegal bars. Iowa's liquor law was unenforceable, and I wasn't going to let this hypocrisy continue as it had in the fifteen years before I was governor."

He got "liquor by the drink" and now Iowans can have a highball when dining out, or wine with the meal, even while Hughes abstains.

So as not to risk neglect of his family, especially Carol, his middle daughter who had had several serious operations, Hughes and Eva decided to quit politics by 1968. Senator Robert Kennedy, who regarded Hughes as a promising like-minded Democrat, was told of the decision. Kennedy immediately phoned Hughes and asked him not to announce retirement until after they had talked. After two long sessions, one in a New York hotel room, the other at Hickory Hill, Hughes was persuaded to run for the U.S. Senate.

As the strongest figure in Iowa politics, Hughes was favored to win the Senate seat left open by the retirement of Republican Bourke Hickenlooper. But after a tough campaign, Hughes squeaked in by only 7,000 votes. Voter weariness with his reform administration, the big Nixon victory in Iowa, and the well-financed campaign of his opponent made it a close race. Hurting Hughes was his turnabout on President Lyndon Johnson, whose earthiness appealed to most Iowans. Hughes originally held Johnson in adulation, but when the Great Society effort slipped, so did Hughes's support.

Once installed in the Senate, Hughes was relentless in his anti-war efforts. He pushed a resolution calling for reforms of the Thieu-Ky regime in South Vietnam—unsuccessfully. He cosponsored bills for a cutoff date to pull troops out of Indochina and to stop the use of United States ground forces in the war. No luck. His voice boomed, but so did the artillery in Southeast Asia. From his seat on the Senate Armed Services Committee, he sharply questioned all forms of military spending.

By early 1971, the reform wing of the Democratic Party was encouraging Hughes to make a run for the 1972 nomination. He opened an almost camouflaged headquarters on Capitol Hill, stepped up his speaking schedule, and sought to increase his name recognition factor (only 11 percent then). Back in Iowa, enthusiastic supporters rounded up money for a $20,000-a-month campaign budget and kept patting him on the back. National publications took notice, and a Hughes boomlet developed.

Push any man into the presidential ring, and something usually happens to him. In Hughes's case, he reexamined himself, asking the inner man whether the presidency was what he really wanted. Evidently it wasn't. He was billed as the liberals' "hard-hat," the Johnny Cash of the left. He could talk to workers and students, say "sweat" instead of "work ethic."

But there is a sadness in Hughes which makes him a stranger to the crowd. Once, in an Iowa campaign, he walked right through the admirers into a banquet hall, and onto the dais, where he sat alone, waiting for his audience to enter.

"He despises campaigning," says Joe Rosenfield, Chairman of the Executive Committee of an Iowa department store, and a loyal backer for years. "Harold is aloof. It would nauseate him to look for campaign money."

No Senate committee meeting was so important that Hughes couldn't be interrupted by a call from an alcoholic or someone in trouble. And there was no telling when Hughes would return.

So he stopped his quest for the presidency in mid-July, 1971. His public explanation was that his work against alcoholism and drug abuse was "discounted by imputation of political motives." That was part of the truth. There was also the fact that he was one percent in the polls, and that his backers were increasingly concerned by his voyages into spiritualism.

The Hughes men gathered with him in a motel room in Washington a few days before he announced his withdrawal. It is difficult to be tactful or diplomatic with Hughes, because he wants it straight out. But they told him his campaign wasn't helped by talk of mystical experiences, especially communication with his dead brother. That kind of publicity, he was told, revived the arguments against an alcoholic having his finger on the nuclear button, and so forth. Moreover, if he were really going to make the big run, he would have to be more available for fund-raising functions, even those dreaded cocktail parties hosted by East Coast liberals. Hughes heard them out, and then declared he had already decided not to run.

In 1972, Hughes surprised fellow liberals by lining up with Senator Muskie, whom he publicly had judged too easily swayed by conservatives. Hughes could never warm to McGovern, though he backed him, finally, against Nixon. Hughes felt wry amusement that McGovern tried to hide the fact (and ban the photo) of himself as pastor of a Methodist church.

As 1973 wore on, and legislation stagnated because of Watergate, Hughes drew more and more within himself. He spoke of having only fifteen productive years left, and moving into the period in his life where his work would be culminated. He wanted to give what was left to God. He would quit the Senate. The second about-face in two years.

"I have never been on a job where I haven't been frustrated," he said emphatically, his voice rolling out like an organ. "I was a frustrated civilian worker. I was frustrated on the commerce commission, as governor and in the Senate. Any man who drives to accomplish, in government particularly, is frustrated.

"What no one seems to be able to accept is the fact that I want to live my life as much like Jesus Christ as I can live it. I want my life to be filled with the Holy Ghost. I think the power of the Holy Ghost going through me today can be as remarkably powerful as it was during the first days of Christianity."

Citing scripture, Hughes points out that "when people within the Body of Christ do wrong, you should correct them, instruct them what is wrong, and if they don't correct themselves, commit them to Christ through the judgment of God, not to judge them yourselves. I see I have a dual obligation: as a political figure, to correct wrongs, and as a Christian, to forgive and seek to encourage the salvation of individuals who have done wrong.

"I hasten to point out that Mr. Nixon hasn't been convicted of any crimes. There have been none that he has admitted, and I make no implications that he has.

"All men are sinners. The judgment is God's, not mine. The laws of the land are to be lived by and justice under law has been meted to Mr. Agnew.

"I don't find much different in Watergate than I do in the corporate, business and labor structures in the country. It is symptomatic of what's wrong in America. We can find it almost everywhere. When people say, 'Look at the corrupt politicians,' failing to see the corruptness of their own system of life, well, we're criticizing when we should be treating with ourselves to straighten out what we can." ⚖

It is a wholesome and necessary thing for us to turn again to the earth and in the contemplation of her beauties to know the sense of wonder and humility. —*Rachel Carson*

"I understand that this neighborhood was zoned **strictly** ***for residential*** **only!"**

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM, MANAGING EDITOR
JOHN BURKHART, EDITORIALIST
STARKEY FLYTHE, JR.,
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR

If The Truth Is Not News, Then Is The News Truthful?

Intones the bailiff to the witness, "Do you swear to tell (1) the truth (2) the whole truth and (3) nothing but the truth!" All three elements are necessary for that balance of events essential to deriving "the truth."

"News," on the other hand, is concerned primarily with selling its product—radio, newspaper, television or magazine. Bad news sells better than good news. "News" often does not tell the "whole truth." Bad news goes from bad to worse when it becomes "manufactured" bad news in pursuit of a newsman's personal objectives.

In short, the "news" is not intended to be the truth because it is not the "whole truth and nothing but the truth," and may be "untrue" in the sense that it often influences adversely those whose decisions are derived from it.

Despite the multitude of "news" sources today, it's getting harder and harder to separate "news" from "views."

What To Do With The Money?

In the early days of our country some rich folks were known as "land poor." The Arab nations may soon be "oil poor." Why, they might ask, should we sell our oil for wealth we cannot use? Indeed, why so? But if they do not sell the oil, what then shall they do with it? If they do sell the oil, much of their revenue could be invested in the advanced industrial nations—but then they would become creditors and would have to support their debtors to safeguard their investments.

The sheiks could sell the oil and invest in high technology within their own nations. But the Arabs lack both the manpower and the market for this alternative.

Alas, they have cornered the market in oil only to have their plans foiled because there is no safe place to store the ransom. But, aha! A solution presents itself. Why not a *"double corner."* Gold. Buy gold. Oil for gold.

Has anyone noticed that the price of gold is now five times what it was before oil began to be scarce?

"Home Rule" Depends On "Who's At Home"

Late last year President Nixon signed compromise legislation giving partial home rule to the District of Columbia. The legislation gives the city an elected government with a mayor and thirteen-member city council.

It remains to be seen whether the people who sleep in the District can govern as well as or better than the congressmen who presently govern, or the suburbanites who live outside the District but who spend their working hours there.

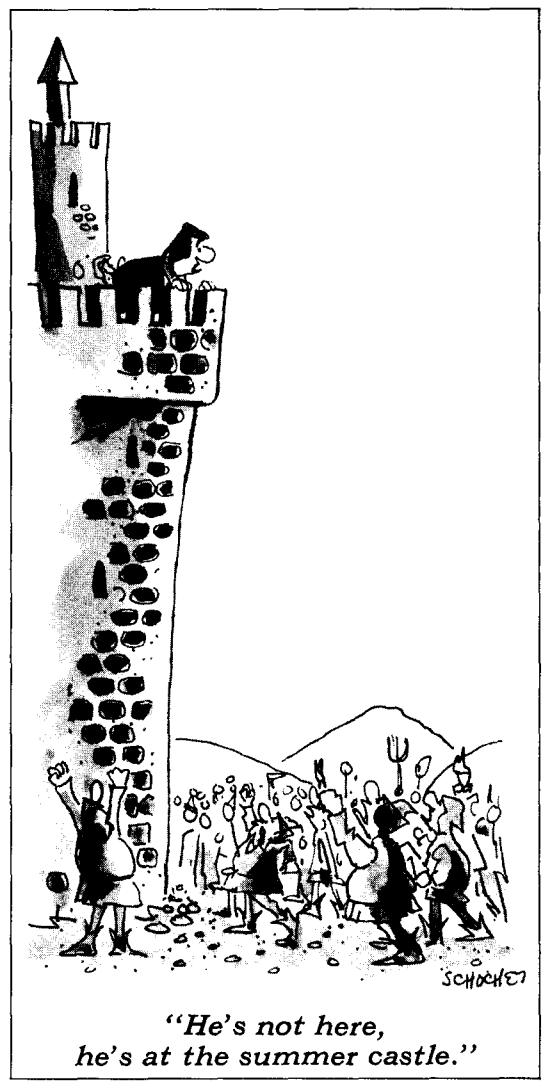
It will be America's loss if our nation's capital is ever held hostage by the one-party political machine that is destined to take over—as has been true at one time or another in just about every major city in the country.

The Miracle Of Our Farm Economy

To most persons, rural means farm. Not so, says our latest census. According to definition, most of America's rural population live in towns and cities of 2,500 to 50,000 persons. New York State, which has the third largest rural population in the country, 2.6 million, has a farm population of only 191,000, about 7 percent of the rural populace.

California, the nation's most populous state with 19.9 million, and one of the nation's major agricultural producers, has both a rural and a farm population smaller than New York's. The rural figure is 1.8 million and the farm figure, 185,000.

When one ponders that America's strength in a hostile world is leaning ever more heavily on our agricultural prowess and continuing surpluses, the relatively small number of farm families in the nation must be esteemed as one of our most valuable assets—even more valuable than all the oil in Arabia. The human energy that America provides through the miracle of its agriculture may yet be our ultimate weapon.



"He's not here, he's at the summer castle."

Say, Man, Not Those Tapes!

Recently the CBS network went into court to compel Vanderbilt University to hand over some tapes that the university's Television News Archives in Nashville had made of CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite. Kevin P. Phillips, the syndicated columnist, reports the CBS attorney to have said: "Probably the simplest way would be for them (the tapes) to be erased."

How bizarre!

CBS, which has devoted endless time to White House tapes, originally intended only as a historical record, now appears in a like role, maintaining that their records are theirs alone, even though aired to millions, and that no one else should have them.

Well, that's an interesting switch.

Get Out Of The Way

We do not always agree with the *Wall Street Journal*'s hard-nosed, brass-knuckles approach to life because it ofttimes smacks of arrogance. But it did hit the nail on the head in a recent editorial when it took Washington to the woodshed for the perverse effects of the government's efforts to control the development of new energy sources, while at the same time regulating prices.

Said the *Journal*: "They do not need artificial stimulus, only an end to price interference and some reasonable and stable rules on reclamation, safety and pollution. To achieve the objectives of Project Independence, the government has to do only one thing: get out of the way."

By Jove, that says it!

It's Coming—It's Here

For years, Americans have given lip service to our very apparent need to convert to the metric system. But no longer. With foreign imports flooding the country with metric measured products and U.S. corporations now doing business in overseas "metric" countries, the biggest of them all, General Motors, has thrown in the sponge. Said a recent G.M. press release in part "our present plans are to make this changeover as soon as new parts can be metrically dimensioned and sources are available to produce them." Since thousands of businesses and millions of persons are engaged in making parts, assembling, selling and servicing the automobile products of the largest manufacturing company in the world, it would seem that the hour has come for the metric system.

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The Spectacle Of Public Punishment

Once, Christians of Rome were brought to doors of lions' dens, the doors were opened, the Christians were eaten, and crowds watched.

Once, patriots of France were brought to guillotines, the blades were dropped, their heads fell in baskets, and crowds watched.

Once, black men of America were tarred and feathered, ropes were mounted to branches, the black men were hanged, and crowds watched.

Some in the crowds enjoyed the spectacle of public punishment with secret relief that the injustices of their time passed them by and fell on others. Some enjoyed it so much that they would come from their homes again and again to mass at an arena or a courtyard or a tree. Some stayed in their homes, unable to find amusement in tragedy.

Today there is no journey required to witness such a spectacle. Through antennas on rooftops, each residence is given private exhibition to arenas, courtyards, and trees. The twenty-one-inch throne of injustice poses as a more civilized window than those used previously, but public humiliation and execution is both its most recent intent and result.

We have watched Lowell Weicker sitting in the grandstand above the arena, Walter Cronkite punishing the untried in the courtyard, and a partisan prosecution staff posing for artists' conceptions around the tree.

Victims of the elected government fell one by one, until our window was cleaned and made ready for the elected official, himself. For him, it would be limb by limb.

But history has always been a sad story of repetition. We all know that the greatest civilizations of mankind were not destroyed by the weapons of foreign enemies, but instead, one after the other, each civilization committed suicide and left its monuments in ruin for future generations to discover, examine, and conclude that it would never happen again. It always happened again.

Those civilizations were great but they were not perfect. Perfection demands a self-respect impotent to the pursuit of self-destruction.

In the 1940's it seemed as though America might be the country headed on a path toward perfection. We were starting to cure our own ills, winning victories over foreign dictators, and offering to heal the wounds of others, both friends and enemies alike. A powerful and generous nation, the United States became the idol of the world. We were a very proud people. And then we examined the weapons we laid down and pointed them at ourselves.

In the 1950's, we became self-conscious of our wealth and ashamed of our power. Pride transformed to apology. We were not perfect, but instead of concentrating on correcting our imperfections we advertised them to the world, so other nations would feel increased pride in their own societies and stop comparing theirs to ours. We mistook self-consciousness for humility, and the world was disappointed in us.

In the 1960's our self-consciousness transformed to self-flagellation, as it always does. We went to damn ourselves through the streets of our cities. And when our damning was done we set the streets on fire. Later in the decade, the weapons of suicide became more advanced—more deadly. Fire that scorched the skin was replaced by instant false communications that scorched the mind. We were told that fighting for the freedom of others was no longer worthwhile—that *we* were no longer worthwhile, and we believed those voices. Our progress in equality for black citizens and our pursuit of freedom for Asians was lost by spotlighting not the truth of our deeds but the falsehoods of our communicator's views.

The culmination occurred in the early 1970's, just the way it has occurred in times past. The nonelected became more powerful than the elected. With the will of the people on the way to circumvention, the communication system became the instrument of the coup d'état, as it always has, and public punishments and executions were carried out, as all past and once great civilizations always have done.

In the early 1970's we heard the lions roar, the blades fall and the branches creak for many men. By the shield of the First Amendment our twenty-one-inch window continues to be guilty of negating much of the rest of the Constitution, and its very purpose for being.

No historian could feel that our country is immune from the fate of other nations in other times. Though Americans have never elected a dictator, dictators have never been elected in any country. They came to be through their own moulding of public opinion and psychology and power.

If this civilization should ever end, future historians will not find the weapons for its destruction among the fallen pillars of the White House or the Capitol or the Supreme Court. They will have to search for the suppliers of prejudice that armed the fallen antennas resting on the rubble of rooftops.

—*Bruce Herschensohn*
Guest Editorialist

Of Bureaucrats And Communists

The French Communist Party may well be the richest party in all Western Europe. Its official receipts in 1972 amounted to 44 million francs.

Now again the French Communists have formed a political alliance with their divided and weaker allies, the Socialists, to take over France should the late Gaullist premier's blatantly anti-American oil and defense policies shove France into revolutionary ferment.

Let's suppose that an adverse event occurs and the French electorate in desperation votes into office the ever-patient, ever-ready Communists. Suppose that the Communists in France do exactly as the Communists did in Chile, expropriating private property, setting up their own private army and confronting the middle class with proletarian worker groups from militant soviets.

Comes election time again, will the Communists allow themselves to be voted *out* of office?

M. Marchais, the French Communist leader, has pledged his party would in all cases respect the verdict expressed by "direct, secret and proportional" suffrage. But there is one tiny little hitch. M. Marchais is not actually pledging the party to respect the rules of the present system. The voting would be Soviet style—with only one predictable winner.

How is it, then, that the capitalist countries of the West so ably finance their sworn political enemies? How is it, we could also ask, that the business establishments of Western Europe and the United States finance their enemies through foundation grants and advertising to the anti-business, anti-Establishment media?

It's simple, really. Elected officials in government and in our large public corporations no longer govern. It's the bureaucrats everywhere who hold the real power.

"I still say the only damn way we're going to get an all-volunteer army is to draft it."

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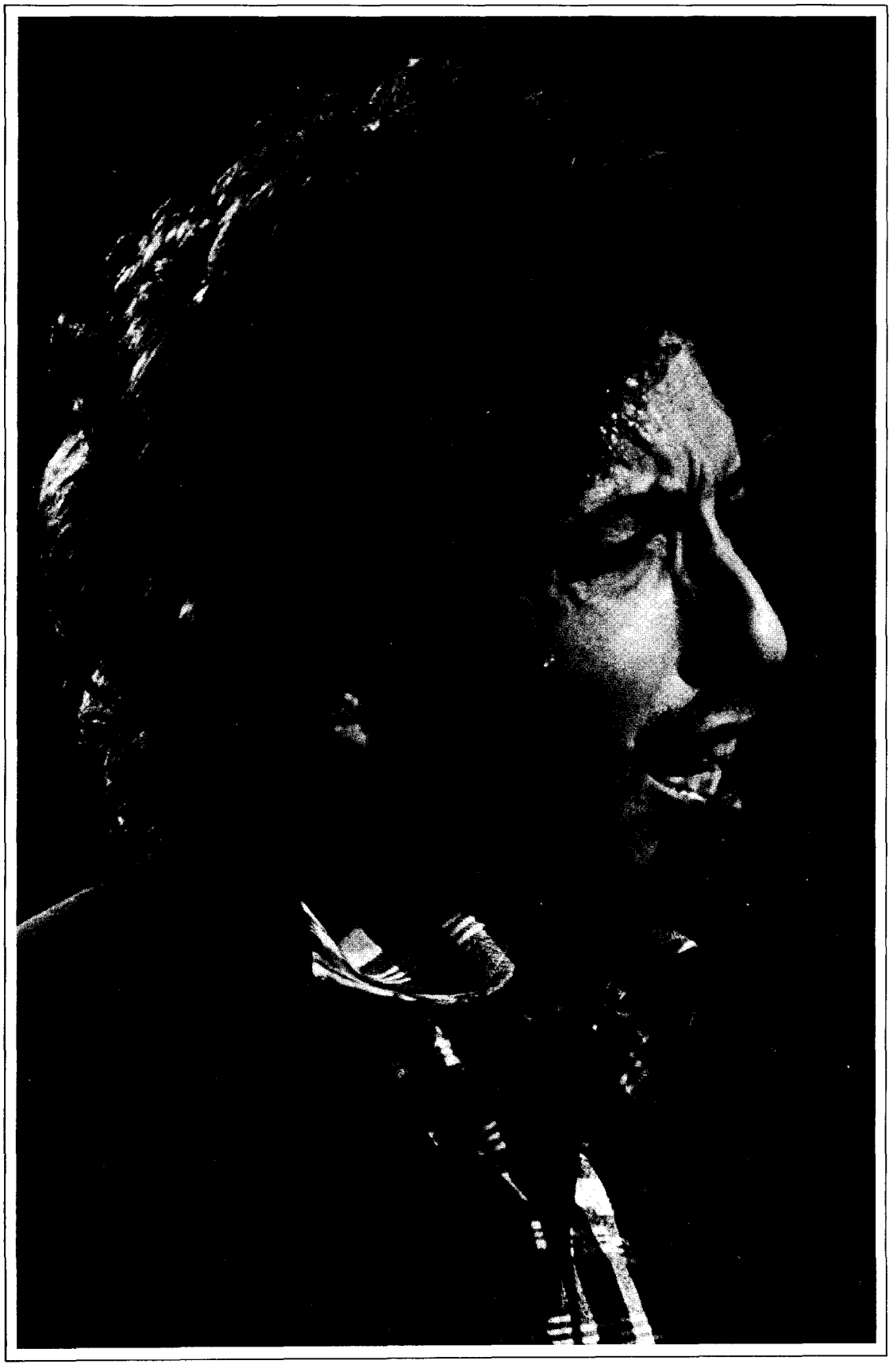
Bob Dylan: "Forever Young"

On tour, oversubscribed, with standing room only, generations respond as hope replaces protest.

By Frank Gannon



A year younger than Bob Dylan, Frank Gannon did broadcasts in pop music on BBC while studying for his Ph.D.at Oxford. A New Yorker with a degree from Georgetown University, Gannon has written books on British newspapers, Nazi Germany, and drugs in the United States.

Someone once said that if he could write a country's songs, he didn't care who wrote its laws. By that standard, when the histories of America during the 1960's are written, Bob Dylan will stand right alongside the presidents, the politicians, the Supreme Court justices, the astronauts, the generals, the professors, and the Super Bowl quarterbacks who made the more conventional history of that topsy-turvy decade.

Today, at the ripe age of thirty-two, and after a dozen years as America's greatest musical superstar, Bob Dylan is still a significant, a controversial, and a mightily misunderstood man. Although he has been a virtual recluse since 1966, his popularity has scarcely diminished. When a concert tour was quietly announced last winter, almost six million applications were said to have poured in for the 660,000 seats that would be available. That means that one out of every thirty-five people in the United States wanted to see Bob Dylan. From that twenty-one-city tour, Dylan took home a cool $1.5 million.

You don't have to like Dylan's songs to appreciate his importance. A lot of people, however, still think of him as just a protest singer who can't sing very well, a poet whose rhymes leave something to be desired, and a political activist who has done more harm than good.

It is true that Bob Dylan was the pied piper for a generation of young people who changed America. But Dylan himself was changing all the time as well. In fact, like most great poets, he was both a thermometer of the political climate and a barometer of the cultural changes constantly going on around him and inside him. His songs and his career were like mirrors held up to America during the 1960's. The things he sang about and the things that happened to him say some very important things about America: things that we should know about if we really want to understand ourselves today.

Dylan is, first of all, an intensely American artist. His roots, his resources, and his references are all from the land, the people, and the problems of this country. He has felt and described the agonies and the ecstasies of America during the troubled time in its history. We can see him in ourselves, and see ourselves in him.

In many ways, Bob Dylan's story is like an American odyssey, in which he had to experience and overcome many trials and dangers before he could come home to a safe harbor of self-understanding and personal fulfillment. America can still learn a lot from Bob Dylan, because Bob Dylan has learned a lot about America.

He was born Bob Zimmerman in Duluth in May 1941. He grew up in Hibbing, Minnesota, a small mining town way up on the Mesabi Range about a hundred miles from the Canadian border. Later on he invented a rebellious and romantic childhood, claiming that he ran away from home seven times in eight years, sometimes to join the circus and sometimes just to follow the highway wherever it led.

In fact, he had a very conventional small-town

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youth. There weren't many Jewish families in Hibbing, but he was mostly set apart by his own moodiness and by his determination to make it big as a rock-and-roll star. He would lie awake late into the night soaking up the music from a black radio station in Little Rock. His hero was Little Richard, the black singer whose hits "Tutti Frutti" and "Good Golly, Miss Molly" were about as far from folk music and protest songs as you could get.

As a freshman at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis, Bob Zimmerman began calling himself Bob Dylan. He wore white bucks and chino trousers and he even pledged a fraternity. But he was restless. He was more interested in music than in book learning, and he felt a growing urge to make his dreams of fame come true by making it big in music.

Folk music was considered much more cool than rock and roll at the University, so he traded in his piano for a guitar and harmonica, and shifted his hero worship from Little Richard to Woody Guthrie. He began playing and singing folk songs in coffeehouses around the campus.

Finally, in January 1960, Zimmerman/Dylan decided to drop out of school and hitchhike east. When he got to New York, he headed straight for Greenwich Village where the folk craze was already in full swing. He bummed around and began to meet people and make friends, including the legendary Woody Guthrie himself. When Bob Dylan made his debut at a New York folk club, he wore an old jacket which had once belonged to Guthrie, and a pair of Brooks Brothers slacks he had borrowed from a friend.

People were fascinated by this painfully thin, intense young boy with the rasping voice, the wild imagination and the almost inexhaustible Guthrie repertoire. In those days, he was always talking or singing. His enthusiasm was contagious and his energy seemed uncontrollable. The grand old man of folk, Pete Seeger, predicted that Dylan could well become the country's most creative troubadour—if he didn't explode first.

One day, Dylan went along to play back-up harmonica on a record a friend was making. The producer was so impressed with his originality that he offered him a record contract right on the spot. His first album was filled with traditional folk songs and was simply called "Bob Dylan." It cost $403 to make and it barely broke even. In terms of Dylan's development, however, the record was obsolete before it reached the stores, because he had already begun to write and perform his own songs.

It was almost miraculous how this boy, who had spent years learning other people's songs, suddenly began to write his own. Once he began, it was as if a dam had burst, and song after song poured out of him. Many of them were topical protests inspired by something he read in the newspaper or saw on TV or overheard in a Village coffeehouse, and he called them finger-pointing songs: "You know, pointing to all the things that are wrong."

In May 1962, he wrote a song which may rank with songs like "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Over There" in terms of its impact on America. It was called "Blowin' in the Wind."

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind. ©

Initial reactions were mixed. A lot of the media couldn't help thinking that this homely kid whose voice was described as sounding like a dog with his leg caught in barbed wire, was some kind of put-on. The first stories in *Time* and *Newsweek* were cynical and critical. But the more "the Establishment" knocked him, the more his growing legions of young fans idolized him. His song "The Times They Are A' Changin'" became the anthem of that vanguard of young people who led the civil rights protests, the anti-war marches, and who generally opposed whatever was the status quo. They sang his songs and memorized his words. They imitated his slouched walk and mumbled sentences, and they copied his blue jeans and cap. They increasingly looked to him not just for entertainment or inspiration, but for guidance, direction and meaning.

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This dependence placed unexpected and unwelcome demands on Dylan. Bob Zimmerman had created "Bob Dylan" out of a combination of compulsion, calculation, dumb luck, and sheer genius. He had hardly expected that his audience would take his show-business image literally, and make personal demands upon him based on it. He had only wanted to be a superstar! He had never bargained on becoming anything like a "spokesman" for his whole generation.

Dylan tried to discourage this worship by deflating the worshipers whenever he could. An interviewer asked him who were his favorite performers and he named Rasputin, Charles de Gaulle, and the Staple Singers. He treated another interviewer, who commented disparagingly on the length of his hair, to an elaborate theory about how cutting your hair short on the outside of your head just makes it grow longer inside, creating pressure on the brain and other undesirable effects.

He protested that protest songs are meaningful only to editors of college newspapers and single girls under fourteen. When asked what his songs were about, he replied, "Oh, some of them are about four minutes; some are about five, and some, believe it or not, are about eleven or twelve." He even had a special plan for people who wanted songs with a message: "I'm going to rent Town Hall," he said, "and put about thirty Western Union boys on the bill. I mean, then there'll *really* be some messages. People will be able to come and hear more messages than they've ever heard before in their lives." But his press conference put-ons and put-downs just added to his reputation for surreal wit and wisdom.

Dylan's career and the decade of the 1960's both began amidst the romantically optimistic thousand days of John F. Kennedy's New Frontier. The young President and his exuberant family seemed to invigorate the nation and to have a special appeal to young people. At this very time a whole new social stratum of mainly young, mainly white, and mainly middle class Americans were entering college. They were impulsively impatient about solving all of America's problems, and solving them right away. Dylan saw things the way they did and wrote about it in his songs. He was the new voice for the new generation which thought it could accomplish anything it set its mind to.

Those high hopes were dashed in Dallas in 1963. A period of shock followed, while people tried to figure out how such irrational violence could exist in America. Some despaired of finding solutions and became increasingly disillusioned or radicalized. Others just gave up, or turned to drugs to escape reality.

During this time Dylan was also looking inside himself, and the deeper he went the more he found. He began to shift away from the finger-pointing protests and he started writing very personal, complicated, introspective songs. Then early in 1965 he traded in his folk guitar for an electric guitar and made a completely new kind of album. The word "folk rock" was coined to describe the amalgam of folk themes and rock-and-roll music that he created.

His hard-core fans were aghast. In fact, they were furious. They felt that he had betrayed them by forsaking the political and musical "purity" of the folk scene for the superficial glitter of the rock world. And they let him know it.

Continued on page 128

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BENJAMIN'S BICENTENNIAL BLAST

In which the Founding Father advises modern man that things have not changed all that much since his day—it is still "Unite Or Die."

By Isaac Asimov

This is the fourth of a continuing series in the *Post* in which the wisest of our forefathers materializes in a vision to our foremost science-fiction author and ponders the state of America. Although the encounter would appear to be fictionalized, in a certain sense it is not. The wisdom of Benjamin Franklin has never been more greatly needed than in our own time, as anchor and guide in these uncertain days. Astonishingly, the wit and wisdom of old Ben, applied to modern problems, is viable. But more than that, his dismay at the disarray of patriotic fervor in our land points out a real and present danger, and gives rise to a proposal both practical and fantastic—that the United States celebrate its Bicentennial in a gesture of world-girdling impact and reassurance.

In the very first conversation with author Asimov, Ben Franklin appeared in a dream in order to confront the citizens of today with their disastrous lethargy and emotional poverty in apparently not even caring whether or not they celebrate the nation's 200th birthday with proper significance.

Franklin therefore came forth with a tremendous plan, braced in Revolutionary concept and linked to the technology of today. Why not have U.S. citizens and government, universities and great corporations, get together and plan a mighty gathering on July 4, 1976, at Cape Kennedy, for the launching of a satellite which would beam knowledge for health, progress, and goodwill to every spot on our planet?

Nations of all the world would be represented at this gathering, hosted by our own President and state officials. It could well be the start of a new era of harmony and brotherhood among nations, a true expression of the principles which motivated the founding of our nation.

What started in that first dream as perhaps a fanciful vision, suddenly burst into reality. What was an idea began to take form as a project. The *Post* actually received letters of encouragement and approval, almost as if Ben's guidance were again at the helm of America.

From a retired doctor in Miami Beach:

I want to commend Isaac Asimov on what must be a series encompassing one of the higher flights of fancy in our time.

Yet I discover that my subconscious is playing strange tricks upon me. Normally speaking, I am not given to attending exhibitions enlivened by the antics of massed brass bands and assemblies of self-important public officials who would be better off attending to the duties they were duly elected to pursue.

As a retired professional man, I should pay no attention to the demands of the outside world, which I have served for all of my adult life. Nevertheless, I confess to complete defeat. If there is such a blast at Cape Kennedy as Ben Franklin proposes, I shall attend it, I shall cheer my head off, and I shall be proud that in some way Americans have once again been stirred to pride and patriotism. I am particularly interested in the thought that the United States may contribute freely of its medical knowledge to the less enlightened nations of this earth. It is not a boast, but a matter of pure fact that the United States in its relatively brief scientific history has contributed more than any other nation to medical progress. This is indeed a proud heritage and if by being part of a great team dedicated to such a purpose I may lend a small impetus to the larger cause, please count me in. After all, I am quite near you all in Florida, and I should like to show once more what a good neighbor means.

A lady from Chicago writes:

I am a very practical person, but I must confess that when I read Mr. Asimov's story (?) about his dream and Benjamin Franklin, I almost felt I was hearing a direct message from Father Ben himself.

To tell you the truth, I really do not care whether this is fact or fiction. What has happened to me is that I am awakened to the discouraging thing that America seems careless of how we cele-

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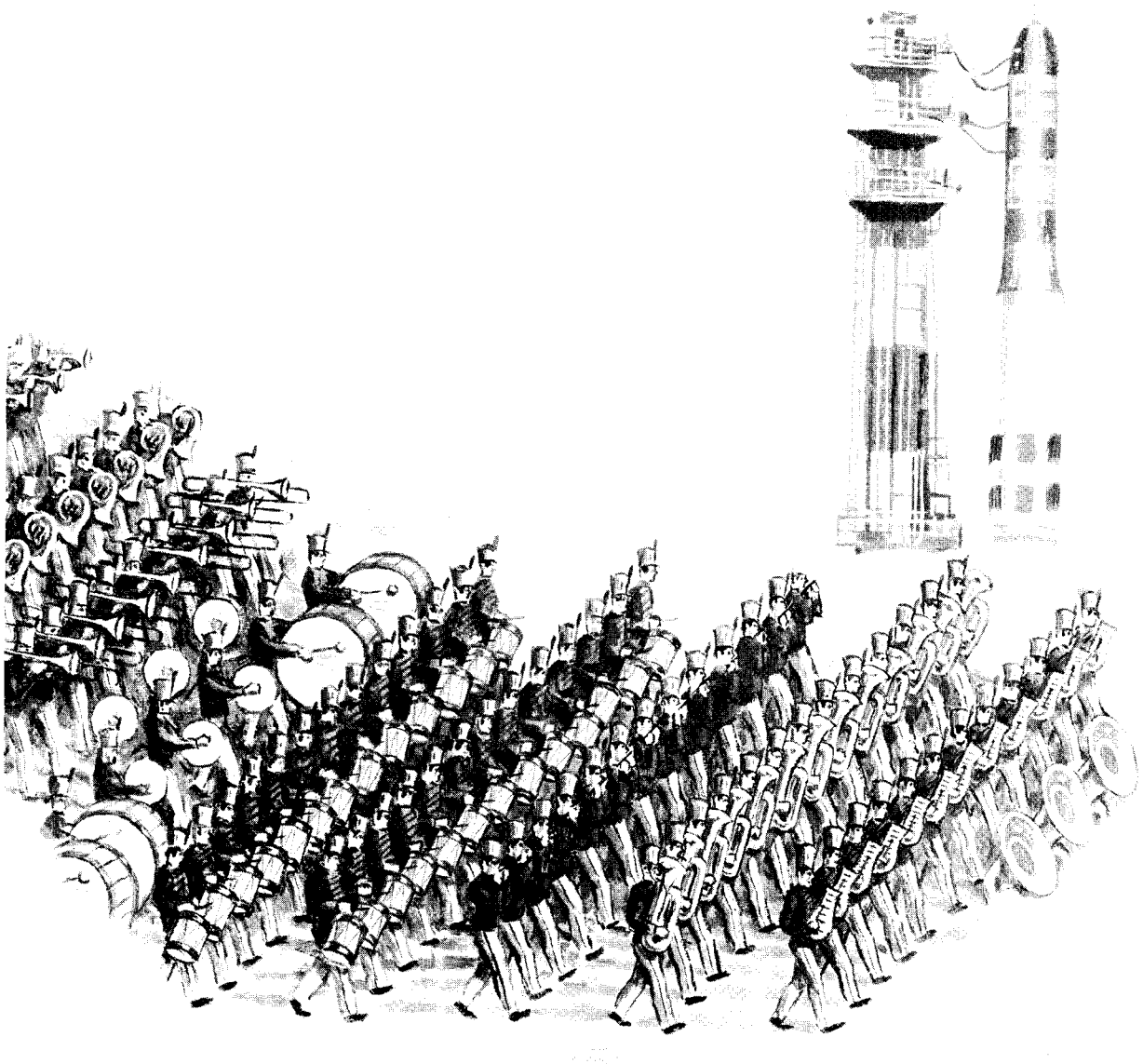
brate our birthday, if we do it at all. In this great city of Chicago, I would expect a little more action and patriotism. I do not know exactly what I can do to help in bringing about the blast-off Centennial party that Ben proposes, but you can count me in as a supporter of an idea which positively thrills me as an American citizen who really cares.

A college undergraduate in Beloit, Wisconsin:

You're dreaming all right, Mr. Franklin. But I'm for you. After all, look where the sane ones have brought us. I don't know what a degree in French Romantic poetry will mean, but if you need someone to carry your sword, call on me.

AN INVITATION: If any of Ben Franklin's concern and inspiration touch a responsive chord in you, toward a better Bicentennial for America than it appears at this time, won't you send us your ideas on how you would like to have your country celebrate its birthday? All suggestions will be relayed to the good Doctor Franklin the next time our lines of communication reopen with him.



Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

We were old friends now, Ben Franklin and I. Not, of course, that I could bring myself to address him as "Ben." He might not have minded if I had, but I couldn't. He was, after all, 214 years my senior.

He never used my name at all. He never seemed to miss its use. I'm not sure he even remembered my name. I was not an individual to him. I was a conduit into what was to him the future; a passageway that had the shape of a man but whose only use to him was as a source of information.

Since I evidently meant so little to him, I found myself absurdly pleased, on this fourth occasion, that he had thought enough of me to dress up. He was not in bed at all, in fact. He was standing proudly before me, smiling benevolently, and dressed in an outfit that gave the appearance of being new.

"Good evening, Mr. Franklin," I said, rather awed.

He looked down at himself complacently, and said, "I find that I can begin to control these meetings of ours and make them more suitable to my wishes. During this day just past, it seemed to me that I must make myself more presentable. Why I thought that, and why it seemed to me that the expenditure of several very pretty pennies on the finest broadcloth was suitable, I could not say. I believe I told you that I remember nothing of my nightly wanderings with you once day comes."

"Yes, sir."

"Yet some vague feelings do creep in, and I find now that I look at myself, I am younger than I am by day. I am perhaps not eighty-three but more nearly my prime."

I had to admit he looked very nearly like the familiar paintings of him, and said, "Are you in your bedroom, sir?"

"Indeed I am. I had blown out my candle and was ready to climb into my bed, but I do not recall that I actually did so. I find now I am standing here and I have the feeling that if I wished ardently enough I could make this contact at any time of the day and in any place. I am learning how to manipulate this out-of-time connection of ours."

"I am not," I said. "I am still in bed."

"Perhaps I shall be able to take care of that as well," said Franklin, carelessly. "I find that there is much I have yet to do. I might have made my room warmer. It is chilly of a winter night."

"I regret that, sir. Our bedrooms are warmer in these times. We have furnaces designed to maintain constant temperature in every room of the house. Whatever the temperature outside, we are warm within. My apologies, sir, that the warmth in my room cannot penetrate to yours."

"I dare say you are not to blame for the physical ramifications of this, our strange meetings of minds across the centuries. But as I recall, and sometimes I wonder if I recall correctly from one night's dream to another, our United States has increased seventy-fold in population from my time to yours."

"That's right."

"And what has become of the mighty forests of the land?"

"Cut down for lumber; cleared for farms."

"And what do you burn, then, to heat your bedrooms?"

I tried not to smile. "Not wood, sir."

"Sea coal, then, I'll wager. During my visits to Great Britain, I learned of their iron-smelting furnaces, with coal dug out of the ground to replace the charcoal from forests that had gone. Now our land in your time is as bald as England in mine. Since it is a sign of the industrious growth of our nation and indication of the spreading of farmland and cultivation, I find it hard to carp, and yet coal leaves a stench and a smoke I mislike, and I fear that your cities—"

I was growing restless. "Mr. Franklin, coal smoke has been a problem we have had to face, but with respect, sir, our meetings are not long and I cannot say when tonight's confrontation will cease. We left a question unsettled last time."

"Did we, my friend?"

"Yes. Perhaps you don't—"

"Perhaps I don't remember. Well, I have known my brain to be better than it is. Present the problem, my friend, and I shall see if I remember it as you say it was."

I said, "We are dreaming of this great Bicentennial celebration of our nation's birth, with the lofting of a communications satellite of a type that will make it possible for the peoples of the

Continued on page 136

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GET A HORSE!

A science-fiction tale of a nightmare search in a future age when men travel through time.

By Larry Niven

Although he began publishing only a few years ago, Larry Niven is one of the best established writers of science fiction today. Perhaps the following tale better qualifies as a story fantasy. The protagonist is sent back a couple thousand years by way of a time machine. Little does he realize what is in store, and Mr. Niven's imagination ends up surprising the reader as well.

The year was 750 AA (Ante Atomic) or 1200 AD (Anno Domini), approximately. Hanville Svetz stepped out of the extension cage and looked about him.

To Svetz the atomic bomb was eleven hundred years old and the horse was a thousand years dead. It was his first trip into the past. His training didn't count; it had not included actual time travel, which cost several million commercials a shot. Svetz was groggy from the peculiar gravitational side effects of time travel. He was high on preindustrial-age air, and drunk on his own sense of destiny; while at the same time he was not really convinced that he had *gone* anywhere. Or anywhen. Trade joke.

He was not carrying the anesthetic rifle. He had come to get a horse; he had not expected to meet one at the door. How big was a horse? Where were horses found? Consider what the institute had had to go on: a few pictures in a salvaged children's book, and an old legend, not to be trusted, that the horse had once been used as a kind of animated vehicle!

In an empty land beneath an overcast sky, Svetz braced himself with one hand on the curved flank of the extension cage. His head was spinning. It took him several seconds to realize that he was looking at a horse.

It stood fifteen yards away, regarding Svetz with large intelligent brown eyes. It was much larger than he had expected. Further, the horse in the picture book had had a glossy brown pelt with a short mane, while the beast now facing Svetz was pure white, with a mane that flowed like a woman's long hair. There were other differences . . . but no matter, the beast matched the book too well to be anything but a horse.

To Svetz it seemed that the horse watched him, waited for him to realize what was happening. Then, while Svetz wasted more time wondering why he wasn't holding a rifle, the horse laughed, turned and departed. It disappeared with astonishing speed.

Svetz began to shiver. Nobody had warned him that the horse might have been sentient! Yet the beast's mocking laugh had sounded far too human.

Now he knew. He was deep, deep in the past.

Not even the horse was as convincing as the emptiness the horse had left behind. No reaching apartment towers clawed the horizon. No contrails scratched the sky. The world was trees and flowers and rolling grassland, innocent of men.

The silence—it was as if Svetz had gone deaf. He had heard no sound since the laughter of the horse. In the year 1100, Post Atomic, such silence could have been found nowhere on Earth. Listening, Svetz knew at last that he had reached the British Isles before the coming of civilization. He had traveled in time.

The extension cage was the part of the time machine that did the traveling. It had its own air supply, and needed it while being pushed through time. But not here. Not before civilization's dawn; not when the air had never been polluted by fission wastes and the combustion of coal, hydrocarbons, tobaccos, wood, et al.

Now, retreating in panic from that world of the past to the world of the extension cage, Svetz nonetheless left the door open behind him.

He felt better inside the cage. Outside was an unexplored planet, made dangerous by ignorance. Inside the cage it was no different from a training mission. Svetz had spent hundreds of hours in a detailed mock-up of this cage, with a computer running the dials. There had even been artificial gravity to simulate the peculiar side effects of motion in time.

By now the horse would have escaped. But he now knew its size, and he knew there were horses in the area. To business, then. . . .

Svetz took the anesthetic rifle from where it was clamped to the wall. He loaded it with what he guessed was the right size of soluble crystalline anesthetic needle. The box held several different sizes, the smallest of which would knock a shrew harmlessly unconscious, the largest of which would do the same for an elephant. He slung the rifle and stood up.

The world turned gray. Svetz caught a wall clamp to stop himself from falling.

The cage had stopped moving twenty minutes ago. He shouldn't still be dizzy! But it had been a long trip. Never before had the Institute for Temporal Research pushed a cage beyond zero PA. A long trip and a strange one, with gravity pulling Svetz's mass uniformly toward Svetz's navel. . . .

When his head cleared, he turned to where other equipment was clamped to a wall.

The flight stick was a lift-field generator and power source built into five feet of pole, with a control ring at one end, a brush discharge at the other, and a bucket seat and seat belt in the middle. Compact even for Svetz's age, the flight stick was a spin-off from the spaceflight industries.

But it still weighed thirty pounds with the motor off. Getting it out of the clamps took all his strength. Svetz felt queasy, very queasy.

He bent to pick up the flight stick, and abruptly realized that he was about to faint.

He hit the door button and fainted.

"We don't know where on Earth you'll wind up," Ra Chen had told him. Ra Chen was the Director of the Institute for Temporal Research, a large round man with gross, exaggerated features and a permanent air of disapproval. "That's because we can't focus on a particular time of day—or on a particular year, for that matter. You won't appear underground or inside anything because of energy considerations. If you come out a thousand feet in the air, the cage won't fall; it'll settle slowly, using up energy with a profligate disregard for our budget. . . ."

And Svetz had dreamed that night, vividly. Over and over his extension cage appeared inside solid rock, exploded with a roar and a blinding flash.

"Officially, the horse is for the Bureau of History," Ra Chen had said. "In practice it's for the Secretary-General, for his twenty-eighth birthday. Mentally he's about six years old, you know. The royal family's getting a bit inbred these days. We managed to send him a picture book we picked up in 130 PA, and now the lad wants a horse. . . ."

Svetz had seen himself being shot for treason, for the crime of listening to such talk.

". . . otherwise we'd never have gotten the appropriation for this trip. It's in a good cause. We'll do some cloning from the horse before we send the original to the UN. Then—well, genes are a code, and codes can be broken. Get us a female, and we'll make all the horses anyone could want."

But why would anyone want even one horse? Svetz had studied a computer duplicate of the child's picture book that an agent had pulled from a ruined house a thousand years ago. The horse did not impress him.

Ra Chen, however, terrified him.

"We've never sent anyone this far back," Ra Chen had told him the night before the mission, when it was too late to back out with honor. "Keep that in mind. If something goes wrong, don't count on the rule book. Don't count on your instruments. Use your head. Your head, Svetz. God knows it's little enough to depend on. . . ."

Svetz had not slept in the hours before departure.

"You're scared stiff," Ra Chen commented just before Svetz entered the extension cage. "And you can hide it, Svetz. I think I'm the only one who's noticed. That's why I picked you, because you can be terrified and go ahead anyway. Don't come back without a horse. . . ."

The director's voice grew louder. "Not without a horse, Svetz. Your *head*, Svetz, your HEAD. . . ."

Svetz sat up convulsively. The air! Slow death if he didn't close the door! But the door was closed, and Svetz was sitting on the floor holding his head, which hurt.

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The Unicorn In Captivity,
The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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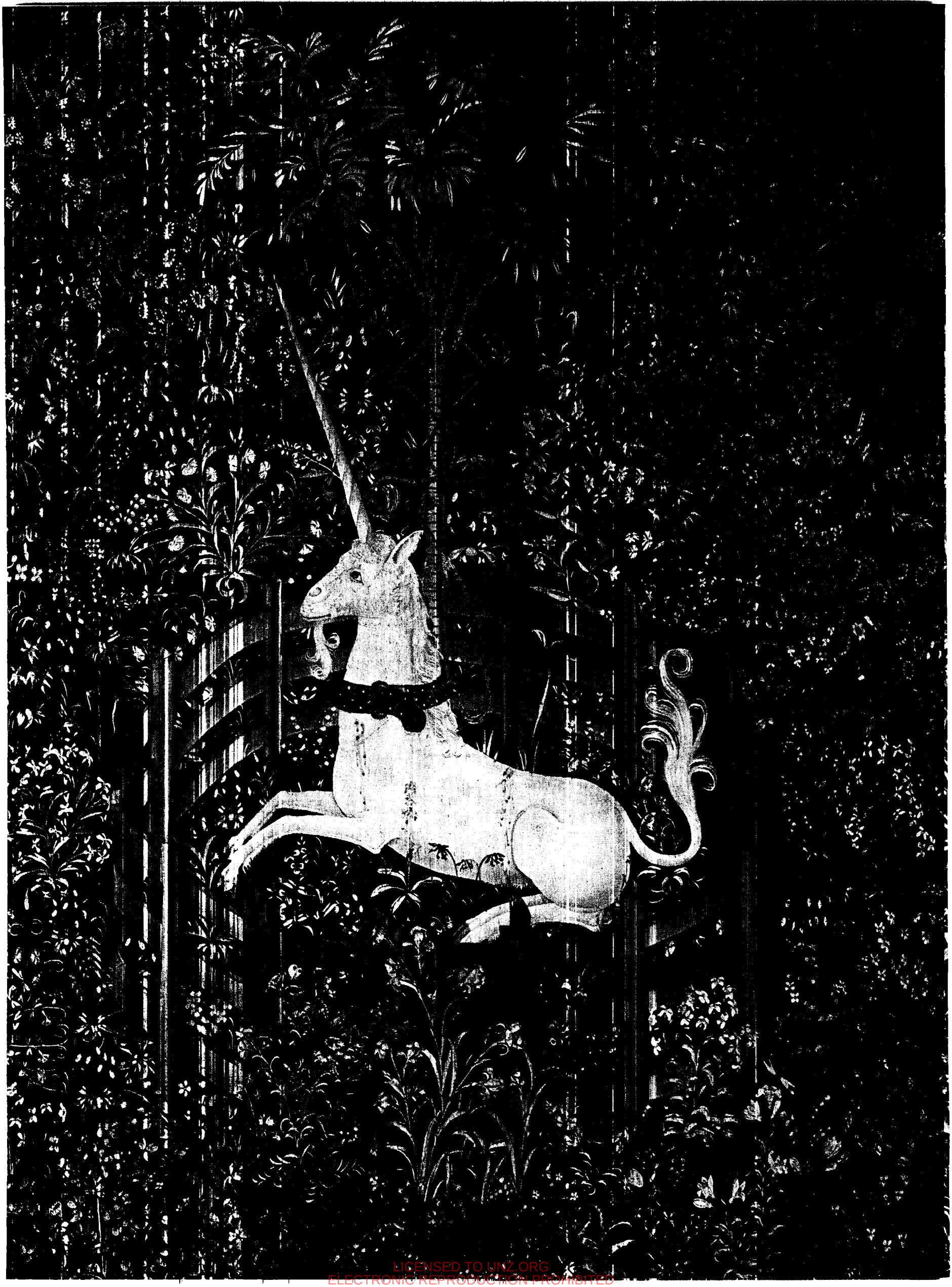

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STRICTLY PERSONAL: PART I

Presented here, from John Eisenhower's forthcoming book, are word portraits no one else could have etched of world leaders and the men who served them in war and peace. Faces of destiny photographed by Yousuf Karsh.

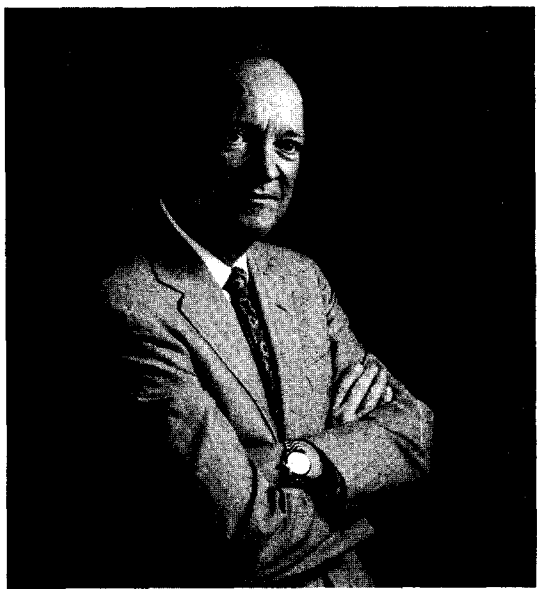
By John Eisenhower

Editor's Note: *John Eisenhower's book is notable for its warmth and modesty, and a sense of humor—sometimes wry and often earthy—without which he could not have brought it all off so handsomely. The author intrigues the reader immediately on page 1 with a pithy first sentence: "I am certain that I was born standing at attention." But for all that John Eisenhower is his own man all the way. Above all he is engagingly candid:*

"I have long been conscious that mine has been a privileged life. By the sheer circumstance of being the son of a prominent public figure, I have been thrust into situations and witnessed events that have deeply affected my life and outlook. With this consciousness, I have long harbored an ambition to share some of these experiences with others, realizing that anything I have to say of interest pertains to what I have seen rather than to what I have done. As time has gone on and my appetite for writing as a profession has been whetted, this ambition has gradually approached the proportions of an obsession.

"This desire to put certain impressions on paper is not completely altruistic. The fact of having lived for periods of my life in an atmosphere where contact with such world figures as Stalin, Churchill, de Gaulle, Adenauer, Khrushchev, Dulles, Patton and Marshall—to name a few—was common, has given me a certain loneliness and difficulty in making small talk. One does not drop such names in casual conversation except among intimates. But in a book of this type—recognizing it for what it is—one can do so freely."

Here is the cast of the history of our time, personified by the man who knew them. The "portraits" are drawn together from original passages, but they do not appear in this grouping or in this chronological order in the book.



John Eisenhower: "Army brat" son of Mamie and Dwight D. Eisenhower, West Point graduate and later member of the faculty, U.S. Army career officer, White House aide, recently U.S. Ambassador to Belgium, and distinguished author.

Portrait Of My Father

Early Days with Dad and Mother: Washington, D.C., 1927-1935.

Viewed from the perspective of having raised four children, I can recognize that Mother and Dad were good parents, although very strict. They had not been infected in the 1930's with the permissiveness that has become fashionable in more recent years. Dad himself was a terrifying figure to a small boy. He was powerfully built—in West Point he could chin himself five times with his right hand and three times with his left—and in his youth had literally lived for athletics. I could never measure up to these standards, try as I might.

Dad had a policy that I think was a mistake: he never laid a hand on me. Perhaps this stemmed from a fear that, strong as he was, he might inflict serious bodily harm when his temper was aroused. Instead, he conducted discipline largely in a West Point manner. I was dressed down smartly on many occasions but never given a whack. Only once did his policy break down. Having put my elbows on the dinner table after several warnings, I found myself being taken into the bedroom. The grip of Dad's thumb and middle finger on the back of my neck led me to think, almost dispassionately, "Well, John, your time has come; you're finished."

In many ways Mother remained somewhat in the background, especially in matters where Dad was concerned. She felt her role was to push him forward and to give him all the emotional support he needed, although they would never talk about his business at home. She did everything possible to promote a close relationship between Dad and me and took a great deal of pleasure from hearing about our conversations and study drills in the morning bathroom sessions. Toward me she was exceedingly affectionate, almost smothering me with concern. As a youngster I was subject to violent leg aches, due probably to so much running around on concrete sidewalks and alleys. Many was the time that I would call out in the middle of the night and Mother, bleary-eyed, would come into my room and rub my shins. With all her maternal manifestations of affection, this rubbing of leg aches in the wee hours of the morning I remember with the greatest feeling of warmth.

Mother and Dad doubtlessly had their quarrels, as both were strong personalities. As Mother has written since Dad's death, some of these quarrels were severe; but it seemed that the Old Man's views nearly always prevailed. But one thing the two of them were careful of: they never quarreled in front of me. I have memories of catching the devil from both of them singly or together; but I have no memories of the two of them arguing between themselves, other than an occasional complaint on Mother's part regarding Dad's habit of bringing work home from the office.

Life in the Wyoming Apartments followed a strict regimen. Dad and I rose about the same time, just before eight. We shared a bathroom—sometimes shared a bathtub—and the time was spent constructively. In those morning sessions I was grilled without mercy on the multiplication tables, so that I was always weeks ahead of my class. And no errors were tolerated.

But the morning bathroom sessions were not all devoted to schoolwork. We had time to talk about things in general and we had our laughs. For some reason, possibly to save time, Dad and I often shared a tub of bath water. Usually I would bathe first while Dad was shaving, and Dad would climb in after me. One morning Dad decided to dispense with this usual ritual, but I was insistent. My determination that he bathe that day must have puzzled him, but finally he gave way. The result was rewarding. Dad stuck his foot in the water and let out a howl that must have been heard throughout the Wyoming Apartments. Blue, shivering, but delighted, I leaped out of the freezing water and charged laughing into the bedroom to tell Mother of the success of my prank.

After school I always reported home and then went out to play on nearby Dean's Hill, where the Washington Hilton now stands, until dinner at exactly six p.m. After dinner I did my homework, and it seemed that every night Dad would work in the living room, scratching on a pad, long after I went to bed. By and large, I stayed back in the room that Dad and I shared for dressing. We did little as a family except for occasional outings to Haines Point or a monthly dinner at the Sun Restaurant, where the only superior Chinese food has ever been made.

Occasionally, on Sundays Mother, Dad and I would drive around town, and the two would pay the formal social calls prescribed by the rigid Washington protocol. This was a chore that Dad detested and he made little secret of it. We would travel from one apartment house to another in our 1927 Buick and the folks, Dad in derby hat and striped pants, would drop in at each place for a few minutes while I waited in the car. On rare Sundays Dad would play golf at the Old Soldiers' Home with Colonel Jimmy Ulio, then Adjutant General of the Army. Though Dad had played little, he went after the game with the same intensity as in later years. The golf tees consisted of small, wet piles of sand, molded to desired height. Dad had a powerful swing but a horrendous slice to go with it. He seemed to wind up in the alfalfa an inordinate

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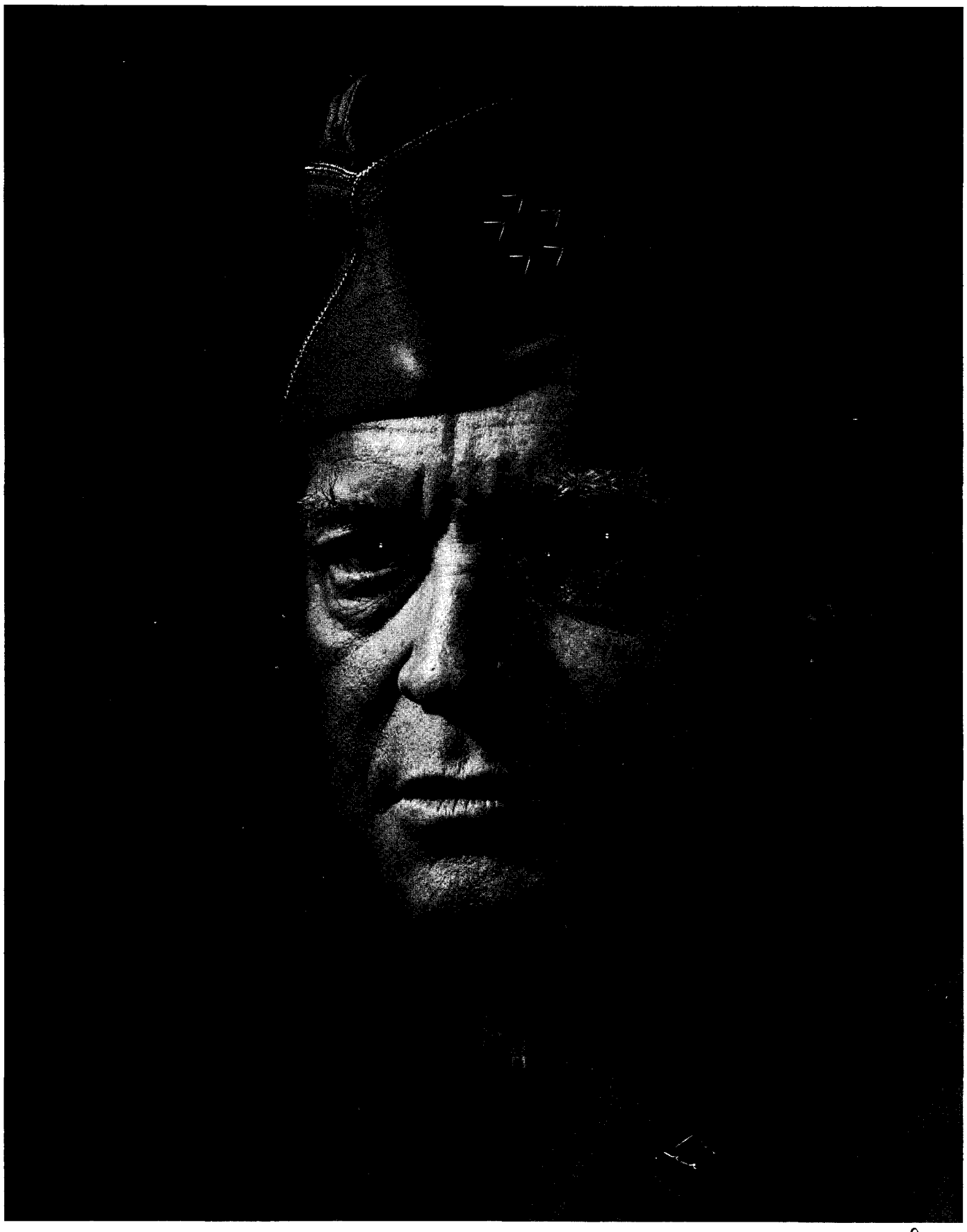

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

"Give us, we pray, the power to discern clearly right from wrong, and allow all our words and actions to be governed thereby, and by the laws of this land. Especially we pray that our concern shall be for all the people regardless of station, race or calling."

—from a prayer composed by Dwight Eisenhower, January 1953.

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amount of the time, the air punctuated by the use of certain expletives that I had thought were unknown to adults–known only to kids.

In the Philippines, 1935-1939

Dad had taken up an interest in flying. He would arise at an ungodly hour in the morning and drive out to Camp Murphy, where the Philippine Air Corps was being trained under the direction of Lieutenants Bill Lee and "Lefty" Parker. He would then take an hour's flying instruction before going to work in the Walled City of Manila. Dad was a good student, despite his advanced age of forty-six years, and did snap rolls, loops, and perhaps even Immelman turns with the best of them. He never made solo cross-country flights to the best of my knowledge. He did, however, come to Baguio to pick me up a couple of times along with Lee or Parker. One time I was allowed to handle the controls. I could see Mt. Arayat in Pampanga ahead of me. Mt. Arayat was only about 2,000 feet high but my instinct was to keep pulling back on the steering wheel to be sure to miss it. Eventually we reached an altitude of 11,000 feet. On our descent at Camp Murphy Dad developed a severe earache, due to clogging in one of his Eustachian tubes. He was in pain for several hours thereafter.

During our stay in the Philippines we made several trips to the Southern Islands. Once a friend and I were allowed to go by ourselves aboard the motor ship *Legazpi.* In Mindanao a Philippine Army officer, possibly currying favor, presented me with a white cockatoo with a poorly healed broken wing. I was delighted with the bird, whom I named "Oswald." His entire vocabulary consisted of the word *agop*, of which I never learned the translation. I had also planned to pick up a monkey, but failed to find one. On docking in Manila, I took Dad aboard and introduced Oswald to him. Real outbursts of temper were rare with Dad–and he almost always recovered immediately–but when he did become angry, he was spectacular. This time he outdid himself. "There's nothing I hate worse than parrots and monkeys!" he roared. I thought this a little illogical but was at least relieved that I hadn't found my monkey.

The incident created a temporary family crisis. Dad refused to sit in the same room with Oswald, but the door between our bedrooms was open. And every time Oswald said "*Agop*," I could see Dad wince, even from the rear. In short order Oswald was relegated to a small room where the hotel elevator boys congregated; Mother saved the situation by calling a friend at Fort McKinley, who had both the facilities and the zest for giving Oswald a good home. The whole matter turned out happily.

Eisenhower Becomes C.O., Europe, 1942

The summer of 1942 caused another revolution in my own life. My father was now for the first time becoming recognized outside the Army. General Marshall had relented on keeping Dad in War Plans for the duration of the War, and in June Dad received his second star (together with considerable publicity in *Time*). One day in Camp I received a letter:

June 13, 1942

Dear Johnnie: Confidentially, I am soon to leave the United States for an indefinite stay. Naturally I am anxious to have a few hours with you just to say goodbye and to have a good talk. Today I telephoned to the Adjutant at West Point, and he informed me that any day I could come to West Point next week, you could be excused from normal duties in order to have a few hours with me. He assured me that this would occasion no embarrassment to you, to the authorities there, or to anyone else.

I cannot say for sure what day I can be at West Point, it is possible that I may come late some afternoon, spend the evening, and return the next morning. In any event, I will let you know by telegram about what time to expect me and will telephone the headquarters at West Point, so that a car will be at the airfield to meet me.

Mamie intends to return to the Wardman Park Hotel where she will take a small apartment. She will have room for you when you come down next fall with your pal. Should there be no room in her particular apartment, she can always get an extra one for you. She is looking forward to your visit.

Best of luck. I hope to be seeing you very soon, probably about Wednesday or Thursday. *Affectionately*,

Dad

P.S. The bosses are certainly giving me a tough job this time. I will tell you about it when I see you.

I immediately applied for a weekend leave to see him off. This would constitute a precedent; but the authorities at the Academy were generous enough to grant my request, and Dad cancelled plans to come to West Point. I went to stay with Mother and Dad for a couple of days in their quarters at Fort Myer. On arrival my first question was, "Well, what is your job going to be overseas?"

"Oh, I'm to be the commanding general."

This came as somewhat of a surprise, as the jump from a colonel who was chief of staff of the Third Army at Fort Sam Houston the previous December to commanding general of an entire theater of war in the course of six months seemed astronomical. It was.

Ike's Secret Trip To The U.S.A.: Washington, 1944

Shortly after the turn of the year, in early 1944, I was sent for by the Officer of the Day. Dad, I learned for the first time, had secretly returned to Washington directly from North Africa. Colonel Frank McCarthy, secretary of the Army General Staff, who acted often as an aide to General Marshall, was in the OD's office, having come to West Point to pull me out for the remainder of the day. To my astonishment–and to that of the OD–Frank told us that Dad and Mother were on a railroad car pulling into a siding near the East Shore Station down on the river at that very moment. Within moments I was whisked into a staff car for the short ride down to the tracks. During the afternoon a handful of friends from the post also came down for a visit; and as a special treat that evening I was allowed to invite three cadets down for dinner.

After the rest had left, I stayed behind only a few minutes and wished Dad luck. He seemed the same, despite his four stars, but he was obviously rather preoccupied, impatient to get on with his new job of planning the invasion. (His no-nonsense life of the past eighteen months had sharpened his manner somewhat; Mother at one moment chastised him for his abruptness. He growled amicably, "Hell, I'm going back to my theater where I can do what I want.")

The reason for the secrecy on the trip was not so much a question of Dad's physical security. Rather it was an effort to keep the Nazis always in a state of alert. German intelligence mistakenly presumed that Dad had already arrived in London from North Africa, and General Marshall wanted them to keep expecting an invasion any day, which of course would have been an extremely difficult thing for a brand new commander. The secret was magnificently kept, however, and the visit was announced only after Dad had arrived in London.

A Delicate Question of Rank: France, 1944

A trivial incident, which I find amusing, was somewhat illustrative of the relationship between father and son at this time. We had a deep mutual affection but there existed a certain military wall between us. I was not only his son; I was a young lieutenant who needed on occasion to be straightened out. Without a doubt, with my having been brought up in a more relaxed army than the one Dad had joined thirty years earlier, I think sometimes he considered me a sign that West Point had gone to hell.

On practically the first evening I had arrived in London, for example, as Dad and I were walking together at SHAEF, I asked him in all earnestness: "If we should meet an officer who ranks above me but below you, how do we handle this? Should I salute first and when they return my salute, do you return theirs?" The question was legitimate to my mind and has never been answered completely to my satisfaction; however, Dad was short: "John, there isn't an officer in this theater who doesn't rank above you and below me."

The Beginning Of The End–News of the Atom Bomb: Potsdam, East Germany, 1945.

From my point of view, the most significant part of the Potsdam Conference occurred after we had returned to Bad Homburg, Dad's residence outside Frankfurt. Just before going to bed that evening the two of us sat and visited for a few minutes in his bedroom. He was sitting on the edge of his single bed, up against the wall, his .32-calibre pistol lying on the side table. The room was dim, with only the reading light on. He had something on his mind, and finally he came out with it: "John," he said, "Secretary Stimson told me something today. He says that they've now developed a new bomb, based on splitting the atom, that'll be so powerful that it exceeds the imagination of man. They're thinking very seriously about using this against the Japanese. That is, of course, highly secret."

This news was too much for me to comprehend, and I could make no comment. I doubt that I could say anything very helpful, because Dad's reaction was obviously one of depression. He talked quietly and softly, shaking his head slowly as he spoke. Except for that one brief conversation, I gave the matter little more thought. It was the business of somebody else at a high level.

In Case of Capture in Korea: Chicago, 1952

The Republican National Convention in Chicago that nominated Dad for President had just drawn to a close in July 1952 when we arrived, and Dad and Mother were still at the Blackstone Hotel.

In the course of conversation Dad gave me one admonition: never get captured. He shrugged off the fact that in infantry combat the chance of being hit by a mortar or artillery shell was always present; but as the son of a new nominee for President, my capture would not only subject me to special cruelties but would also put the commu-

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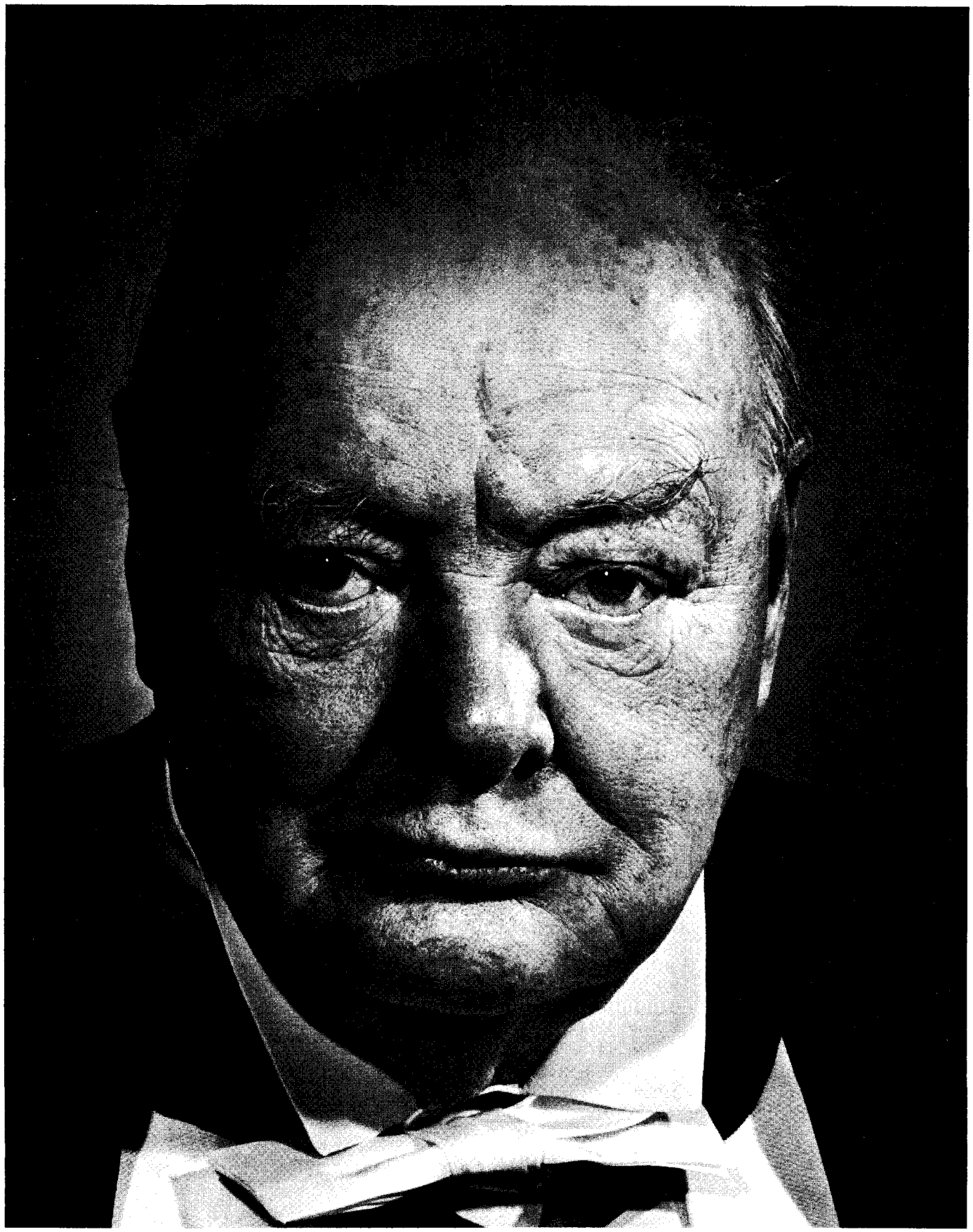

WINSTON CHURCHILL

"Churchill and General George Patton had an attitude in common. Dedicated to their respective missions, both seemed to feel that the Almighty had an obligation—a personal obligation—to render all necessary assistance to their accomplishments."

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nists in a position to blackmail him. "If you're captured," he said, "I suppose I would just have to drop out of the presidential race."

I assured Dad that this would never happen and told him not to worry. The exchange was not upsetting, as the possibility had occurred to me long before. Since then I have been asked exactly what I meant by this assurance. The fact is I never thought it through thoroughly, and my statement was something in the nature of a response to a warning to "drive safely." There was not, in my calculation, a great danger of capture under existing circumstances. The front was static and a field-grade officer not required to man an outpost was in little danger of ever being grabbed off, so long as he avoided taking unnecessary risks. Yet had I ever found myself surrounded by Chinese or North Koreans, I had every intention of keeping my promise and using my .45 pistol, taking, I hoped, some of them with me. (I never fired my .45 Colt automatic in anger. However, after several months in Korea I took it to a firing range one day and discovered that it didn't shoot.)

In retrospect, however, I wonder whether such an action would have been worthwhile. For the communists, once I was identified, could claim to the world anything they wanted about me, whether I was dead or alive. Thus the blackmail could have been effected in any case if I were simply missing in action.

Eisenhower Takes Office: Washington, 1953

The morning of Inauguration Day Dad pulled Barbara and me aside. Standing beside the mantelpiece of the presidential suite, he produced a little prayer he had composed, apparently during the service at the National Presbyterian Church that morning. He read it to us with great earnestness and we were moved by the whole idea. He had tried it out on others, Mother at least. Apparently satisfied that he had a quorum of votes, he delivered the prayer before entering into his formal inauguration speech.

A theologian might smile at Dad's strict delineation of who was doing the beseeching for the help of the Almighty; but the idea, the spirit, was the important matter. Its impact has been proven by the fact that it has been so often referred to in the twenty years since he composed it.

"Almighty God, as we stand here at this moment my future associates in the Executive branch of government join me in beseeching that Thou will make full and complete our dedication to the service of the people in this throng, and their fellow citizens everywhere.

"Give us, we pray, the power to discern clearly right from wrong, and allow all our words and actions to be governed thereby, and by the laws of this land. Especially we pray that our concern shall be for all the people regardless of station, race or calling.

"May cooperation be permitted and be the mutual aim of those who, under the concepts of our Constitution, hold to differing political faiths; so that all may work for the good of our beloved country and Thy glory. Amen."

In my lifetime I have attended five inaugurations, and the ceremonies, once under way, are fairly stereotyped. The main difference between inauguration ceremonies lies in the circumstance of the occasion. Those in which a President is succeeding himself tend to be much more relaxed and jovial, as the guests await the event, than those in which a political party has just been voted out of power. Such, of course, was the case in January, 1953.

Barbara and I were placed up front with Mother for this one—we had left our children with friends in Highland Falls—and the Trumans were treated with every possible consideration, with Mrs. Truman and Margaret up front also. Former President Hoover was close at hand. But the atmosphere, while correct, was hardly warm. Though I stood near Mr. Truman, he never spoke. Nor did I, respecting his obvious desires. The atmosphere was a bit chilly, in fact, with little of the handshaking and visiting among guests that have seemed to characterize other such ceremonies, even the Kennedy Inauguration of 1961.

In the course of the morning one mystery was cleared up, or at least mostly so. Dad and I had always been puzzled as to who actually had ordered me home from Korea. Neither General Bradley nor General J. Lawton Collins, then Army Chief of Staff, knew anything about it. As Dad and President Truman were driving up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol, however, Dad asked the President if he could throw light on the subject. "Just tell him that that crotchety old man in the White House did it" was the answer. Nothing more was said. Since the order had bypassed normal command channels, I conjectured for years that it had gone from Truman to his military aide, Major General Harry Vaughn, thence to the Adjutant General of the Army. It would be nineteen years later, when I visited Mr. Truman at his home in Independence, Missouri, that my theory would be confirmed.

The episode has been widely misinterpreted by any who have been interested. I was pictured as angry about coming home. On the contrary, once my position in the 3rd Division was secure, I was delighted. I always appreciated Mr. Truman's kind gesture, and only the frosty atmosphere of the time prevented my expressing it.

A Presidential Reaction: Washington, 1954

In the summer of 1954 I spent a month on temporary duty in the White House between assignments at Fort Benning and Leavenworth. Even in such a short period, I made close friends such as Maxwell Rabb, Secretary to the Cabinet, and Brigadier General Paul T. ("Pete") Carroll. In addition, I learned more about Dad and his methods. One day I was told to edit a draft of a "greeting from the President" in observance of a patriotic occasion. The draft was, I thought, too bland and general. I rewrote it, covering the details of the event being celebrated—a good piece of research, I thought, showing the audience how much the President knew about the subject. When the paper reached Dad's desk, I was on the carpet instantly. "What the hell is this?" he roared. "Do you expect a President to sign a bunch of garbage like that? I'm supposed to set the tone; let the other fellows give the details!" I left a wiser young officer.

General Douglas MacArthur

Ike On MacArthur's Staff: The Philippines, 1939

During our last summer in the Philippines the folks were living in the air-conditioned portion of the Manila Hotel, where General MacArthur resided in the penthouse. I was preparing to return to Brent. Mother, who had become a close friend of Jean MacArthur's, insisted that I take the elevator up to the top floor to say goodbye. I expected to meet only Mrs. MacArthur, but on my arrival at the penthouse she exclaimed that the General would be terribly sorry if he missed me. She led me out to the roof garden where MacArthur was pacing up and down, hands clasped behind his back. Immediately his theatrical impulses manifested themselves. He walked over and shook hands—in his typical fashion with his left hand on my right shoulder—and recited in detail the positions I had been elected to for my senior year. I was to be president of the class, president of the student body, editor-in-chief of the magazine, editor-in-chief of the yearbook. We both completely ignored the fact that the senior class would consist of five pupils, only two of whom were boys; and all these jobs were reserved for seniors. But the General's memory, his charm, and his ability to show interest in an inconsequential boy always impressed me and explained to a large degree the way he was able to mesmerize any individual he wanted, even including my recalcitrant Old Man.

* * *

Dad's thoughts were now turning toward rejoining the Army in the United States in hopes of an eventual field command. Besides his desire to get back with active troops, there were other factors pointing toward a decision to leave. One of these was a falling out with General MacArthur which, while it never came to blows, resulted in a cooling off of their formerly warm relationship.

Naturally, I was not a witness to the incident but Dad reported it in his book *At Ease* and referred to it occasionally in informal conversation. The incident revolved around an idea that General MacArthur had apparently originated himself, that morale of the Philippine population might be given a boost by means of a somewhat elaborate display of military might. He had asked Dad and his colleague, Colonel Jimmy Ord, to look into the possibility of bringing in units of the Philippine Army to parade in Manila. Dad and Ord protested to the general but understood, correctly or incorrectly, that MacArthur had given the order to begin planning anyway. When President Quezon had learned of preparations for such an affair, he had become highly incensed and protested to MacArthur. At this point MacArthur denied ever having given any such orders—a complete repudiation of both Dad and Jimmy Ord. Naturally the project had been cancelled forthwith, but Dad and Ord believed that MacArthur had not been square about the matter. Who was right—MacArthur on the one hand or Dad and Ord on the other—is immaterial, but the fact that the two younger officers believed their chief had let them down and run for cover was important because it removed much of Dad's enthusiasm for his job. This zest was almost completely destroyed when shortly thereafter Jimmy Ord was killed in an airplane crash in the mountains of Baguio.

* * *

For practically the only time in my recollection we held a family council, called, without a doubt, to enable Dad to clarify his own thoughts. I could tell from our conversation that Dad's mind was really made up. "The only reason left for me to stay in this place," he said as he paced the floor of our living room, "is the extra money the Philippine Government is giving me. Other than that, there's not much to keep me here." Dad did almost all the talking. Mother, I knew, would be delighted to go home; she detested the tropics. For my part, I wanted to finish school at Brent. But neither one

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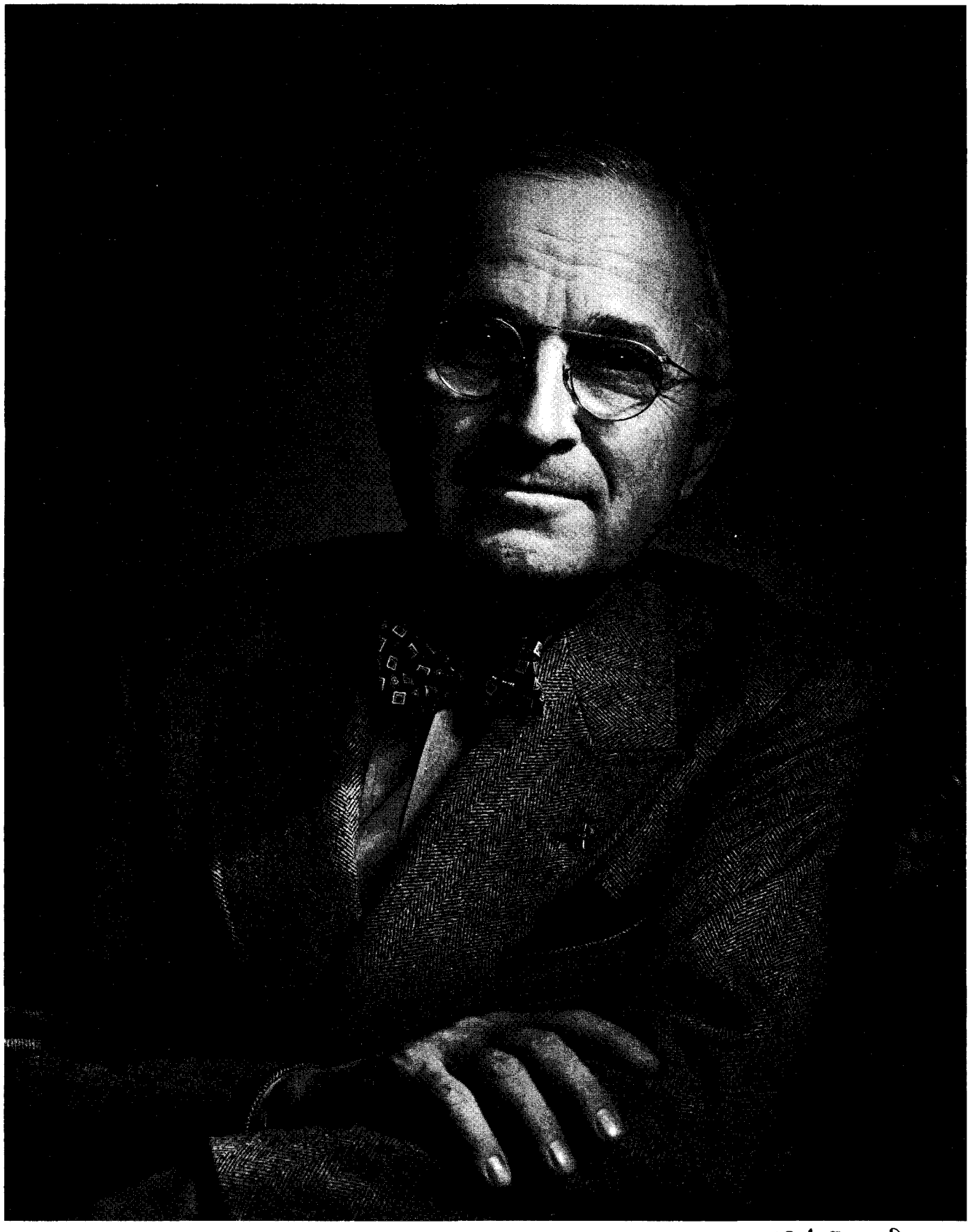

HARRY S. TRUMAN

"Despite Dad's protests, Truman said at one time that if both he and General George Marshall concurred in any course of action, he would follow it. . . . Dad supported Truman's relieving General MacArthur from the Far East Command, sharing the attitude of many others that Truman could do nothing else."

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of us said much. It took little time for Dad to decide to ask for relief from duty with MacArthur and return to the States.

Accordingly, I was uprooted in midyear from Brent School and with a heavy heart departed for Manila. At the pier to send us off to the United States were General and Mrs. MacArthur, the General carrying a bottle of whiskey as a going-away present. The General and the Lieutenant Colonel still held a sort of peculiar mutual admiration, despite their differences, and such a gesture was uncommon for this normally thoughtless and egocentric man.

* * *

One day at Fort Lewis—in 1940, I believe—Dad showed me a remarkable letter from General MacArthur, telling of a communication MacArthur had received from President Roosevelt. In the event of another world war, Roosevelt had notified him, he (MacArthur) would lead the American Forces in Europe. I recall one specific sentence: "Naturally this pleases me very much."

The astounding thing about this communication, as I gaped at it, was not that General MacArthur had received such a promise. The prospects of United States participation in the war still seemed remote, and few if any at that time expected it to erupt in the Pacific. Roosevelt's promise was vague and MacArthur seemed to be the logical choice. (Dad was still a lieutenant colonel.) What surprised me, however, was MacArthur's candor. Apparently he and Dad, despite past events, were still communicating, at least occasionally, on a friendly, confidential basis.

General George S. Patton, Jr.

Washington in the 1930's

A few times we went out to Fort Myer to visit Dad's old friend George S. Patton, Jr. I always held the Pattons in considerable awe, because of their obvious wealth and the fact that Patton was a lieutenant colonel while Dad was a major. Silver horsemanship trophies covered a complete wall in the living room of their quarters. Patton was a good-humored man who loved to joke. His language was full of the purple expressions for which he later became famous. I was astonished that he not only swore profusely around ladies but also encouraged all three of his children to do the same. When young George, a fine boy slightly younger than I, would come out with an appropriate piece of blasphemy, Patton would roar with pleasure. These visits, though rare, were always pleasant.

A Visit With The General: Germany, 1945

General Patton's aide, Lieutenant Frank Graves, was on hand at the airstrip and the two of us took a command car to the villa, on Tegernsee, a few miles off. When we arrived and dismounted, Frank politely grabbed my suitcase. Immediately the door of the house opened and an irate General Patton came thundering out. His target was Frank. He stood his aide at attention and lacerated him for what seemed a long time—it was probably only a few moments—for his misconduct in carrying a suitcase. In the course of the tirade he glanced out of the corner of his eye and said, "Hello, John," then continued. Without further ado the General turned on his heel and reentered, leaving us alone with the driver and the suitcase.

Frank, apparently accustomed to this type of thing, seemed completely unperturbed. After I had been settled in my room we wandered around the villa, formerly owned by a prominent member of the Nazi hierarchy. It was complete with every luxury item, including a gymnasium in the basement. While Frank and I were inspecting the bowling alleys about an hour after our arrival, we heard a clap of noise a few feet away. We had intruded on General Patton, who was busily punching a bag. When the General spotted the two of us, he walked over quietly and, never looking in my direction, spoke in a soft tone: "Frank, when you're in combat, you do everything the enlisted man does; but as soon as the shooting stops, you allow the driver to carry the suitcase." With that the General, apparently with a load off his mind, went back to his exercising.

The next couple of days we visited Third Army Headquarters, the ruins of Hitler's retreat at Berchtesgaden, the walls covered with the scratched initials of visiting Americans, and even the "Eagle's Nest," untouched, atop the Alpine peaks. We found some time for aquaplaning on the beautiful Tegernsee. But the high points of the visit were the evening conversations with General Patton.

Patton, as always, was an entertaining man, with a wry sense of humor. In real life he bore little resemblance to the Frankenstein monster in uniform that many people pictured. He loved the bizarre and took great delight in keeping any audience in a state of shock. This he would attempt by his colorful language and by such stories as his bull terrier Willie's fight with another dog. (A few days before, according to Patton, Willie had bitten off another dog's ear. After the fight, Willie had developed indigestion and had thrown up the morsel in the lap of Patton's resplendent uniform.) His guest the last evening was General Robert W. Grow, commander of the U.S. 6th Armored Division, a unit that Patton was fond of. The conversation covered various subjects but mostly pertaining to war—this past one and the next.

Patton's legendary emotional nature, which had almost cost him his career for slapping a soldier a couple of years earlier, manifested itself in even casual conversation. That evening the telephone rang; it was from the States. Frank Graves whispered fearfully that the message might be news that Patton's son-in-law, Johnny Waters, had died of wounds. Happily such turned out not to be the case, but in describing Waters's wounds, Patton broke down in tears, meanwhile describing them in earthy terms. Later on the subject turned to that of the new VT fuse, a lethal artillery shell which explodes in the air on approaching the target. Patton, thinking out loud, was musing about the effect this development would have on future infantry warfare. About the only answer, he concluded, was that all infantry would henceforth have to be protected with armored personnel carriers until they reached the line of contact. (This has indeed come to pass, and even the so-called "infantry divisions" in Europe are mechanized, with armored personnel carriers for their infantry.)

At one point in the conversation the question came up as to what uniform Patton should wear at General Bradley's forthcoming departure ceremonies in Berlin. He wondered, again out loud, whether he should wear his cavalry uniform with ivory-handled pistols or dress in a more conventional manner. His chief of staff, General Hobart Gay, had no qualms: "General, those things are your trademark; you've got to wear the uniform you're known for." Patton stared off into space for a few seconds, the corners of his mouth turned down. Without turning he said quietly, "All right." The subject was dropped.

As the evening was coming to a close, Patton showed an unusual human touch. He told me about how much he owed my father and, tapping the four stars on his shoulder, said emotionally that he owed all his success to Dad. From what I know of other occasions, Patton was not always consistent on this question. In his book *Crusade in Europe* Dad wrote: "During my investigation of the 1943 soldier slapping incident, George came to see me and in his typically generous and emotional fashion offered to resign his commission so as to relieve me of any embarrassment. When I finally announced to him my determination to drop the whole matter and to retain him as the prospective commander of the Third Army, he was stirred to the point of tears. At such moments General Patton revealed a side of his makeup that was difficult for anyone except his intimate friends to understand. His remorse was very great, not only for the trouble he had caused me but, he said, for the fact that he had vehemently criticized me to his associates when he thought I might relieve him. His emotional range was very great and he lived at either one end or the other of it. I laughingly told him, 'You owe us some victories; pay off and the world will deem me a wise man.' "

Problems With Patton: Germany, 1945

The late summer and fall of 1945 was probably the period in my entire life when Dad and I were closest. We would play records—Gershwin's nostalgic *American in Paris* was our favorite—and converse quietly on many subjects.

One evening, as he was riding with me back to Bad Nauheim, Dad said sadly, "I had to relieve George Patton from Third Army today." Patton, it turned out, had made one of his famous off-the-cuff remarks to the press. Frustrated by the fact that almost anyone who could operate a railroad, a signal office, or an electric system in Germany had of necessity been a member of the Nazi party, Patton had in exasperation told the press that Nazis and non-Nazis in Germany were like Republicans and Democrats. His indiscretion had caused a furor. "We could," Dad went on, "survive this tempest. Actually I'm not moving George for what he's done—just for what he's going to do next." Fortunately Gee Gerow was about to go home, so switching Patton to another Army level post was not technically a demotion, though Patton doubtless regarded it so. Patton soon arrived at Bad Nauheim. No personal animosity was involved whatsoever. The two generals went to a football game together in Frankfurt a couple of days after the switch-over.

Quite naturally, I was personally a little apprehensive when Patton came to his new command, as I was unsure of what his attitude would be. Nevertheless his generous nature showed through, and as the officers of the headquarters went through the receiving line, he pulled me aside for a brief and congenial chat. In his typical impish manner, however, Patton had to jar his audience in his remarks that evening. He started out by saying, "I have been here and studied your work today." Then, his voice rising to a pitch, he shouted, "I have been SHOCKED"—and then in a lower tone—"by the excellence of your work."

On Patton's arrival at the Theater General Board the atmosphere among the previously calm,

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studious staff immediately became electric. One of his first announcements was that he wanted to go home by March. And we were by God going to have all our reports finished by that time! Everyone became frantic, and I am certain that substantial revisions in the studies were made. For the final report, "The Strategy of the Campaign," as I read it, showed the fine hand of the new commander. Even though I felt that First Army had done more to contribute to victory than had the Third, I noticed that Patton's army was mentioned about three times as often as any other in the Theater.

In November Dad went home for temporary consultations. While there he became ill, some sort of respiratory ailment. By the time he was well again, General Marshall had asked for relief from his post as Chief of Staff of the Army and Dad had taken over, without returning to Europe even to pack.

* * *

Shortly thereafter tragedy struck. General Patton, on a hunting trip near Mannheim, was involved in an automobile accident. His sedan, I was told, had been hit in the side by the careless driver of an Army truck. His neck was broken, and he was taken to an Army hospital near Heidelberg. We at Fifteenth Army, shocked and saddened, followed the news avidly every day. For a while it appeared that he might recover, and Mrs. Patton gave cause for hope with her plucky remark, "I've seen Georgie in these scrapes before and he'll come through this one too." Nevertheless, the General did not come through, and about a week after the accident he died. With a friend I drove down to Heidelberg to attend the simple funeral services.

Several of us youngsters were particularly touched when Mrs. Patton, as soon as the funeral was over, came up to Bad Nauheim and sent for the Army brats she knew. In the midst of her grief she was thoughtful enough to call us in, one at a time, for a short visit so she could report back to our families that we were well. She said little about the General, concentrating her conversation largely on her son George, who was at this time a first-classman in West Point. I have rarely been witness to such a gesture of fortitude and kindness.

Winston Churchill

Ike And Winston: London, 1944

Reports from Normandy indicated the complete destruction of the artificial port that had been built at Omaha. Every day Dad hoped to get over there, but one after the other he was frustrated.

During the period of waiting Dad decided to pay a visit to the Prime Minister. We drove to the door of Whitehall, where Mr. Churchill was exercising his function as Minister of Defense. The room was simple, with a fairly large-sized table and a huge map on the wall. The three of us sat in straight-backed chairs at one end. England's Prime Minister, slumped limply, was in a bad mood. He stared toward the floor at his side, almost motionless, speaking to Dad but really thinking out loud. "This is the worst weather I have ever seen in my life," he growled, emphasizing every word, as he turned in his chair. Then, raising his voice, "*They* have no *right* to give us weather like this!"

In this respect Churchill and General George Patton had an attitude in common. Dedicated to their respective missions, both seemed to feel that the Almighty had an obligation—a personal obligation—to render all necessary assistance to their accomplishments. The Old Man, on the other hand, seemed to view the situation more philosophically. Competitive to the extreme—and imbued with a hatred of Nazism and all it entailed—he appeared to approach his mission of defeating Hitler with the same attitude with which he attacked his opponents in bridge or poker—in both of which he was expert. He appeared to view any situation with the cold, calculating attitude of a professional, confident as he was throughout his life that the Almighty would provide him with a decent set of cards. He never wavered in his faith that he would win, but he appeared not to share the metaphysical feeling that God owed him anything specific, such as good weather on a given day. In short, the Old Man was far more hard-headed than either of his flamboyant friends, Churchill or Patton.

Dad's relationship with Churchill was genuinely warm. Personally they were close as two high officials could be under these trying circumstances. Officially Churchill was indirectly one of Dad's two bosses. The Combined Chiefs of Staff (British and American) were Dad's direct official superiors, and Dad on more than one occasion had found it necessary to refuse orders or urgings from both Roosevelt and Churchill pending direct instructions from the CCS.

But sometimes—more often than not—the CCS would refer the matter to the Supreme Commander for decision. Then Churchill, on the spot and vitally interested in the conduct of military operations, would shed the dignity of Head of Government—and perhaps swallow some pride—to come to Dad to exercise his monumental persuasive powers in person. But in so doing he would base his arguments on *military* considerations only, even though his real motivations may have been political. His military arguments, as in the case of his desire to cancel the invasion of Southern France (ANVIL-DRAGOON), were often inadequate to change the Old Man's mind. Discussions were sometimes lengthy and impassioned, but never did they dent the mutual personal affection between the two men. Their friendship was all the more remarkable because the ultimate war objectives of the British and Americans were in many ways divergent.

But on this stormy day of June 1944, there were no great issues to discuss between them. Dad had little on his mind other than to keep contact with his friend, to share his distress, and incidentally to give me the opportunity to meet this remarkable world figure. In the space of a few minutes we took our leave and sloshed out through the rain to the waiting car.

Last Visit With Churchill: Washington, 1959

During the spring of 1959 Sir Winston Churchill came to visit the United States. The object was purely unofficial and sentimental, as he had been out of office as Prime Minister for four years. On arrival in Washington on May 4, Churchill came to the White House and stayed in the Queen's Room, on the second floor where he and Dad had met the first time, over seventeen years before.

Over the course of the years I had been exposed to Mr. Churchill on at least three occasions. The first was in June 1944, during the storm over the Channel. At No. 10 Downing Street in 1946 and at the English-Speaking Union in London in 1951 there had been time for only a handshake. But this evening we gathered for a small dinner in the Family Dining Room on the ground floor, children included. As Mother, Dad, Barbara and I waited in the West Hall for Sir Winston, it was something of a shock to witness the difficulty with which he made his way down the long hallway from the Queen's Room. He had recently suffered a stroke, and one side of his body was paralyzed. He was, however, able to walk unaided. As we conversed in the West Hall and later at dinner, it was sad to observe the degeneration of his faculties. Within a couple of feet of him, Dad turned and said to Barbara, "I only wish you had known him in his prime," apparently certain that he would not be overheard. At dinner, seated next to him, I found it extremely difficult to make myself understood but was complimented by his obvious efforts to listen. For health reasons he had given up his beloved brandy and cigars.

All in the White House had a feeling that here was a chance to see one of the great world figures for the last time. Everyone knew, of course, of the deep affection the Boss held for Churchill and all felt personally involved. It was quite obvious that the former prime minister was taking grave risks with his health by making this trip. Dad gave two stag dinners in his honor, and on the day Churchill left the White House to move to the British Embassy, the entire staff was out on the north lawn, simply hoping to get a glance as he rode out alone, in the back seat of his limousine, holding his hat motionless in his hand as a gesture of greeting. This demonstration of esteem on the part of a relatively blasé White House staff was the largest and most sincere I witnessed during my period as a member.

In the course of Churchill's informal visit, our daughter Susan, eight years old and quite a horsewoman for her age, became so taken with the former prime minister that she painted a watercolor horse to give him. I first learned of it the day Churchill was to depart for his embassy. Sue marched up as I was going out the door for work and said, "Give this to him." When I inquired about the identity of "him," it turned out to be Mr. Churchill himself. The way to handle such a matter, of course, was to contact Anthony Montague-Brown, Churchill's aide, give him the picture, and later inform Sue that the mission had been accomplished. This I did. We were astonished a couple of days later when Sue received a letter of thanks from the former prime minister on embassy stationery, encouraging her to continue with her painting and hoping that she would enjoy it as much as he did. It was signed by Churchill himself, in shaky but legible handwriting.

Stalin

A Visit To Russia: Moscow, 1945

On Sunday, August 12, after shooting a little pool with Sergeant Dry, I went to Dad's room and the whole contingent left for the parade in Red Square. We arrived at noon and Dad received an ovation from the populace. Whether the people knew who he was or simply recognized him as an American general, I do not know. We were placed in the section of the reviewing stand usually occupied by foreign dignitaries, well crowded and with no place to sit down. A little after noon Stalin and

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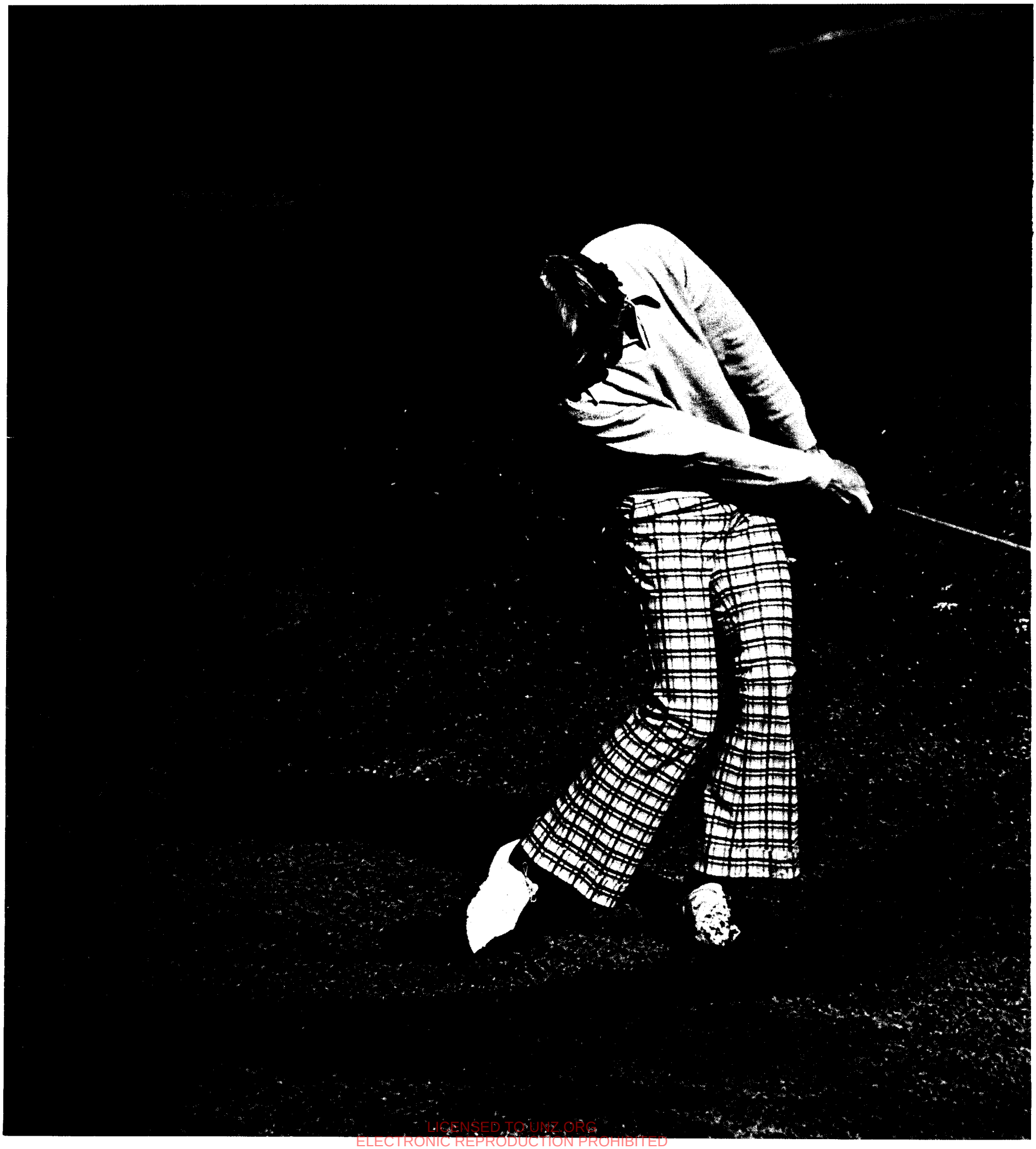

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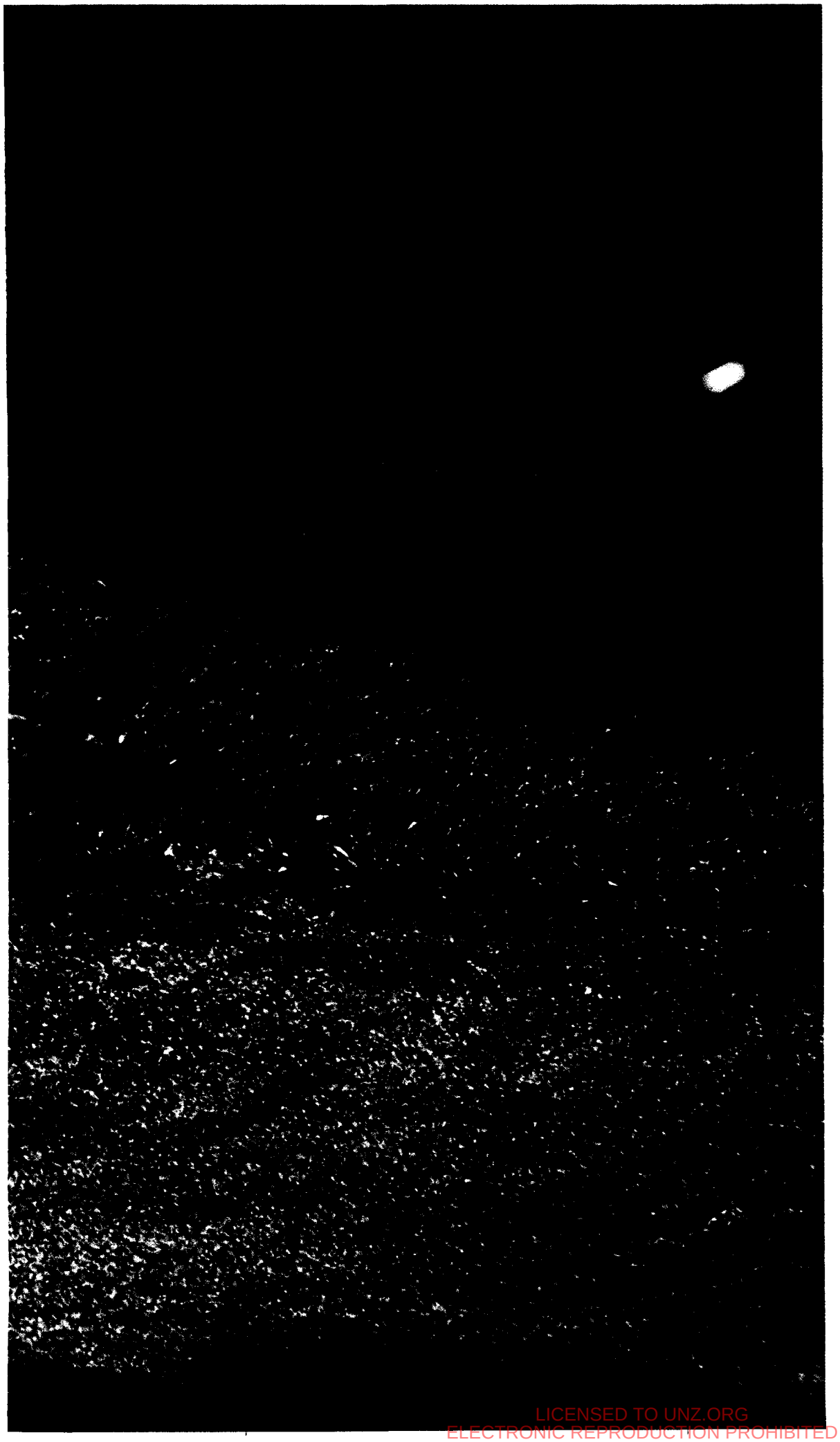
JOHNNY MILLER: 1974's CUP OF TEE

This twenty-six-year-old wonder has the other big-time winners on the pro golf circuit convinced.

By Lincoln Werden



Lincoln Werden, golf writer for the New York Times *for more than two decades, retired this spring just after watching Johnny Miller perform an unprecedented feat by winning the first three PGA tournaments of this year and pocketing $90,000. Werden, sixty-five, lives in Brooklyn Heights, New York. He was a full-time golf writer, one of the most respected in the business, and covered all the major tournaments, including the U.S. Open, Masters and PGA.*

When the first United States Open golf championship was played at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1895, it had to be delayed for several days because of a schedule conflict with the America's Cup Yacht races, which were being sailed in the Atlantic off Newport. Since that first Open in the era of the gutta-percha ball, our champions have been men of assorted backgrounds and traits.

Among them were sons of Scots, Britons, Italian and Mexican immigrants, together with natives of our home soil. All became expert in their talents in a game which was becoming of increasing national importance. Although lacking the bruising appeal of football or the "National Pastime" tradition of baseball, golf has attracted millions of participants and spectators.

Television has been of considerable aid in transmitting the action from distant continents and from the sunny climes of the United States as the touring professionals week after week provide a picture of a pleasant nomadic existence. Video has created envious onlookers among the "shut-ins" at home who dream of idyllic vacation retreats and sub-par rounds on seemingly immaculate golf courses.

A principal attraction of Disney World's Magic Kingdom near Orlando, Florida, portrays the simulated figures of all the presidents of the United States. It is an introduction to a face of history in strikingly lifelike form. Perhaps golf really needs some such gallery to acquaint the world with the United States Open champions. All of them have won the same title but they are quite dissimilar individually: Ben Hogan, the perfectionist; Arnold Palmer, the charismatic; Lee Trevino, the comedian; Jack Nicklaus, the super player. And Johnny Miller, the newest Open champion.

Handsome and blond, the six-foot, two-inch Miller carries 170 pounds on a slim frame that seems designed to show off bright slacks and golf shirts to best advantage. He was twenty-six years old last June when he won the 1973 Open title of the United States Golf Association at Oakmont Country Club outside Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It was an unexpected and dramatic triumph. Miller was neither the youngest nor the oldest golfer to achieve this singular distinction.

Johnny Miller scatters sand as he blasts out of a trap during the Bob Hope Desert Classic. Elongated golf ball is at right in this dramatic shot by photographer Lester Nehamkin.

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Miller has a beautifully grooved swing which takes full advantage of his 6-foot, 2-inch height to get plenty of power. Spectators cluster to see him drive.

The meager turnout at Newport in 1895 saw nineteen-year-old Horace Rawlins win that first Open; he is still the youngest man ever to gain the championship. The oldest was Ted Ray—like Rawlins an Englishman. He was just past his forty-third birthday when he won at Toledo, Ohio, in 1920.

Miller did provide something new. "I'm a streaky player and always have been," he confessed. He was just that at Oakmont, streaking in with a final round of 63. That was the lowest score for a round which anyone had ever compiled in the Open's seventy-eight-year history. It also came at the right place and the right time, because Miller had been musing about a 76 the previous round that almost put him beyond reach of the championship.

As Miller waited for the trophy-presentation ceremonies to begin, his thoughts drifted back to the previous day. "I always wanted to win but I never expected to do it the way I did," he said. To know this new champion, it is necessary to understand his colorful phrases, the analogies he makes and to listen in on his spontaneous seminars on golf.

"I was upset," he admitted, "by that 76 because I was five over par after the first six holes. There was a reason. Miller had forgotten to bring along the scorecard he keeps with notations of yardage from strategic points to the greens. He had left it in a pocket of the slacks he had worn the previous day. Miller seldom shows signs of being superstitious. He does wear the same glove on his left hand for several days, perhaps, when he is playing well. And he prefers green knit head covers for his clubs.

But that Friday at Oakmont he felt like a commuter running for a train who had forgotten to check the timetable. Golfers use scorecards or bits of notepaper to keep the yardage of various holes because they want to recall where their drives landed in practice rounds and what clubs they should use for second shots to reach the greens. Their caddies are out in the early morning to check the placement of the cups on the putting greens. All these bits of information are transmitted to the cards they keep. It's a valuable reference to have with you in a tournament round. When Johnny discovered on the first hole that he was without it, he was annoyed. After the nightmarish opening holes, Miller settled down and played fairly well. Despite that 76, he was only four strokes behind the leaders at the 54-hole mark.

Much more relaxed the final day with the data sheet in his pocket, Miller reeled off birdies on the first four holes. For the front nine, he scored 32—thirteen strokes better than the 45 he had shot on the same nine the previous day. A sizzling 31 on the back nine allowed him to win the championship by a single stroke. "Nine birdies, mmm, not so bad," said Johnny at the end, "and I had one bogey, too. I don't know much about Open history, but has anyone shot a 63 before?" He was immediately assured that no one has. And the way they toughen up the courses where the Opens are played, it is quite possible no one ever will again.

Considered a "hot shot" college golfer during his days at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, Miller was named to the All-American Collegiate team in 1967. On one of his streaks, he had swept through to victory in all the matches he played during his senior year. One reward was a trip to New York and a festive dinner for the collegians being honored. A tourney was also slated at the Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, New York, for the young visitors. It was Miller's first glimpse of the course—on which this year's U. S. Open championship will be contested, starting on June 13. Johnny remembers he was low scorer against all his collegiate colleagues on that occasion. "I had a 70 or 72, but I know my score was the best," Miller recalls. "They have, however, made some changes in the course since then."

Can Miller return to Winged Foot and win the Open there?

"I don't want to say I'll win because that would sound silly, knowing all that might happen in four rounds of golf. Oh, someone might say he will win, but actually I feel humble. I think fifteen or twenty should have a chance. Although on the tour many more guys than that have a chance to win each week. The Open is different."

"Technically," Miller asserted, "I'm one of those who should finish in the first ten, but what I'm really planning to do is to try to play a *smart* Open. [Miller has a knack for making words sting. That one did.] What I mean is I'll try to shoot 70 or 72 and eliminate a bad round (like the 76 at Oakmont) and then if I get a real low round it would do the work for me. I might want to gamble a bit, use a driver from some of the tees instead of a No. 3 wood. But then it all depends. . . ."

Who will be his biggest threat and challenger for his crown?

There wasn't the slightest hesitation as Miller replied, "Jack Nicklaus. If he is playing his best, he can beat me. I have to be realistic." When the field of 150 of the nation's finest golfers gathers for the Open, Miller will be hoping for a streak of birdies, all the while keeping tab on what Nicklaus is scoring. No one, including Johnny, disputes Nicklaus's top rank in the sport. He has dominated with career winnings over the $2 million mark. Last year he surpassed the Bobby Jones title of thirteen major championships when he won the Professional Golfers Association (PGA) crown.

One way to tell whether Miller is rapping in birdie putts at Winged Foot or anywhere else is to watch him as he holes out. When a birdie drops, he raises his right hand, almost as if he were taking an oath. It's a gesture of appreciation for the gallery's applause that follows. He had to make that gesture twenty-eight times during the tournament at Tucson this year. "I can't remember when I ever made twenty-eight birdies before," he observed with a smile.

But "streaky" golfer Miller hopes to score in the 60's many times this year. He had twenty-one rounds in the 60's in 1973, but the 61 he scored during the 1971 Phoenix Open was the lowest on the pro tour that year. In the first round of the Dean Martin-Tucson Open last January he blazed around in a record 62. "I don't want to sound boastful, but it seemed easy today. I just couldn't believe the fabulous putts I was making." When he stopped to count, he found he had had eleven birdies that day. No wonder Dean Martin quipped: "Say, I don't see why they shouldn't call this the Johnny Miller Open instead of the Dean Martin Open."

The year 1974 was only a few days old when Miller indicated what might be in the offing in weeks ahead. The three Monterey Peninsula courses in California on which the Bing Crosby tourney is annually held were virtually unplayable from constant rain. The officials finally conceded they were too soggy and muddy after three rounds and called a halt. Miller was ahead by four strokes with an eight under par aggregate when it was decided that 54 holes instead of the scheduled 72 was enough golf for everyone.

The tour moved on to Phoenix and fair weather. Miller's golf thrived in the sunshine and he continued his streak with a thirteen-under-par

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Miller sends a key putt toward the hole for one of his birdies in the Palm Springs, California, tournament as his touring caddy, Andy Martinez, sights along the line toward the hole after helping Johnny line up the important putt.

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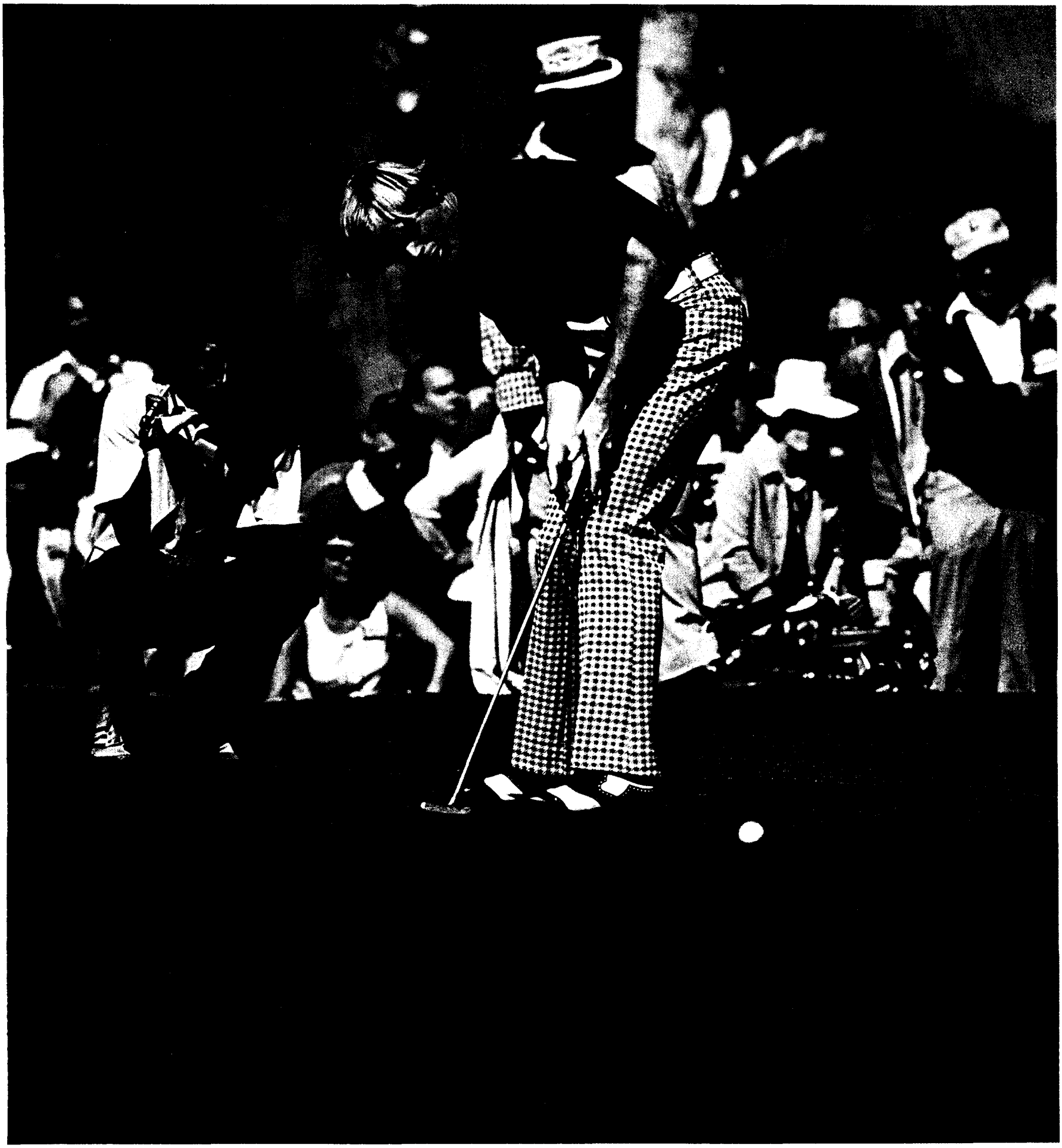

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WHERE IS THE WORLD'S SINGING-EST COWBOY?

From the streets of Laredo to the OK Corral, the Big Roundup is on!

By Pierre Cossette

Editor's Note: *The author is a top TV producer ("Stand Up and Cheer" and "Grammy Awards") and discoverer of talent (such as Ann-Margret among others) and knows whereof he speaks. For more about Pierre Cossette, see "Keeping Posted," page 144 of this issue. But here he tells just how it is to dream up a show, to finance it, to labor at making the dream a reality . . . and then to wait.*

"Here comes Harold the ostrich," said a group of other ostriches. "He's such a bore with all that talk about the feather market. Let's hide and fool him." So they stuck their heads in the sand. When Harold got to where they were, he looked around in astonishment. "I wonder where all the fellers went?" he asked.

—Fragment from an ancient but still revered Patagonian folk-tale.

"Whatever happened to show business?"

Wherever it is, I've been thinking that you can't find much of it on TV. The new heroes are complicated fellows like Peter Falk, Telly Savalas, and William Conrad. They follow a pattern, each in his own way. But it's complicated. You have to play along, be part of the game, or you get lost. I'm not saying it hasn't got a place. But it's not . . . well . . . restful.

The newest trend in TV may be more hopeful to those of us who still prefer show people to computers. "The Waltons" caught on when they said it couldn't even survive. The series gave us something simple, something in which the viewer is emotionally involved, but he knows where he's at, where the show's at, all the time. Because it has the flavor of true life as it is, as we know it every day.

It is possible—just possible—it seemed to me, that simpler, happier times are catching the public's imagination, as we approach the 200th anniversary of the United States, and look back over our years. Times when the good guys were the good guys, and you didn't have to thread your way through patterns of confusion and concealment to get at what the show was all about. Doug Fairbanks played it that way in the silent movies. In our time, you could always count on Gary Cooper to come through. And Roy Rogers, and Gene Autry and. . . .

I began to wonder if now isn't the time for a comeback of that enduring folk hero, the singing cowboy? He's got it all—straight hero: simple, manly virtues; the poetry of the open range in his soul; and if we're lucky, a voice to match.

I talked to my friend Wes Farrell about this hunch. He's a very successful music publisher and composer. I knew that he too felt trapped in a pattern, clobbered by the computers, and would like to strike a blow with me to bring show biz back to show people.

We went over the ground . . . and when we came to Roy Rogers, we both had the same thought at the same time.

"Why not bring back the singing cowboy?"

It was so ridiculous, it was stupendous.

After all, we reasoned, weren't all those groups filling concert halls and auditoriums really Singing Cowboys at heart? They call it folk rock, but what they are playing is a kind of folk song. Guys dressed in leather and whiskers, leaders in flashy glitter and embroidery. Elvis Presley is still hot, and who's more of a cowboy? He started kids the world over wearing Levi's—and they still do. Wasn't this the same look that Gene Autry had with the Sons of the Pioneers, and Roy Rogers with the Riders of the Purple Sage?

The difference was mainly in the lyrics—not just content, but simple intelligibility. When Gene or Roy sang, you got the words the first time around. Nowadays it's all just sound, and you have to buy the record if you want to decipher the lyric (which is one reason the "Hit Parade" isn't around anymore).

However, there's been a quiet but dramatic turn in the industry, headed by artists like the Carpenters, Roberta Flack, Al Green, Charlie Rich, Paul Williams, Mac Davis, Tom T. Hall, John Denver, and several others; and the more we discussed it, the more sure we became of our move.

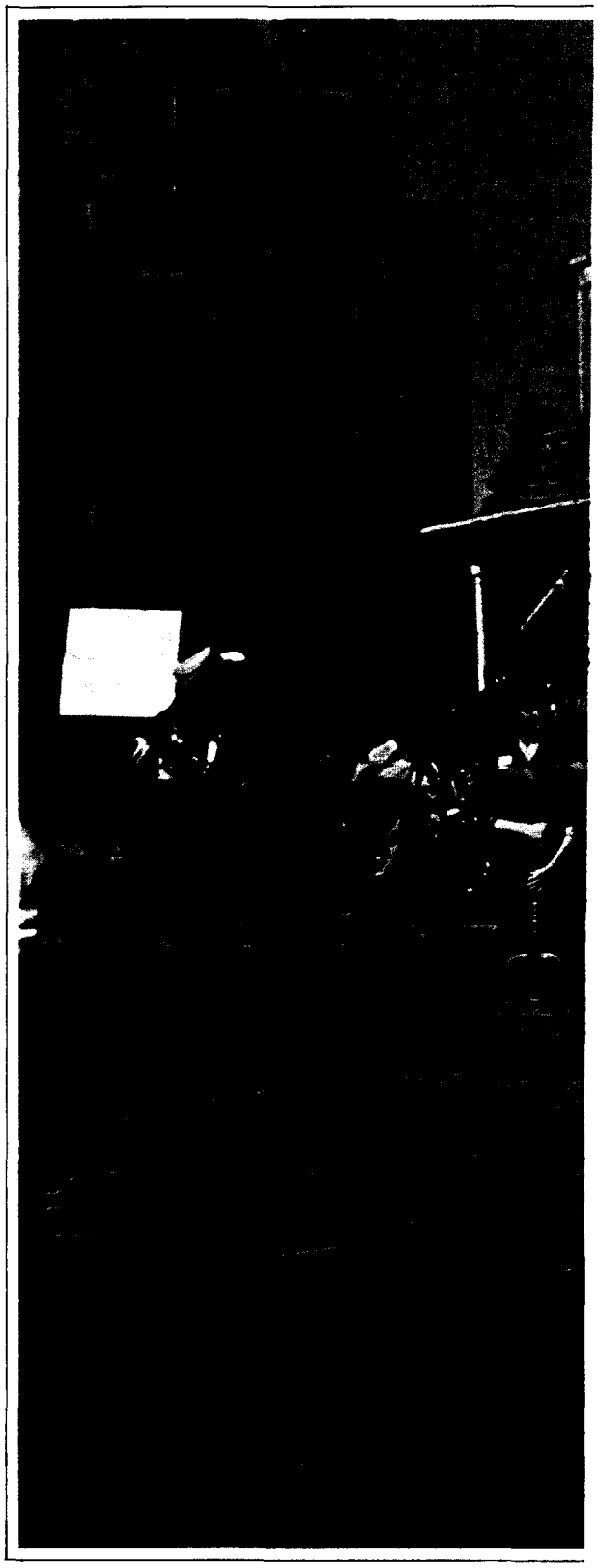
Hal and I each agreed to put up $50,000 to start our game of setting show business on its ear, and shook hands on it.

Our game was complicated, theatrically daring, and extremely risky.

Our first step was to set a date and a place for an audition. We chose NBC's Burbank, California studios, on the theory that it would add credibility to what might otherwise seem an improbable spoof. It would mean more to our prospective cowboys to report to a network sound stage than to an obscure rehearsal hall on a Hollywood side street, even though it meant a sizable outlay of funds for not only the space but a union studio crew.

(Similarly, we booked five of the finest studio musicians on the West Coast—Hal Blaine on drums, Larry Carlton and Dean Parks on guitar, bassist Max Bennett and pianist Michael Omartian—to accompany the applicants, since we wanted all the singers to have a fair chance.)

Then came the advertising. There were ads in major newspapers in every state of the Union; full-page ads in the show-business trade papers like *Variety, Daily Variety* and the *Hollywood Reporter*; full-page ads in the Los Angeles *Times,* and in the Southern California edition of *TV Guide*; a major radio campaign; and a team of five sky-typing planes, spreading the word in puffs of white smoke above 500 square miles of Southern California desert and coastland.



Photography by George Bayz

We'd spent our $100,000 and hadn't even seen the first cowboy.

We got letters. Letters scrawled in pencil on ruled paper. Letters typed crisply on bond stationery. Letters enclosing pictures, sheet music of original compositions, drawings, tape recordings. We got phone calls—nearly seventy a day, at one point—but we knew people sometimes answer ads on impulse, and then have second thoughts. We figured there might be a hundred or so at the studio on the day appointed, but we really had no idea how many people, if any, would show up.

We hired the public-relations firm of Jim Mahoney & Associates (whose clients include Frank Sinatra, Neil Diamond and Bob Dylan) to pub-

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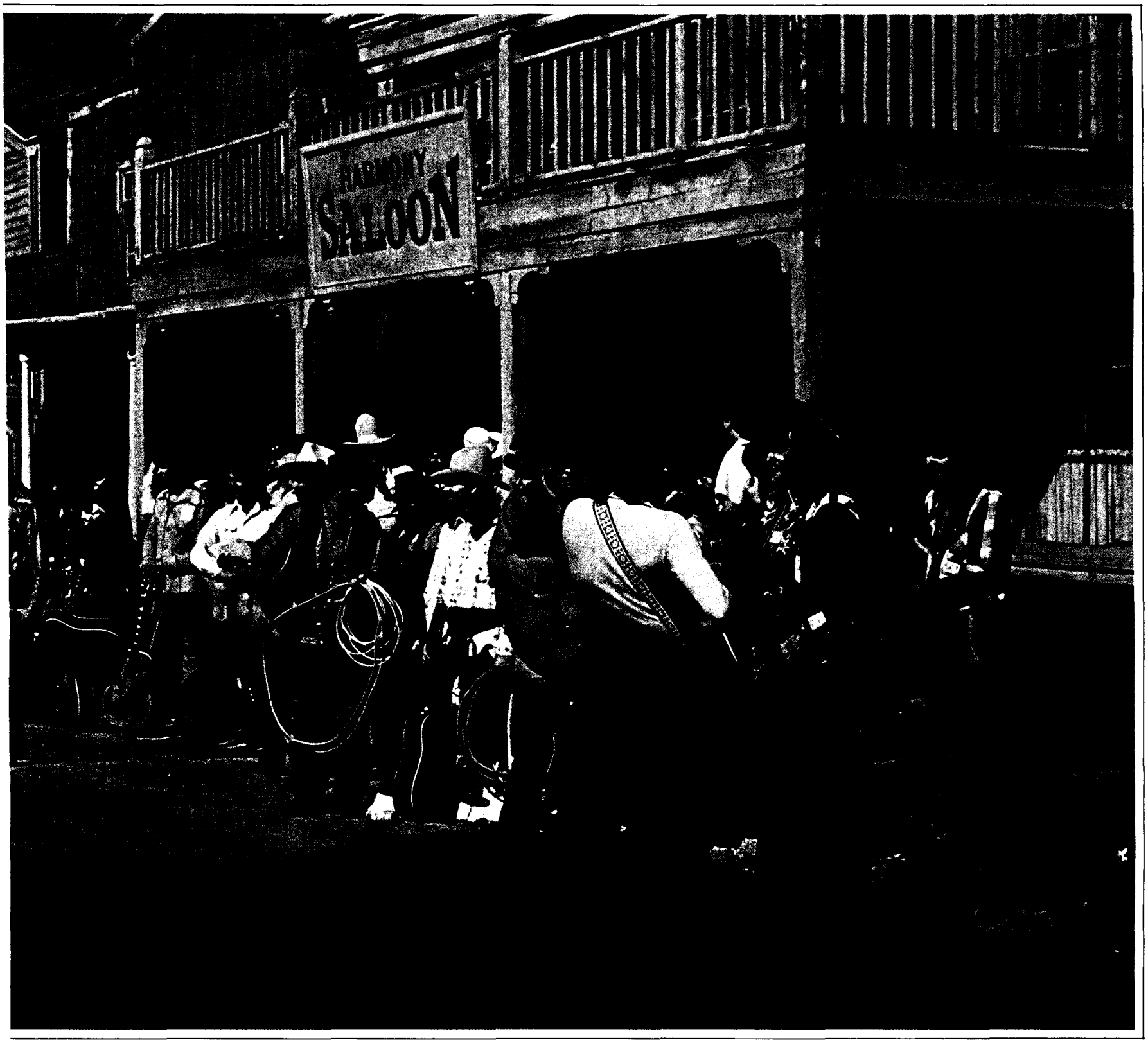

There were young men, old men, fat men, thin men, short men, tall men, white men, black men, shy ones, brash ones, good ones, dull ones, and embarrassing ones.

licize the auditions and, mindful of their reputations, we wondered if there wouldn't be more press than cowboys.

"If there are more than, say, 200 [applicants]," warned the press release they prepared for distribution at the audition, "further auditions will have to be scheduled."

Our guess was 250, our hope was 500—but what happened was incredible.

Wes and I showed up with our staffs at 8:30 for a 10 o'clock start. We were heartened to find some sixty applicants outside the gate a half hour later, when we went out to check signs and review procedures. We were awed when we opened the doors at 10, and found a line of several hundred.

We were stupefied to discover by noon that there were more than 1,500 aspirants outside, a line stretching around nearly three sides of the huge studio complex in a broiling October sun—tuning guitars and banjos, "woodshedding" harmony, plucking homemade washtub bass fiddles, twirling ropes, practicing fast draws, reading newspapers, posing and talking for reporters and TV news cameramen.

The demographics, as the TV experts put it, were perfect: we had kids auditioning from every state in the Union and Canada.

Show-business auditions, to a layman, sometimes seem mercilessly brief; but you can tell in a few seconds whether a performer has talent. Wes quoted a line from the late Ethel Barrymore: "In one minute you'll *know* they have talent—or you'll think your watch has stopped." But our cowboys had come by plane, car, bus, train and hitchhike—one was barred from the airlines when he insisted on keeping his 45-calibre "peacemakers" strapped to his legs—and we owed them a fair hearing.

Each was introduced by a stage manager, and photographed with a scene slate bearing his name and number for later identification. He had exactly two minutes to sing.

There were young men, old men, fat men, thin men, short men, tall men, white men, black men, shy ones, brash ones, good ones, dull ones and embarrassing ones.

There was a delightful old fellow who had tried out at Republic Pictures thirty-five years ago and lost out to another dude called Gene

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WHEELS WILL DO NICELY

...le schoolboys and grandparents are taking to motorcycles to get here and ... Kenny Roberts, motorcycle champion, is a quiet lad who sets the pace...

By Bob Shafer

...*director of the ... Club ... of a ... rama-*

... incident that happened at Kenny Rob- ... new home in an exclusive neighborhood of ...side, California, is indicative of the kind of ...ssion Roberts is likely to make on the casu- ...erver. Kenny's wife, Pat, was in the hospital ...e time in the process of producing a new ...y heir.

...d been up all night while the baby was be- ...orn last July," Roberts recalls. "I'd just fall- ...eep and I wake up to hear this banging at ...oor. I get up and stumble out to open it and ...was this lady just starting to get back into ...r. She sees me and she trots back up to the ... Turns out she's the Welcome Wagon lady ...e neighborhood. She sizes me up and she ...Is your mother home?'

... tell her my mother doesn't live here, that ...just ... 'Your wife?' she ex- ...s. 'How old are you?' I tell her I'm twenty- ...nd I don't think she believes me yet. It was ..., though.'"

... who is Kenny Roberts, the twenty-one- ...ld father who looks more like your friend- ...neighborhood paper carrier? Just Ameri- ...reigning national motorcycle champion, ... all.

...berts is about as close as anyone could ... to being the perfect antithesis of the gener- ...lic's conception of the motorcycle rider as ...kempt fellow in a black leather jacket, ...ng cheap wine and beating up anyone who ...s the path to his desires of the moment.

...e price of homes in the Woodside section ... Kenny's is located starts at $100,000. ...y owns three airplanes. He uses them to get ... race to race and also to fulfill numerous ...ing engagements and clinics, for which he is ...nstant demand. Kenny is making upwards of ...,000 a year as the star of Yamaha's "facto- ...acing team. He is provided with separate, ... tuned cycles for dirt, pavement and road ...

...n Murray, the widely syndicated columnist ... *Los Angeles Times*, had made an appoint- ... to interview Roberts. When the champion ... and a vest. He could ... mean, like to wear ... buses of the United ... National champi- onship of the American Motorcycle Association, the top laurel in cycle racing in this nation, Roberts demonstrated a consistency of performance uncommon since the competitive days of the legendary Joe Petrali of the late 20's and early 30's or the Joe Leonard of the 50's or the Carroll Resweber of the 60's.

Roberts won three feature events, one on a quarter-mile dirt tract, one on a half-mile and one on a mile. No other rider on the circuit displayed such versatility. Kenny also had six second-place finishes, four thirds, two fourths and a fifth.

Spectacular though it was, Roberts's success was not surprising, even though some of the riders against whom he was competing were often nearly twice his age. Ever since he appeared on the lowest level of professional cycle racing, people have been predicting great deeds for him. He gave an indication of his potential when he captured first the Novice and then the Junior championship.

In only his second year of competition as an Expert—highest level in the AMA scheme of things—Roberts finished nineteen of twenty-four races on the grueling 1973 schedule and was never worse than tenth. What is the secret behind this kind of performance?

Roberts seems to have developed a knack for perfect control of his bike. There is a thing known to motorcycle racers, and to auto racers as well, as the "ragged edge." It is a mythical and mystical border of a hair's breadth that divides distinction and disaster. Roberts stretches to the outer perimeter of that imaginary edge all the time; sometimes, perhaps, he even flirts with the other side of it. But the casual observer would find that hard to discern, so adept is Roberts at bringing the cycle out of near-catastrophe without ever appearing to be in trouble.

Another key to Roberts's success is that he really works at it. He takes his preparation and competition on America's smokepaths seriously at all times. Maybe the reason he can do so is that away from the track Kenny doesn't take

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Kenny Roberts has that clean, freshly scrubbed look and proudly carries the Number 1 of the champion on his crash helmet. He can broadslide a turn with the best.

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ANTS GOT NO RHYTHM

There once was a grasshopper who was hipper than the one in that old fable.

By Thomas A. Yakutis

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

A cartoonist and illustrator with many credits in the animation industry and more recently a member of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the Indiana University Medical Center, where he makes educational films and "minicourses," Thomas Yakutis also occasionally free-lances as a writer. It is probably his animated cartoon work on Aesop's Fables *which suggested the material for the story which follows.*

I'm sure all of your readers remember the story of the grasshopper and the ants, and how the grasshopper danced and played around all summer while the ants worked hard and stored up food for the coming winter. And when it came, the poor grasshopper almost died of cold and hunger until the ants (who had forewarned him) took pity on him and let him stay with them over the winter. I think Aesop wrote it—maybe Ibsen. Anyway, whenever Ms. Grant Ant read the story it burned her up to think that ants could be such pushovers for a sob story from a welfare sponger who did nothing to provide for himself. She resolved that she would not be so fooled. She called a special meeting of the ant council to demand that they pass a resolution in which they would notify all grasshoppers of their intention not to allow any of them to winter over with them. However, none of the rest of the ants would agree.

"It wouldn't be a nice thing to do," they said.

"Nice, nice. Do you call letting yourselves be taken in by every grasshopper, cricket or katydid that happens to have been not smart enough to take care of himself nice? I call it dumb."

Ms. Grant Ant became so angry with the rest of the ants for what she thought was their inability to see how they were going to be conned that she decided to take her share of the food they had all collected for the winter and start her own anthill. An anthill where she would be smart and keep everything for herself.

The other ants tried to argue with her, but she wouldn't listen. She knew she was right.

"So long, and I hope the grasshoppers eat you all out of house and home." And so Ms. Grant Ant left the colony to start her own anthill.

She was a hard worker and a good anthill maker, and it wasn't long before she had her own anthill just the way she liked it, all nice and neat, with enough food stored away to last the winter.

As she stood back to admire her handiwork she heard what was at first a faint rumbling that soon grew into a ground-trembling roar—and there where her nice, new, well-stocked anthill had been, the earth burst open and a mole stuck his head out.

"Hi," it said. "Is this the way to Engelmeyer's Organic Vegetable Garden?"

"No," said Ms. Grant Ant, "It isn't." And she wiped a tear away from her eye.

"Could have sworn it was. Must have gone through a small anthill or something. Shore tasted good."

"I daresay," and she wiped a tear from the other eye.

"Well, thanks anyway. By the way, what are you doing standing around? Feels like snow a-coming. You should be in your anthill nice and cozy. Well, so long."

Snow a-coming. Ms. Grant looked up to the sky, and *plop*, a great big snowflake (don't forget ants are quite small) hit her right in the face.

She stood there in the cold with snow on her face, looking at the ruin of her anthill, hungry, with more snowflakes now starting to swirl down around her, and she began to sob. She tried not to (ants are brave, you know) but couldn't stop. She curled up under a fallen leaf to try to keep warm, and she cried and cried and cried, and the snow fell, and it got dark.

"Whatcha doing under there crying?" a voice asked. "Why don't you get out of the cold?"

Ms. Grant stopped crying and peered out from under the leaf. Before her stood a grasshopper, an odd-looking grasshopper. He had on a white tuxedo all covered with sequins and spangles, and in one hand he had a suitcase with stickers stuck all over it (Las Vegas, Hollywood, Grossinger's, Palm Beach) and in the other hand he held a microphone with a couple of feet of cord dragging along behind—a show biz grasshopper.

"It's cold out here, ma'am. Why don't you go home where it's warm?" he said.

"I can't. I don't have a home," and she started to sob again.

"No home? You're an ant, ain't ya? All ants got homes, nice warm homes. Nice warm homes full of food where us grasshoppers can sing and dance and winter over."

"Well, I don't. Mine's gone, devoured, dug up," and she started to sob again.

"Gee, kid. I'm on my way to that ant colony over there (they booked me for the season; I'm playing the lounge), and I can't just leave you out here to freeze. Why don't you come along with me? I'll tell them you're my arranger or something. They'll take us both in."

"Oh, no. No, I couldn't do that. That's the colony I left to start my own. We had words. They'd never let me back in!"

"Sure, they will; you're with me. Everything's going to be okay."

"Gee, you think so? I sure am cold."

"Stick with me, kid. Us grasshoppers earn our way. Some think we're spongers, wastrels, but that's not true. It is true that we don't work and slave away all summer like you ants do, but come

Continued on page 103

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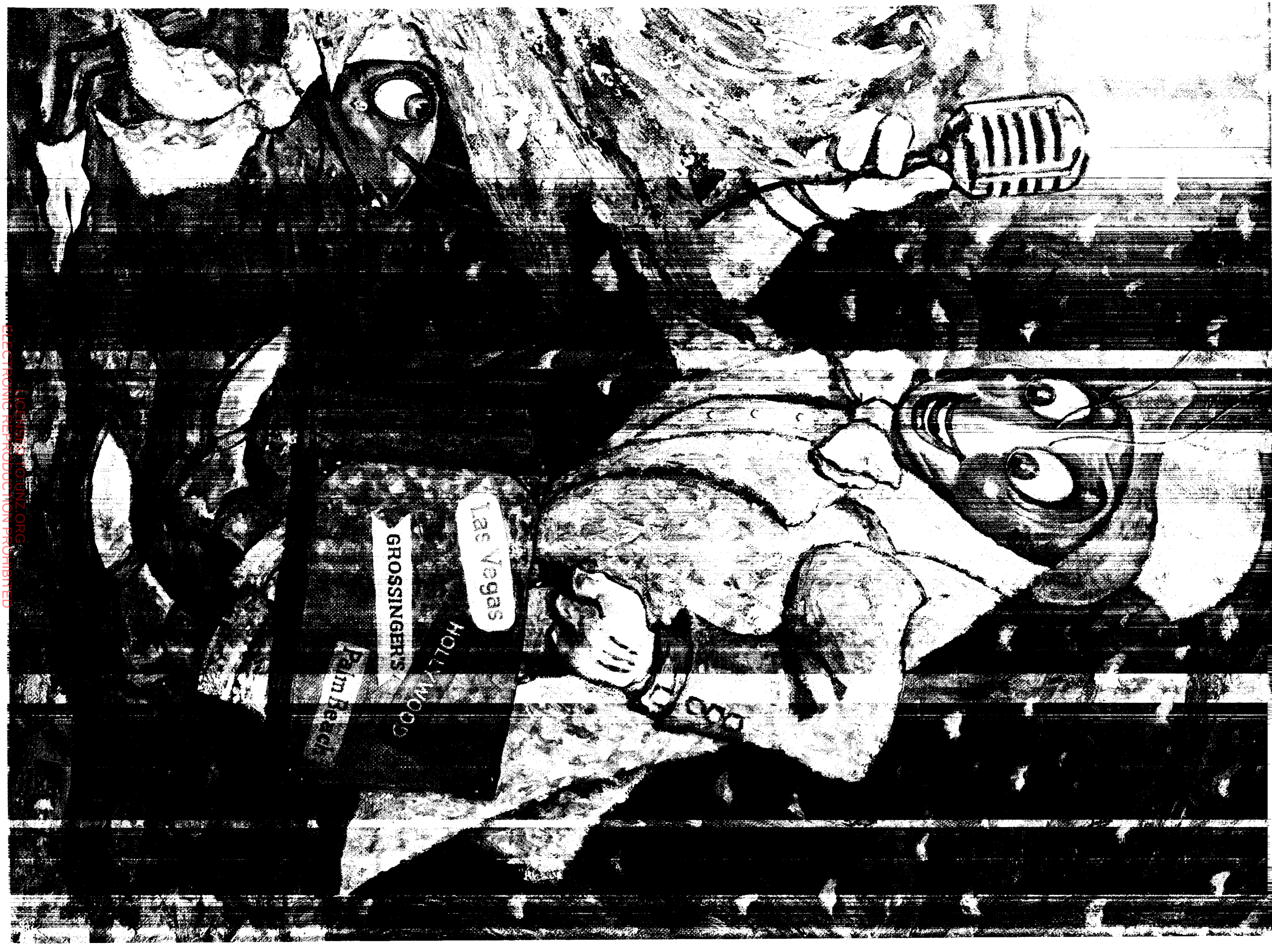

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Art that Pays

Little Spooners

Girl at the Mirror

The Defeated Candidate

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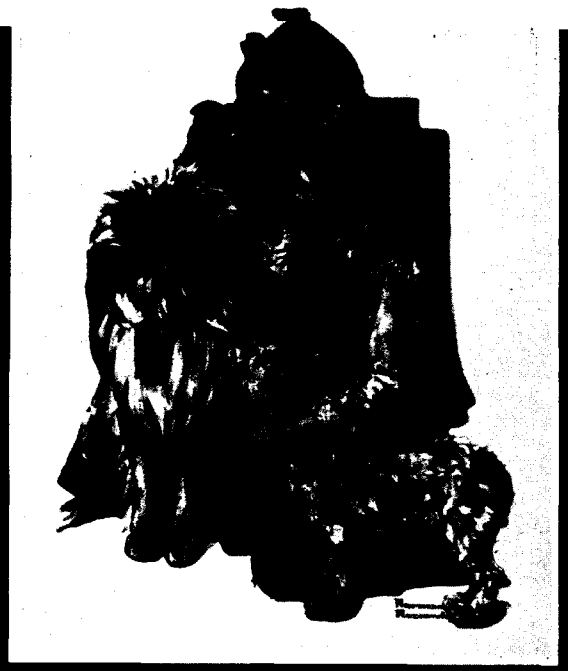

What is a Rockwell? A Rockwell is a great American artist named Norman who just celebrated his 80th birthday. A Rockwell is a fine painting that transforms a drab wall into a stunning art gallery. A Rockwell is any one of 317 Saturday Evening Post *covers spanning a period of more than fifty years. A Rockwell is a treasure—to own, to live with, to enjoy, to share.*

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These reproductions in full color on genuine artist's canvas measuring 11" x 14" are $5.98 each. They may also be purchased individually custom-framed in your choice of maple or walnut finish for $15.98 each. To order, use the order form attached, or turn to page 129 and use the tear-out order form inserted there for your convenience.

THE TRADING POST
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Please send me the following 11" x 14" Rockwell reproductions. I have specified framed or unframed, and if framed walnut or maple finish.

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Title	Framed or Unframed	Finish	Price
Girl at the Mirror			
The Defeated Candidate			
Sharp Harmony			
The Little Spooners			
Summit Meeting			
Friends in Need			

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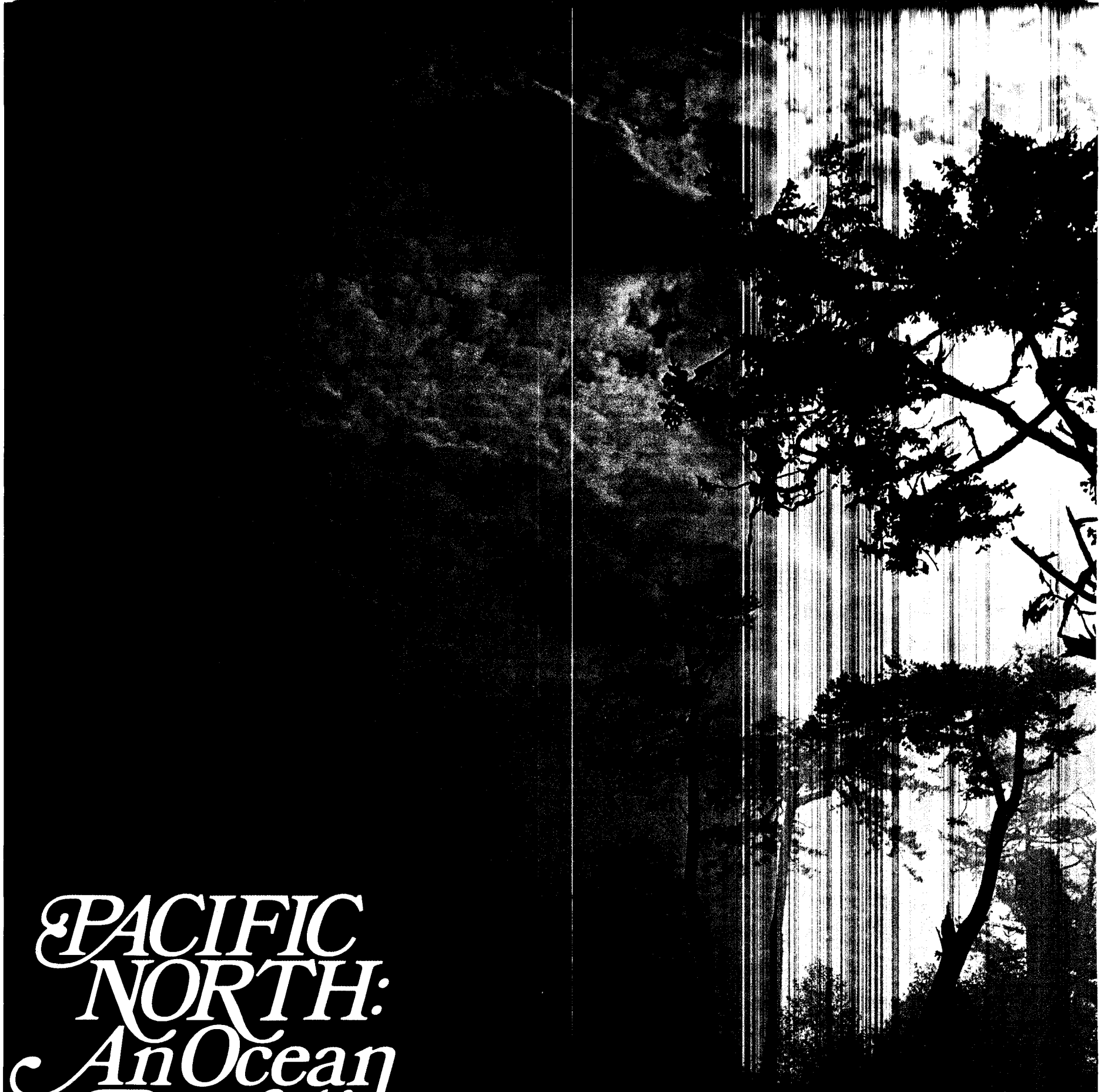

PACIFIC NORTH: An Ocean Portfolio

Photography by Ray Atkeson with mood verse by Robinson Jeffers

The magnificent coastline of the Pacific Ocean in Northern California and Oregon—a dramatic conflict of vast combers locked in an eternal struggle against a shoreline destined by immutable natural law to lose and retreat—is here the subject of two superb artists. One, poet of the camera; the other, poet of words.

Photographer Ray Atkeson came to the place of his greatest love from Illinois via Kansas City. Once a transient field worker, when he reached Oregon, he was there to stay. In 1929 he took up photography, and since then a steady stream of magnificent picture books of the Northwest have come from his camera, and practically every magazine published—including the *Post* in its "Face of America" series—has featured his work. He lives now in Portland, close to the scenery he portrays so feelingly.

Robinson Jeffers, one of the most exciting voices of the twentieth century, is the author of over a dozen famous volumes of poetry. He became world famous for his lyric reflections of the Pacific coastal scenery he so loved. His work contained much power and originality; in one short poem he builds a home on the shore cliffs and places a special couch by a window overlooking the combers of the Pacific. The bed has a special role. It is for his last moment. In such a spot . . .

. . . We are safe to finish what we have to finish.
And then it will sound rather like music
When the patient daemon behind the screen of sea-rock and sky
Thumps with his staff, and calls thrice:
"Come Jeffers."

In 1962, the summons came to Robinson Jeffers.

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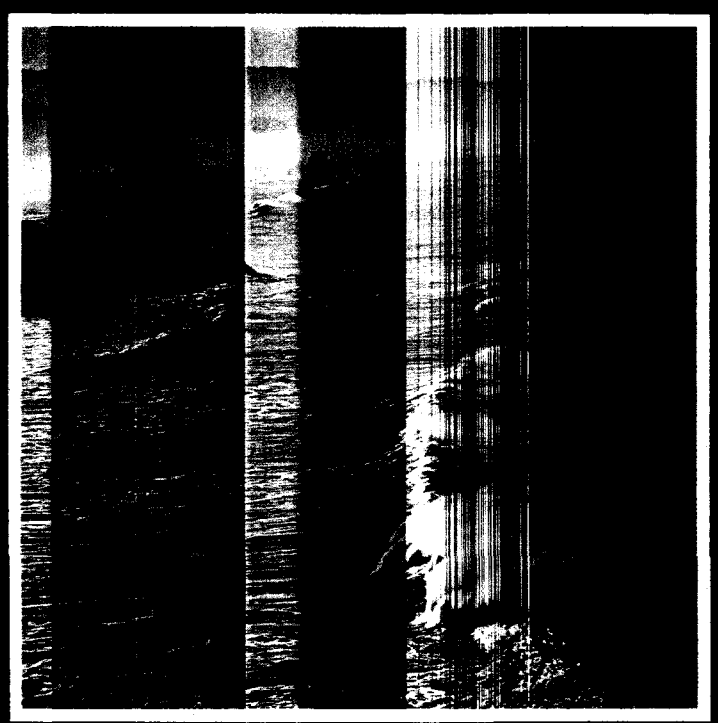

Hooded Night

At night, toward dawn, all the lights of the shore
have died.
And the wind moves. Moves in the dark.
The sleeping power of the ocean, no more
beastlike than manlike,
Not to be compared: itself and itself.
Its breath blown shoreward huddles the world
with a fog: no stars
Dance in heaven: no ship's light glances.
I see the heavy granite bodies of the rocks of the
headland,
That were ancient here before Egypt had
pyramids.
Bulk on the gray of the sky, and beyond them
the jets of young trees
I planted the year of the Versailles peace.
But here is the final unridiculous peace. Before
the first man
Here were the stones, the ocean, the cypresses.
And the pallid region in the stone-rough dome of
fog where the moon
Falls on the west. Here is reality.
The other is a spectral episode: after the
inquisitive animal's
Amusements are quiet: the dark glory.

Night

The tide, moving the night's
Vastness with lonely voices,
Turns, the deep dark-shining
Pacific leans on the land,
Feeling his cold strength
To the outmost margins:
you Night will resume
The stars in your time.

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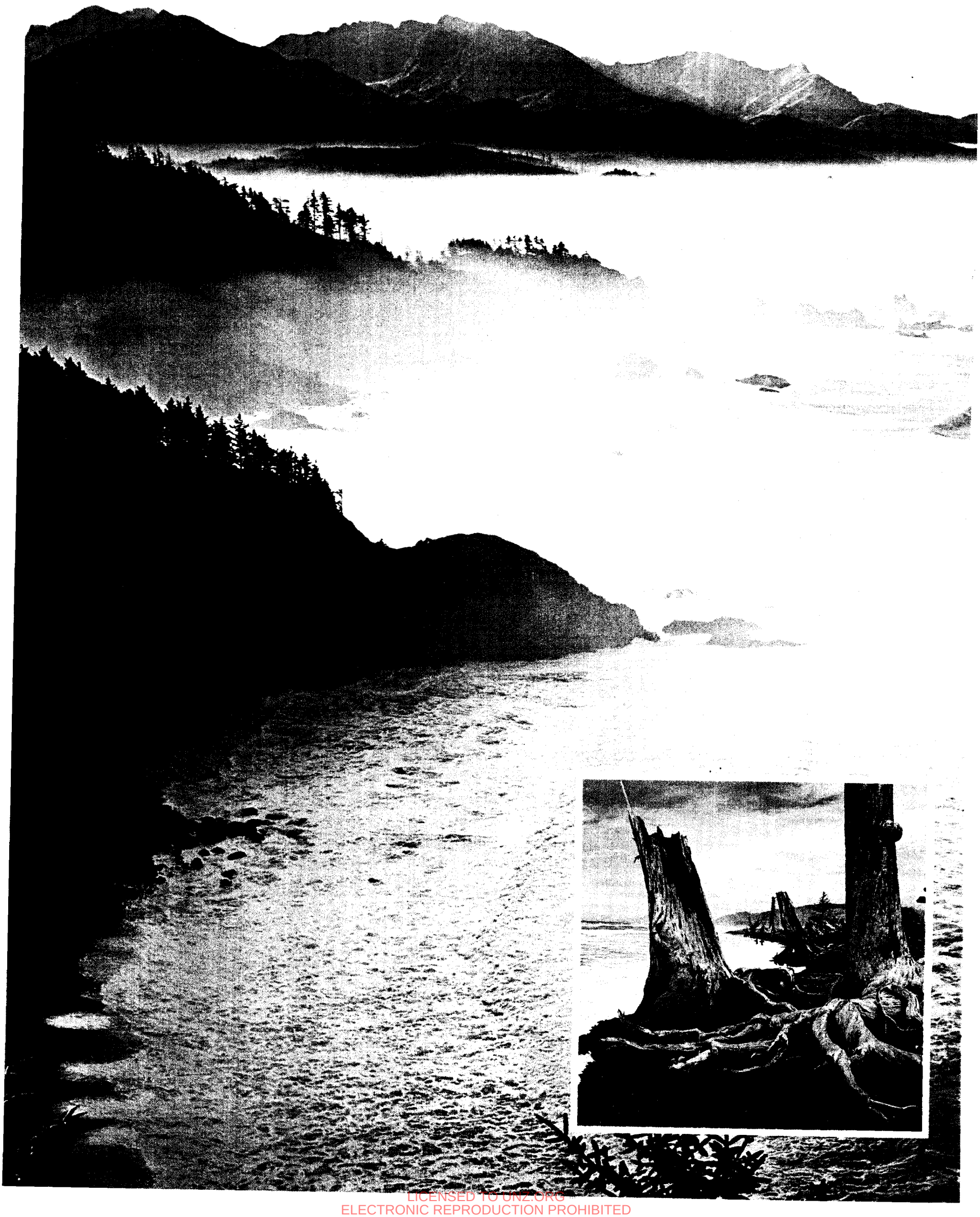

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The Cycle

The clapping blackness of the wings of pointed
cormorants, the great indolent planes
Of autumn pelicans nine or a dozen strung
shorelong,
But chiefly the gulls, the cloud-calligraphers of
windy spirals before a storm,
Cruise north and south over the sea-rocks and
over
That bluish enormous opal; very lately these
alone, these and the clouds
And westering lights of heaven, crossed it; but
then
A hull with standing canvas crept about Point
Lobos . . . now all day long the steamers
Smudge the opal's rim; often a seaplane troubles
The sea-wind with its throbbing heart. These will
increase, the others diminish; and later
These will diminish; our Pacific has pastured
The Mediterranean torch and passed it west
across the fountains of the morning;
And the following desolation that feeds on Crete
Feed here; the clapping blackness of the wings of
pointed cormorants, the great sails
Of autumn pelicans, the gray sea-going gulls,
Alone will streak the enormous opal, the earth
have peace like the broad water, our blood's
Unrest have doubled to Asia and be peopling
Europe again, or dropping colonies at the
morning star: what moody traveler
Wanders back here, watches the sea-fowl circle
The old sea-granite and cemented granite with
one regard, and greets my ghost,
One temper with the granite, bulking about here?

Evening Ebb

The ocean has not been so quiet for a long while;
five night-herons
Fly shorelong voiceless in the hush of the air
Over the calm of an ebb that almost mirrors their
wings.
The sun has gone down, and the water has gone
down
From the weed-clad rock, but the distant
cloud-wall rises. The ebb whispers.
Great cloud-shadows float in the opal water.
Through rifts in the screen of the world pale gold
gleams, and the evening
Star suddenly glides like a flying torch,
As if we had not been meant to see her;
rehearsing behind
The screen of the world for another audience.

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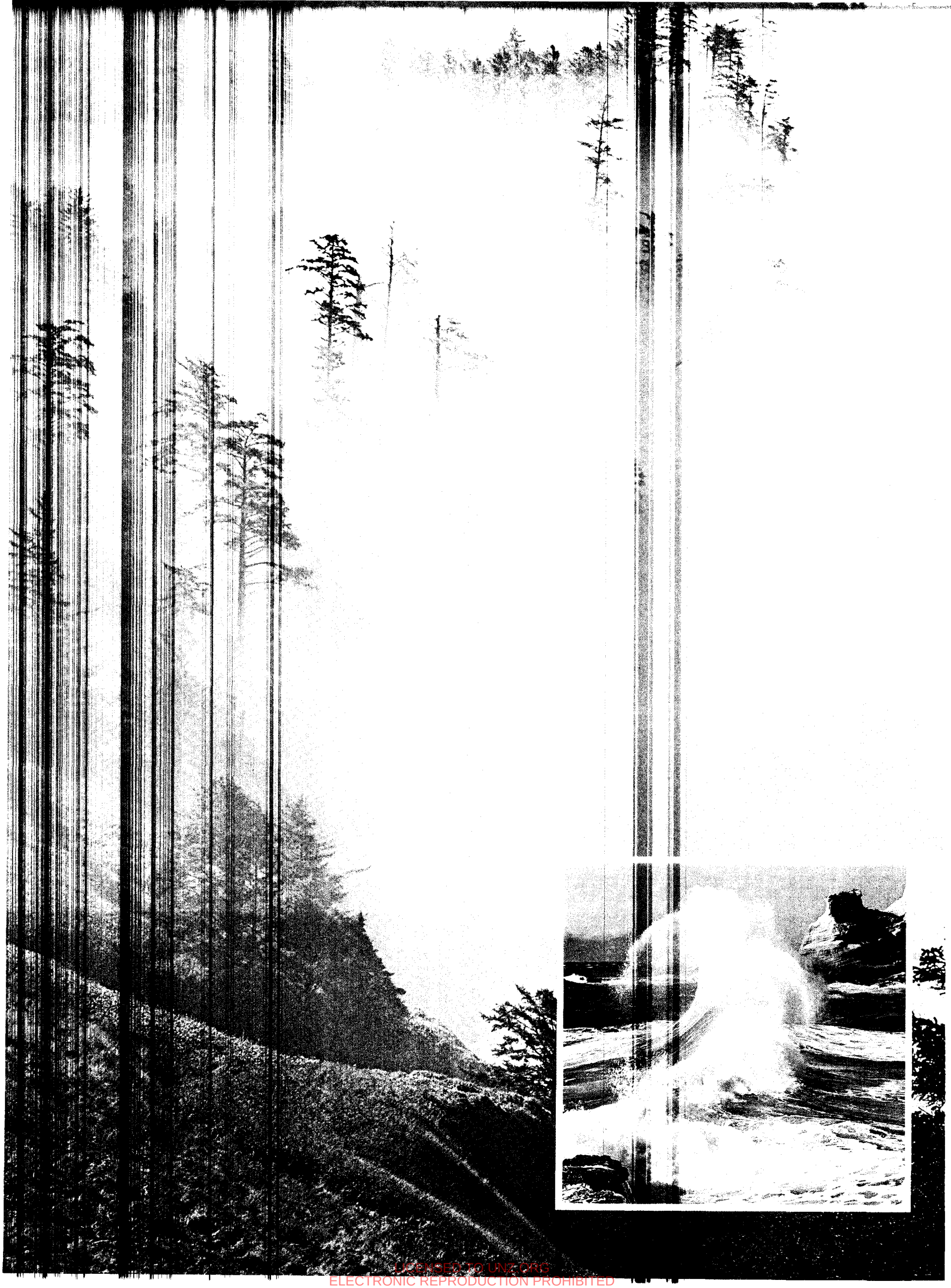

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Gray Weather

It is true that, older than man and ages to outlast
him, the Pacific surf
Still cheerfully pounds the worn granite drum;
But there's no storm; and the birds are still, no
song; no kind of excess;
Nothing that shines, nothing is dark;
There is neither joy nor grief nor a person, the
sun's tooth sheathed in cloud,
And life has no more desires than a stone.
The stormy conditions of time and change are all
abrogated, the essential
Violences of survival, pleasure,
Love, wrath and pain, and the curious desire of
knowing, all perfectly suspended.
In the cloudy light, in the timeless quietness,
One explores deeper than the nerves or heart of
nature, the womb or soul,
To the bone, the careless white bone, the
excellence.

Margrave

For often I have heard the hard rocks I handled
Groan, because lichen and time and water
dissolve them,
And they have to travel down the strange falling
scale
Of soil and plants and the flesh of beasts to
become
The bodies of men; they murmur at their fate
In the hollows of windless nights, they'd rather
be anything
Than human flesh played on by pain and joy,
They pray for annihilation sooner, but
annihilation's
Not in the book yet.

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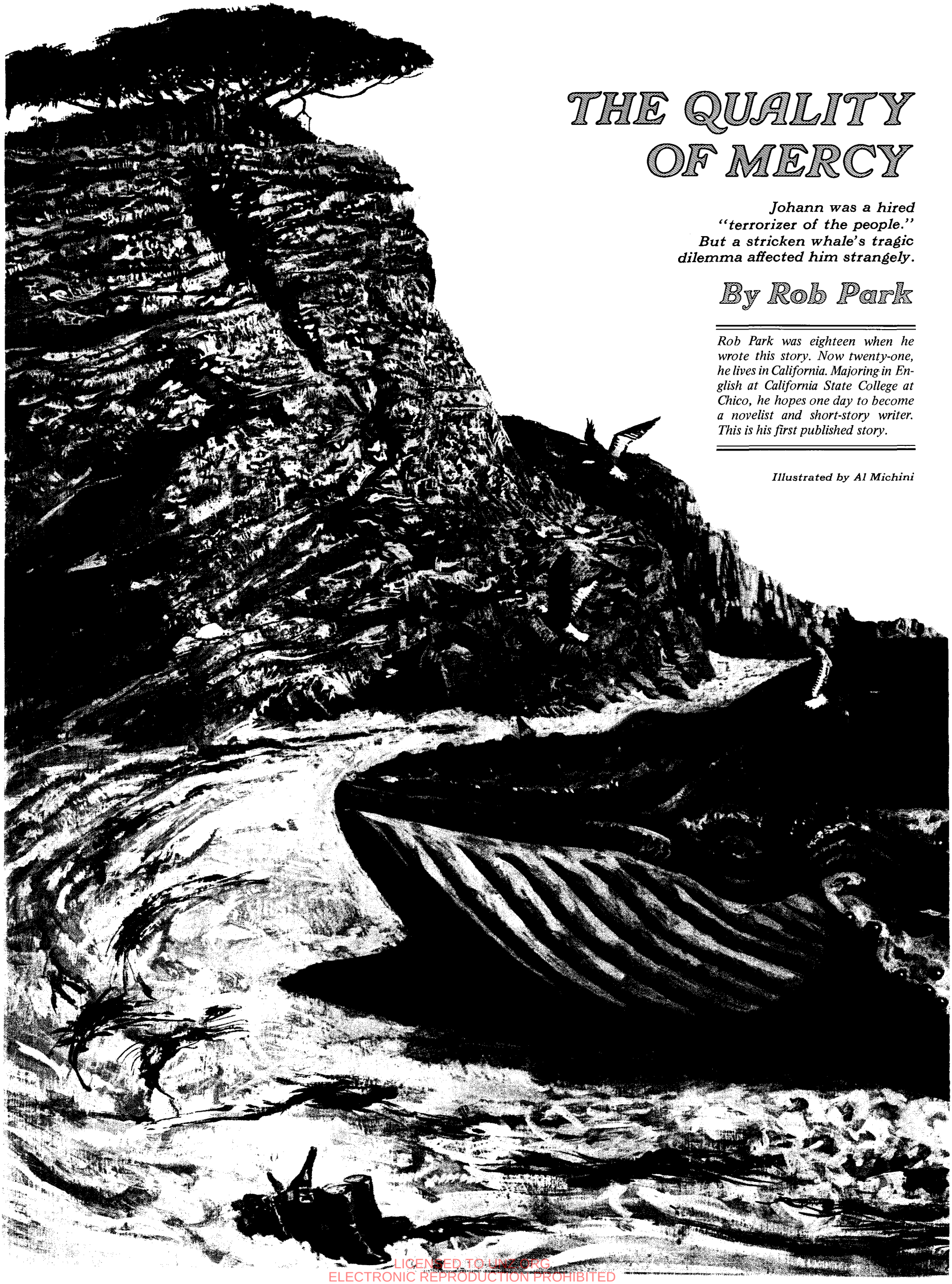

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

Johann was a hired "terrorizer of the people." But a stricken whale's tragic dilemma affected him strangely.

By Rob Park

Rob Park was eighteen when he wrote this story. Now twenty-one, he lives in California. Majoring in English at California State College at Chico, he hopes one day to become a novelist and short-story writer. This is his first published story.

Illustrated by Al Michini

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Stopping halfway down the side to review the ocean, Johann spotted the stranded whale. He readjusted his holster, dug his boot a little deeper into the loose rock, and took another long look. The sight filled him with a great emptiness. Such a large animal lying on the beach with the waves slowly receding from it. And he especially didn't want to see death on a day like this. Yet the whale would be in his vision for the whole time if he went down to the beach.

He silently debated whether he should go down, and then decided to go down regardless. He hoped that he might find a spot farther down the beach where the whale would not be in his vision. So he edged the rest of the way down the cliff, always suspiciously aware of his surroundings.

The first thing Johann did upon reaching the sand was to take off his boots, and then walk to the water to allow the waves to lap up against his feet. He looked all around out toward the sea, and once again his eyes fell upon the whale.

"What a tragedy," he murmured. "Such a huge animal."

He couldn't help walking the short distance down the beach to make a closer inspection of the behemoth. Yet getting closer he felt his heart jump with the thrill of great discovery. It was alive.

Johann was a bit put off by his own excitement as he trotted the few remaining yards to the whale. He felt very juvenile, but this self-analysis was cut short by the prospect of what he should do. The desire to save it swelled in his mind, but how does one save a thirty-foot animal that weighs tons? Johann quickly searched his mind for the necessary answer, but no tenable one presented itself. To go back to the village for a boat would mean at least three hours in the sun for the whale. Certain death would come about with such a delay, and he probably wouldn't even be able to get a boat big enough to do the job. It seemed that the ocean itself was the only thing capable of saving the whale. Only now it was to be of no help whatsoever, its receding waters sneaking surreptitiously away from the whale like a murderer from his kill.

Johann stepped up to the whale and gingerly, half hesitantly, put his hand on its side. It was much warmer than a sea mammal should be, but not yet deathly hot. Stroking a spot on the whale's side while he thought, Johann found that it was quite smooth, not at all slimy. He placed both his hands on its side and pushed in a far-fetched hope that it might budge. As he expected, he couldn't move it in the slightest.

It was a humpback whale. It had found itself stranded when it came into the shallows to hunt for small fish the night before. The whale had been on the beach, lying parallel to the water, a little over an hour. Watching its natural element move slowly away.

It was dark gray, with huge flippers almost one-third the length of its body, the flippers being a lighter shade of gray. Its skin was thick and the neck had long longitudinal grooves on it. On its back it had a small dorsal fin. Only a little over two feet long, and set far down its back. And surely one of its most distinguishing characteristics was the large number of knobs on its face and flippers. They rather looked like warts.

Johann walked down to the head of the whale, looking all the time for a way to get it off the beach. When he got to the head the creature's terrified stare fell upon him. The eyes themselves were glazed over and looked weak. He felt a strange loneliness that this magnificent creature was going to die of dehydration before his eyes.

"The bucket!" exclaimed Johann suddenly. "What a stroke of luck!"

He quickly trotted back to where he had left his boots and the bucket he had brought along with him. In the bucket he had ice and a bottle of his favorite brand of California wine. Most of the ice hadn't melted yet, so he carefully scraped the few particles clinging to the bottle back into the bucket. While this time elapsed, strong doubts began presenting themselves in Johann's mind. It was only eight in the morning. It would be seven in the evening before the waves would lift the whale back into the ocean. That would mean eleven hours in the sun, working at a difficult task. Few of the locals could stand that much time working in the sun. A white man would surely roast in the same period. But then there was no other way to go about it. For suddenly, more than anything he had wanted for a long time, he wanted this whale to live. And it *was* going to live. *He* was going to give it life.

Johann rushed back to the whale and poured the bucket of half ice, half water, over it. He poured it on the forehead and watched it trickle over the head and eyes. The whale's fins moved slightly and Johann could see a definite improvement. And it was with great resolve that he made the first of many trips down to the ocean.

The first six trips were the best. With each an improvement could be seen. The bucket loads were almost weightless to Johann's arm in lieu of the reward of the whale's response to the [illegible] each soothing bucketful [illegible] the seventh trip [illegible]

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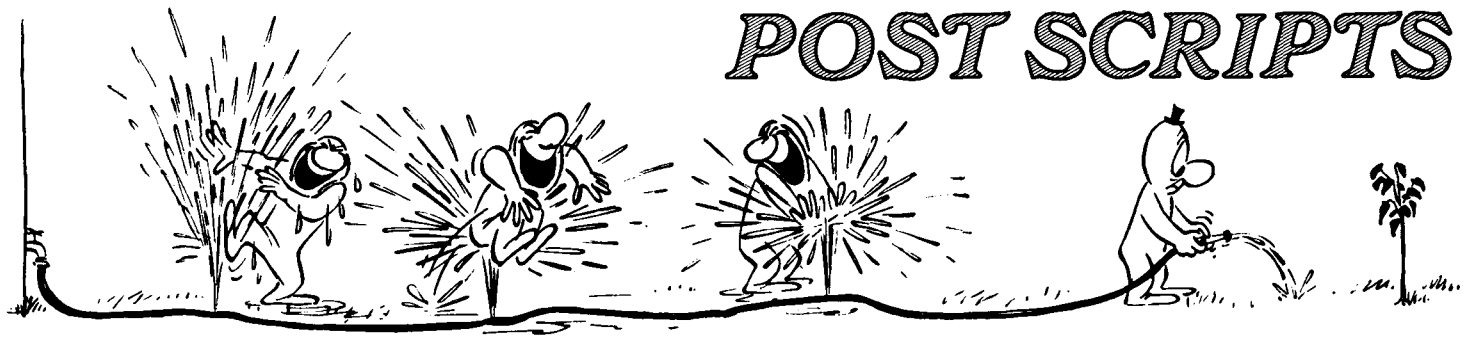


POST SCRIPTS

Sway With Spray

Have a problem? Without delay
Squirt it with the proper spray.
To paint a chair; windproof the hair
Rid dogs of fleas; defrost with ease
Dry nail polish; smells abolish
Whisk away dust; eliminate rust
Destroy the bugs; renew old rugs–
A spray per need, so this our creed
To start the day, we all should say:
"Let us spray!"

–Ruth V. Patterson

Tough Question

Having a "father-and-son" talk with his youngster, the father stated, "The trouble with you, son, is that you are always wishing for things you haven't got."

"But, Dad . . . what else are you supposed to wish for?" questioned the youngster.

–Lucille J. Goodyear

Do You, Too, Sleep On Your Stomach?

A psychiatrist says that people who sleep on their stomachs are insecure. I sleep on my stomach and until now had paid little attention to it. If I thought of it at all, I thought (1) it was a comfortable way to sleep, and (2) it might help keep my stomach down.

But now I find I sleep this way because I am insecure. Now I see why I grab on to my pillow and hold it as though I am a child and it is my mother. Now I realize why, in addition to sleeping on my stomach, I stay near the middle of the bed, never venturing toward the edge. It is eighteen inches to the floor, and I have always had a fear of heights.

I sleep on an ordinary bed, with a mattress and springs. Now, more than ever, I am aware of why I do not sleep on a water bed. It is not just my fear of seasickness, it is my worry lest I be swept off if a sudden storm should come up.

The psychiatrist is right. I am insecure. That is one reason I have never been to a psychiatrist. I would lie on his couch on my stomach, and he would have a hard time hearing me tell about my dreams, some of which are lulus.

Of course maybe the psychiatrist sleeps on his back, being secure, but on the floor, not taking any chances. With the psychiatrist on his back on the floor and me on his couch on my stomach, we might be able to discuss insecurity pretty well, at that.

–Richard Armour

Ain't That A Shame

There was a young man from Peoria
Who said to a girl: "I adoreia,
Your form and your face
Have such beauty and grace–
But my wife just won't let me see moreia."

–A. S. Flaumenhaft

Girl In Curlers

She seems not to have real hair on her head
But masses of black, round rollers instead
That look like neat rows of tall grinning teeth,
Showing just glimpses of scalp underneath;
Since she goes this way all around the town,
One asks, does she ever let her hair down?

–Colleen Stanley Bare

Perpetual Payments

My stack of bills
Has me perplexed and beset,
By the question
Of a life after debt.

–Gail Cooke

Law Abiding

Kitman's Law: Pure drivel tends to drive off the TV screen ordinary drivel.

Sattinger's Law: It works better if you plug it in.

The Law Of The Perversity Of Nature: You cannot successfully determine beforehand which side of the bread to butter.

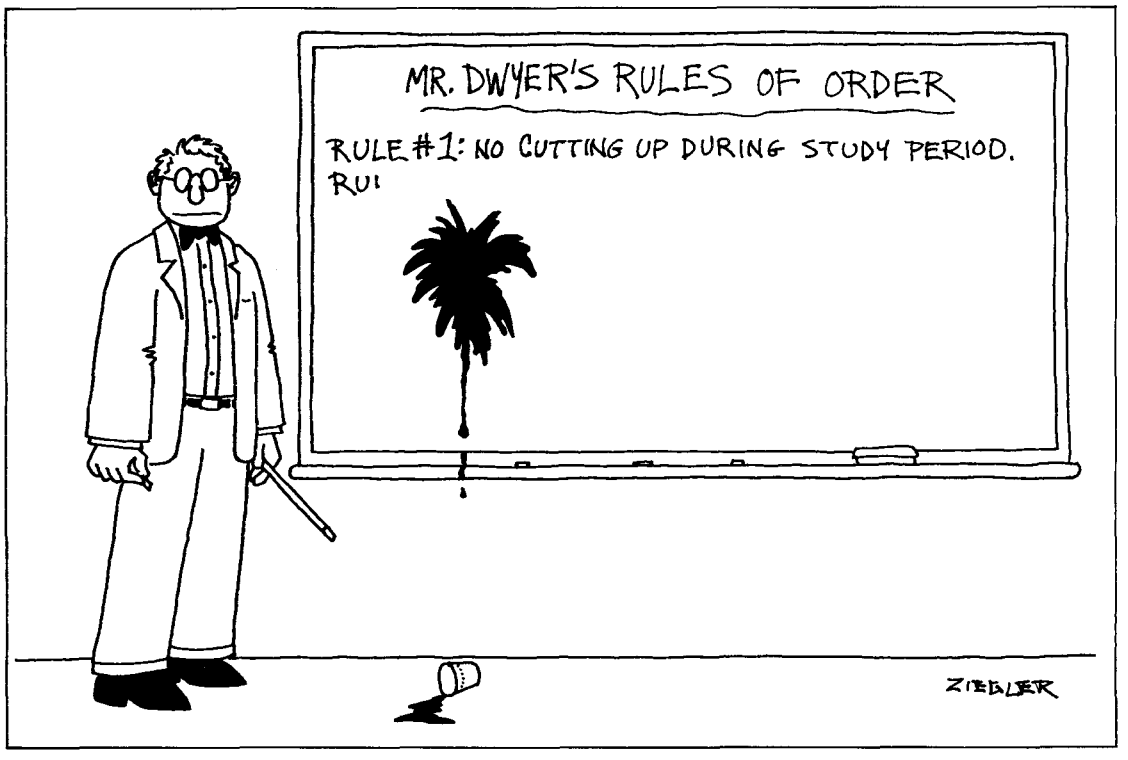
–The Peter Prescription

The Salesman

"I'm here to take three or four pictures,
You're one of the fortunate few
We've selected to use in our studio ads,
The cost, ma'am, is nothing, to you;
We're looking for beautiful features,
We're searching for faces that please,
My connoisseur's eye has never been wrong–
Now, hold it, that's perfect, say cheese."

I wouldn't be standing in photographs
All the way up to my chin,
If I were as clever at finding him out
As he is at finding me in!

–Myra J. Webster



Tax Lament

It seems the most profitable thing raised on city land is taxes.

–George Bergman

Stuck Up

Today, if we "shot an arrow into the air" it would stick.

–George Bergman

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Pasta? Basta!

Grazie cameriere! That means "Thank you, waiter!" in Italian, Simon.

No, old chap. Not that way. Look, let Uncle show you. If little Italian boys can eat spaghetti tidily at the age of six, so can little English ones. Now. Hold your fork in your *right* hand and plunge it vertically into the spaghetti, no, Simon, I said *vert–Cameriere! Dell'acqua calda, per favore, subito!* That's Italian for "Some hot water, please, quickly."

Grazie, cameriere.

There. That ought to dry out. You'd better tuck your napkin down your collar and put mine over your trousers. Now, shall we have another go? Plun–I mean put your fork upright into the spaghetti. Good. Now twirl the fork round so that–no, slowly, Simon, *slowly*, not like an egg whisk. Oh, good grief. *Scusi, Signora. Si. No. No. Si. Cameriere! Dell'acqua per la signora alla* next table *e per me un nuevo* napkin.

Grazie, cameriere.

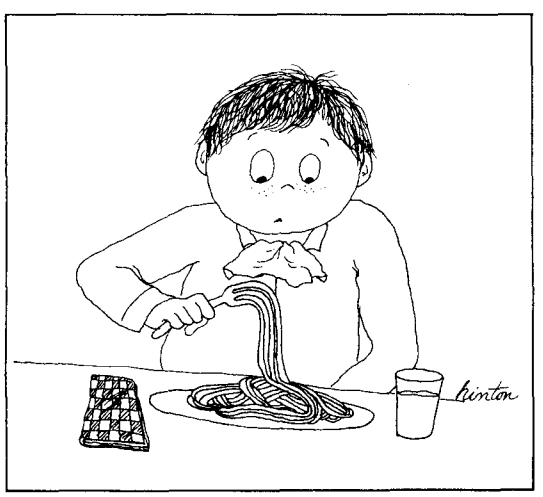
Now don't get discouraged, old chap. Just hang on to your fork. I said hang *on*–oh, Simon. No. Just leave it lying there among the spaghetti. Dammit, Simon, I said *don't* pick it up or you'll get tomato all over your–*CAMERIERE! Un* fingerbowl, *subito.*

Grazie, cameriere.

Now there's nothing to cry about, Simon. It's only a plate of spaghetti and we're going to get it licked, ha, ha, ha.

Better now? Splendid. Just one more go. And please try to listen. Put the fork upright in the spaghetti. Good. Twirl the fork *slowly,* so that you can *collect* the spaghetti *round* it. Very good. Right, you can stop twirling now. Simon, I said STOP twirling, you've collected half a plateful. No, don't *un*twirl or you'll lose the lot, just leave it as it is. Whew.

Now. *Raise* your fork–SLOWLY, Simon–till you've lifted the spaghetti on your *fork* clear of the spaghetti on the *plate.* Go on, lift it. Higher. Higher, Simon. Dammit, if little Italian boys of six can reach, so can little English–all right, stand if you want to. Higher. High–SIMON GET OFF THAT CHAIR OR I'LL BELT THE LIVING–*Cameriere! Ancora dell'acqua calda, per favore, ed un* tablecloth *ed un* bandage *ed un po d'*iodine . . .



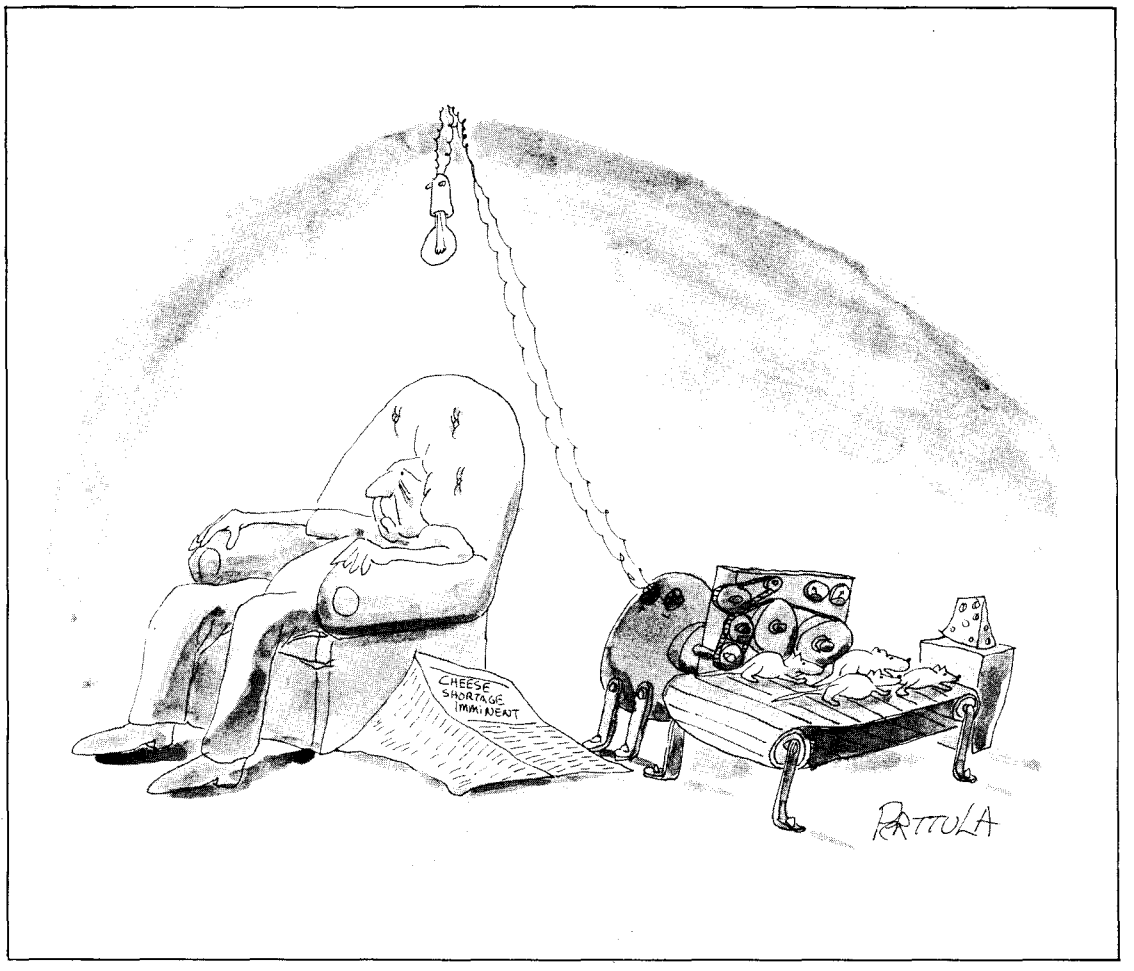
Simon, what the hell are you laughing at? Oh. I see. Well, it may interest you to know that "po" is the Italian for "little."

How about packing it in, old chap, and having something simple like–like soup? Certainly not. In a *plate*. No? One last, final bash at the spaghetti? That's the spirit. Here we go then.

Put your fork upright in what's left on the plate. Good. Twirl slowly. Good. Lift it clear. *Very* good. I say, this is exciting, isn't it? Now put the fork in your mouth and don't bother about the bits hanging out–just suck. Suck, Simon. I beg your pardon? Look, I shouldn't bother to try to speak, old chap, it's almost impossible to under–ah. Well, swallow what's actually *in* your mouth and *then* suck.

Suck, Simon. And again. And again. Six inches. Five inches. Four, three, two, one–BRAVO! You've done it, old chap. Congratulations. Your uncle's proud of you. Like it? Mm. Well, it's bound to be a bit cold and greasy, isn't it, after all the time we took. The thing is to eat is quickly while it's still piping hot but that takes a bit of–Simon, are you all right? Have a drink of water, no don't have a drink of water, try putting your head between your legs. No, Simon, between *your* legs. Grab a napkin. No, not *that* napkin–it's full of–*Cameriere! Subitissimo! Un* basin.

–Paul Dehn



Double Entendre

A coloratura named Luna
Will lose her job soon if not soona;
She got sick on a dish
Of casseroled fish
And now she can't carry the tuna.

There was a young fellow named Hall
Who fell in a spring, clothes and all.
"It's amazing," said he,
"And I don't really see
How I fell in the spring in the fall."

A mathematician named Bath
Let x equal half that he hath
He gave away y
Then sat down to pi
And choked. What a sad afterMATH!

A woodchuck who'd chucked lots of wood
Gave up the hard work, and for good
For as fast as he'd chuck it
Some other chuck tuck it.
Wooden you give up also? I would.

–J.F. Wilson

Purloined Stake

Argument over property line–
Much ado about a lot.

–Delaine Helwig

Lost Horizon

In youth, to "moonlight" meant to park
With someone we romanced with;
In leaner days, it meant the job
Our income was enhanced with.
The moonlight tells us when to fish,
It's what the goblins lurk in,
And now, with Daylight Saving Time,
It's what we drive to work in.

–Ellie Womack

Pounds Of Prevention

The hours and hours we spend jogging,
Our fat-filled arteries unclogging,
Could be avoided were we able
To forego seconds at the table.

–Walt Streightiff

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"READ ALOUD"... CHILDREN'S LITERATURE FOR POST READERS

The concept of a regular feature of children's literature in each issue of an adult magazine is a new one. Yet ever since the first "Read Aloud" selection appeared in the January/February issue of the *Post*, the response has been tremendous. Letters from enthusiastic adults and children alike have poured into the Curtis Publishing Company's headquarters in Indianapolis. Many of the letters want to know more about Curtis's four youth publications–*Children's Playmate, Jack and Jill, Child Life*, and *Young World*. The questions range from "Who writes children's literature?" to "How many manuscripts do you receive?" Last year almost 11,000 stories, poems and games were sent to Curtis's Youth Division. Some of the accompanying letters indicated that the authors are teachers or retired teachers, librarians and housewives. But men and women in other professions also seem to enjoy the hobby of children's literature, and contribute to the four magazines occasionally. For many of the writers, the story they submit represents a first attempt. In contrast, a few of our regular contributors have authored several books each.

Because Curtis has been publishing children's magazines for more than thirty years, we have writers who have been contributors for decades! Solveig Paulson Russell has enlivened the pages of *Jack and Jill* since 1939. Mabel Watts, in addition to writing several books, has contributed to *Child Life* since 1948; and Frances B. Watts (no relation) has delighted children with her material since 1956. All of the editors of Curtis's Children's Publications are constantly amazed by the high quality, variety and, most of all, imagination of the stories which cross their desks.

I have enjoyed all the correspondence which offers suggestions and comments on our new feature, "Read Aloud," but one letter in particular intrigued me. The letter suggested that in a future "Read Aloud" selection we feature a story which children could read to other children. We hope that this month's choice, "Percy Polliwog and the Popcorn Man" is that kind of story. Nita Newcomb's story was published in *Children's Playmate* (our magazine for younger children ages three to eight) in May 1973.

The purpose of "Read Aloud" is to offer adults and children happy moments together–moments to savor the adventure and fun of a story. If it develops that "Read Aloud" encourages older children to share stories with their younger friends, then a new and happy dimension will have been added to the most recent feature in a venerated magazine.

Julie Nixon Eisenhower

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PERCY POLLIWOG AND THE POPCORN MAN

By Nita Newcomb

Mother of three, Nita Newcomb is the author of many stories for children. A graduate of Nebraska State College, she is a teacher and resides in Chappell, Nebraska. This is her first nationally published story.

Percy Polliwog and his polliwog friends lived in a quiet little pond in the Children's Park.

Every afternoon, Percy waited for Mr. Zaggan and his popcorn wagon to come to the park. It was a shiny red wagon with bright yellow wheels!

Percy Polliwog watched as Mr. Zaggan pushed his clattery, clanging wagon right up beside Percy's pond.

Percy loved the sounds coming from Mr. Zaggan's popcorn wagon. He would swish his beautiful long tail back and forth. Then he would cock his head to one side to listen to Mr. Zaggan whistle. Mr. Zaggan always whistled while he popped his corn.

Soon the popcorn kernels began exploding in the hot cage of the wagon.

Ping!

Ping-pong!

Ping-pong! Ping-pong!

Faster and faster! Higher and higher! Louder and louder they danced!

Soon Mr. Zaggan had a pile of lovely, fluffy white popcorn. He took out his battered old coffeepot filled with melted golden butter. Slowly he drizzled the butter back and forth over the hot popcorn.

How Percy did love the rich buttery smell of hot salted popcorn coming from Mr. Zaggan's popcorn wagon! He closed his bright bulgy eyes and took a deep breath.

Sniff. Sni-f-f. Sni-f-f-f-f-f.

Mr. Zaggan's popcorn smelled better than anything Percy had smelled in his whole life. Better than raindrops washing the dusty air. Better than lilacs blooming in the park. Better, even, than the spicy cinnamony smells coming from the bakery around the corner.

"I wish I could buy some popcorn for my polliwog friends," he thought. "It would make a lovely surprise."

All the other polliwogs ate tiny green water plants like all growing polliwogs are supposed to do.

But not Percy! No siree! He heard the popcorn. He saw the popcorn. He smelled the popcorn. And by wiggle-woggle-solly-gog he wanted to get some popcorn to share with his friends!

But Percy Polliwog had a most troublesome problem. He hadn't yet learned to talk! Every day he tried. But he couldn't say a single word out loud. Not one.

Every morning Percy thought, "Today I'll tell Mr. Zaggan I want to buy some of his wonderful popcorn."

So he'd puff out his cheeks, stretch out his neck, pucker up his lips—and blow. But not even the tiniest peep came out.

Percy blinked back a tiny tear sliding towards his soft little cheek. "I'll never be able to give my friends a popcorn surprise if I don't learn to talk," he thought.

Just then, a little girl roller-skated up to Mr. Zaggan. "Hello, I'd like to buy a big sack of your buttered popcorn, please."

Mr. Zaggan whistled as he filled a huge sack for her.

She handed Mr. Zaggan her money and poked some corn into her mouth. "Um-m-m-m, this is good. Thank you, Mr. Zaggan." And away she skated down the street.

Soon a flock of gray pigeons flew down beside the popcorn wagon. "Pittycoo-o-o-o, pitty-coo-o-o-o," they said.

Mr. Zaggan whistled and tossed a handful of popcorn in front of them.

Tap. Tippy-tap. Tap-tap went their bills on the sidewalk as they bobbed their heads to eat.

"Coocoopitty coo-o-o-o," they thanked him in pigeon talk.

Percy watched Rocky Rabbit hop out from under his willow tree near Mr. Zaggan's popcorn wagon.

Thump thump! Thumpity-thump! Thump-thumpp! Rocky stomped on the sidewalk.

Mr. Zaggan knelt down and held out his hand filled with buttered popcorn. Rocky hopped up close, wringled his tiny pink nose and nibbled corn right out of Mr. Zaggan's hand.

Rocky's whiskers twitched this way and that. "Thank you, Mr. Zaggan," they seemed to be saying.

All spring long, Percy kept trying and trying to talk.

Then one evening something very wonderful happened. Something magic, Percy thought.

Percy Polliwog hopped upon a rock, puffed up his cheeks, puckered up his lips—and blew.

"Cr-r-r-r-roak! Croa-k-k! CROAK!!" Percy just couldn't believe his ears.

He tried again just to be sure. Louder than before.

"CROAK!! CROAK!! CROAK!!"

Louder than the little girl. Much louder than the pigeons. Much, much louder than Rocky the Rabbit.

Percy looked at himself in the water and couldn't believe his eyes. Instead of a tail, he had four tiny legs. He was no longer Percy the Polliwog. Now he was Freddie the Frog!

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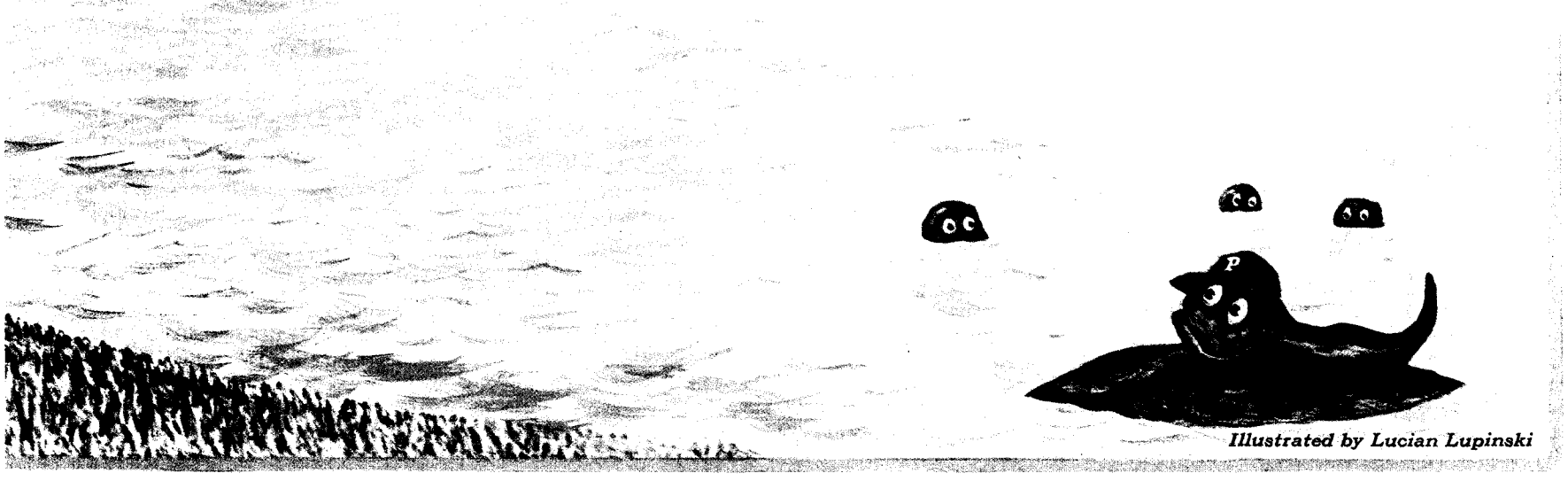

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

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STRICTLY PERSONAL

continued from page 61

attendants arrived and proceeded to the top of Lenin's tomb. Soon a message came that if Dad cared to, he could come up and bring a couple of others. Therefore, Dad, Ambassador Harriman and General Deane joined Stalin and his group. My reaction was that it was about time, but later I learned that Dad was the first foreigner ever to be allowed this courtesy.

Red Square was really a large courtyard which I estimated as about 250 yards wide and 1,000 yards long. The stands, including Lenin's tomb, were in the middle of the long side. A large church was located down to the right, an impressive ornate red building on the left, and across from the stands was what had once been a huge department store, but so decorated as to look like a palace itself. I learned that the Russians intended to tear down this department store because it allowed insufficient space for parades. Twelve pictures of Stalin were visible from the stands.

This Physical Culture Parade, I was told, occurred annually and detailed planning was begun a full year in advance. The number of people participating in this one ranged anywhere from one American estimate of 40,000 to the Russian claim of 150,000. My personal guess was that about 100,000 marched, unless some went around the block and came back on again. All this performance was for the benefit of a couple hundred spectators.

At the beginning a band of a thousand pieces faced the spectators and what might have been about 3,000 people were drawn up in ranks across the square. When the parade began, these people passed in review, carrying their pictures with them. When they were clear, people came in from side streets, and for an hour and a half, members of the different youth organizations throughout Russia strutted by. Some were Mongols, some were Georgians, some were German-looking Baltic people; but they were all alike in the enthusiastic smiles on their faces and in their splendid builds. Their cocky arm swing, with the elbow going shoulder high and the wrist swinging back and forth in front of the body added to the buoyancy of the atmosphere. The participants must have drilled for months, because every movement was complete precision.

Following this part of the review came demonstrations from every organization—acrobatics and stunts, cheers and dances, all perfectly timed to the band music, which never stopped playing for almost five hours. It is noteworthy that the cheers did not recount their region's contribution to the Russian war effort, but rather thanked Stalin for having freed them. This continued until 4:45 when all in the reviewing stands, well worn out from standing through the whole thing, sagged into cars and went home.

Despite the fatigue, I left the parade exhilarated. I had never seen anything like it before and probably never will again. Kathy Harriman later told me that all the preparations had been made at night. Some of the performers were professional, others had been brought to Moscow from their provinces a long time ago in order to practice. I was told also that this was probably the only time in their lives that these performers would wear those fancy uniforms and costumes. But in spite of all the cynical explanations on the part of Embassy members, I was still impressed. I could not help thinking of one thing, however: The spectacle reminded me of pictures I had seen of prewar Nazi Germany.

That evening we went out to a stadium to see a soccer game. Though we intended to attend for only one half, Zhukov requested that we stay the whole game. When the American party arrived and joined the marshals, Zhukov grinned, gave a grunt, and came over and asked me how I liked the girls at the parade that afternoon. Of course, I told him they were great—which was true. He intended, he laughed, to marry me off to one of them, a terrifying prospect since any one of those powerful women could have broken me in two with no effort.

Between the halves we went out to a small room for refreshments. Three or four kinds of wine, vodka, caviar, cakes, and delicacies of all kinds were offered. This was my first initiation into Russian toasting. It takes up the whole meal. There was time, however, to do a bit of sampling on the various wines and cakes, and I was really sorry when the second half started. After the game was over, Dad and Marshal Zhukov stood up together and received a fine cheer from the crowd. Unable to speak any Russian, Dad put his arm around Zhukov and this made a great hit.

The next morning I slept until 11:15, only to be informed that the party had already left to see the subways of Moscow. Dad was apparently somewhat put out that I had slept so late, and I anticipated being told for years to come that I did nothing but sleep through the whole Moscow trip.

That afternoon we went to the U.S. Military Mission, where Dad met the American staff. We then went out to the Stormovik fighter plane factory, next to the field at which we had landed. We were oriented on the factory by the manager and then went around to see the people at work. Pictures of Stalin and Lenin, as usual, were all over. The factory force consisted of 60 percent women and many very young boys. Sergeant Dry, who had been trained in the Chrysler plant in Detroit, explained various things to me as we went along and seemed unimpressed by what he considered antiquated methods. The factory at that time put out at maximum requirements twenty planes a day. They were pursuit ships with a good war record, not very fast, but carrying a heavy load of armament. A test pilot gave a daring demonstration of its performance. After that, we went in for the usual refreshments and toasting and left about 5:00.

That evening at 8:00 Dad, Ambassador Harriman, General Clay, General David, General Deane, Mr. Pauley and I arrived at the Kremlin for a banquet. We were guided up a long set of stairs, through halls covered with beautiful paintings, and arrived in a richly decorated dining room, where there must have been about fifty people, many of them marshals of the Soviet Union. These marshals were generally short and stocky, many of them with shaven heads, most of them more Germanic looking than I had previously imagined. They were young by our standards for high-ranking generals, and their faces reflected little of the burdens they must have been carrying during the war. Stalin and Molotov soon came in with their retinue. I did not meet Stalin till after dinner, as I had been jostled off in a corner when he came in and went the rounds. He was a very short man in a white coat with elaborate marshal's trappings. He appeared at this time as a benign gentleman, much older than his pictures indicated. He was soft-spoken, quiet and distant. Molotov looked just like his pictures and acted according to reputation—perfectly blank and noncommittal.

The impression of the entire scene in the dining room was one of whiteness. All the Soviet officers wore white tunics; and this, combined with the glistening tablecloth and gigantic crystal chandeliers, gave an aura of brilliance that I have never seen elsewhere in untold numbers of formal dinners. According to Russian custom, the dinner was punctuated by a seemingly endless series of toasts. All the big leaders of both nations were included. A Major General Kutuzov sat on my right. He talked French, making conversation possible, but this fact added little to the occasion, as he was about the most joyless character I had ever met. Across the table sat an artillery marshal and a tank marshal. A young man from the Foreign Office, who spoke fairly good English, sat at the end. He kept instructing me what to do, mostly in the line of doing more drinking. He was a likable young fellow, though obviously far from relaxed.

The meal finished, the guests rose and began to move slowly toward the door. Dad beckoned for me to come over to be introduced to Stalin. The marshal, staring distantly into space, mumbled some complimentary remark to the effect that I looked like a brave soldier. Then, the amenities taken care of, he and Dad led the way. In the next room we sat at small tables for coffee, the Foreign Office man and me together. We were joined by a kindly looking, elderly gentleman, who reminded me in his demeanor very much of my Grandfather Doud. I did not glean that he was a man of much importance, as his simple gray suit, denoting a civilian employee, was overshadowed by the splendor of the marshals, but I enjoyed his company so much that I looked forward to seeing him again.

The young Foreign Office man then began to tell me my own personal history, surprising but not too disturbing because he probably read American magazines. I was jolted, however, when he told me in detail about my troubles two nights before in trying to get a message back to Frankfurt. I wondered how in the world he had found out about that, as I had almost forgotten it myself. Soon we went into another room to view spectacular movies on the Red Army's capture of Berlin. Marshal Zhukov appeared frequently and was always greeted with cheers by the audience. Immediately after the films Generalissimo Stalin said goodnight to each of us and left. We went home much earlier than we had hoped.

* * *

That night at 8:00 a buffet supper was held at the American Embassy, with many of the same Russian marshals in attendance. The atmosphere was now all conviviality. The members of the American Military Mission were astonished by the things that happened on our visit, far more so than we, who knew nothing of the usual aloofness between the Russians and foreigners in Moscow. I talked to a Russian major general, who spoke very good English. He was unusually frank and direct. When I mentioned the fear the Germans held for the Russians, he said simply, not jokingly and not bitterly, "Perhaps it is because we are more barbarous than you are." Marshal Zhukov was still acting much concerned about whether I had met any Russian girls.

Somewhere in the course of the evening, I dropped out behind a curtained door to the pool room for a short breather. I found another American, an officer from the Military Mission, who had retreated with the same idea. As we conversed, he casually mentioned that Russia's foremost hangman, the notorious

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Andrei Vishinski, who had prosecuted the tremendous purges in 1936, was among the guests. Naturally curious, I wanted to see him. The two of us peered through the drawn curtains and my friend discreetly pointed. Vishinski turned out to be the delightful old gentleman I had met and liked so much the night before. "My God," I moaned, "what an outstanding judge of human character I am!"

On reentering the main room I was pleased to see that Dad and Zhukov were becoming better pals all the time. They seemed finally to have even worked up a satisfactory sign language. Later the guests were shown an American movie, in which each speech in English was followed by a Russian translation. In the course of the showing Dad received a message from Ambassador Harriman to keep everybody at the house, as he had an important announcement. Zhukov left early, but Dad did his best to keep as large a crowd as possible. The conviviality grew. Local American Embassy officers were astounded to hear the Russians and American singing the "Volga Boatmen" together, not too off-key at that. Then the Russians sang to the American and the Americans sang to the Russians. Apparently it was all revolutionary. Ambassador Harriman came back and announced that the Japanese had surrendered. This was cause for more celebrating—though by this time nobody needed our excuse, even such a good one.

Dad's efforts to keep people at the party worked too well on one Marshal Semyon Budënny, always recognizable because of his spectacular handlebar mustache. The good marshal that night became thoroughly drunk. He insisted on hugging Dad and kissing anyone short enough to come in range. He was a very nice old devil with it all. He told me of his son who had been six years old at the time of the Revolution. Budënny joined the Bolsheviks, he said, after czarist soldiers had dashed the boy to death against a wall in front of his own eyes. He pointed out that these czarists were supposed to be gentlemen, whereas he was only a simple farmer.

After two or three hours' sleep we left the Embassy early on August 15. Despite the inevitable delay caused by the guard of honor, we were off the ground at 7:00.

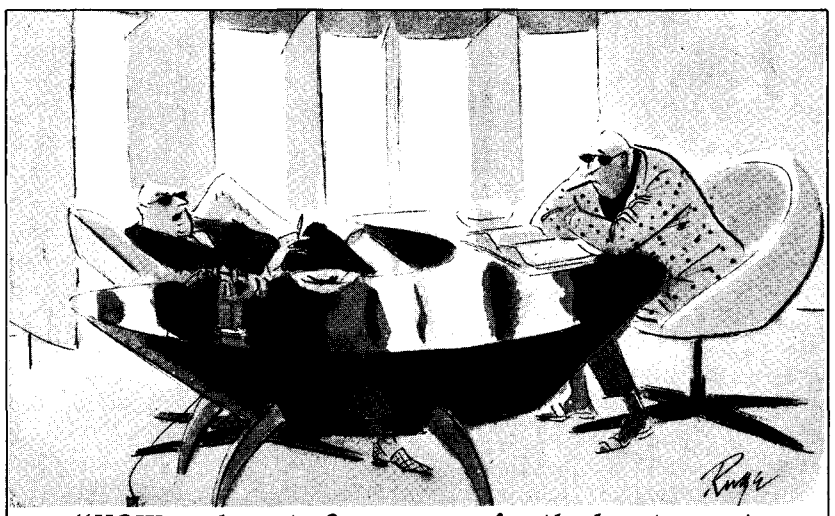
Harry S.Truman

About Ike And Harry:
Washington, 1953

It might be well here to touch on the relationship between Dad and President Truman. The press has delighted in playing up an animosity between the two which certainly had some basis in fact but has been grossly exaggerated, at least on Dad's part.

At the end of World War II I do not believe that Dad held any opinion one way or another about Truman, not knowing him well personally. He certainly sympathized with and supported his superior—it was impossible, expecially in Truman's earlier years, to dislike him—but Dad always referred to him, even in talking to me, simply as "the President." Truman, on the other hand, showed every evidence of regarding both Dad and General Marshall with adulation. Despite Dad's protests, Truman said at one time that if both he and Marshall concurred in any course of action, he would follow it. And there are adequate witnesses to attest to Truman's offering his own help to raise Dad to the presidency if given the go-ahead.

After Truman's upset election victory over Thomas E. Dewey in 1948, however, his own self-confidence grew markedly; and while he seemed to retain his admiration for Dad, he was less lavish in his statements after that time. He selected Dad as the first Supreme Commander, Allied Powers in Europe (SACEUR) in 1950 as the only man capable of performing an almost impossible task. This appointment, while it may have had some political implications, seems to bear out his continuing high regard.



"NOW we have to figure a way for the boy to meet the girl again AFTER the collapse of civilization."

On the other hand, there is no question that Truman's performance as President fell short of Dad's expectations. He was rather alarmed, for example, with what he considered Truman's hesitation of a couple of days in committing ground troops to Korea in June 1950; and when Dad was visiting Washington in December of that year, having just been nominated by Truman as SACEUR, he expressed to me his disgust with the terrified atmosphere pervading all of Washington, from the President on down. Nevertheless, Dad supported Truman's relieving General MacArthur from the Far East Command, sharing the attitude of many others that Truman could do nothing else. And upon departure for Europe in early 1951 there is no question that Dad sided with Truman against Senator Robert A. Taft and other Republicans who, he thought, were trying to cut the President down to size. Dad has written of his secret meeting with Taft, in which he retained some threat of entering politics as a lever to discourage Taft from going too far.

Actually the two men—Truman and Dad—saw pretty much eye to eye on foreign affairs; and in late 1951, while Dad was in Paris, Truman wrote him to the effect that Dad's political plans would affect his own. If Dad were elected, the letter implied, Truman would feel safe to retire at the end of a second term.

Dad's announcement in early 1952 that he was a Republican destroyed the rapport between him and the President. Fiercely partisan, Truman now regarded Dad as a member of an opposing political camp. It can be surmised that Truman might have considered running against this upstart Republican until his own crushing defeat in the New Hampshire primary of March 1952. After that, it was apparent that Truman would stand little chance of reelection against any Republican; he might not even be nominated by the Democrats. By this time Dad had become convinced that the country could hardly survive another four years of Democratic administration, meaning principally Truman.

The nature of the 1952 campaign was hardly one to cause endearment between the two. Dad was constantly on the attack; and though his actual opponent was Adlai Stevenson, the major issues were Truman's handling of the Korean War and the "mess in Washington." By the term "mess in Washington" Dad meant more than petty graft; he meant as well the fact that Truman had completely lost control of his Administration, particularly as regarded fiscal policy.

After the end of the campaigning Truman seemed to take the attitude that politics is politics, whereas Dad had become so embroiled in the issues that he was dead serious in every accusation he was making. The clincher came when Truman offered Dad the use of his Presidential airplane, the *Independence*, in order to fulfill Dad's campaign promise to visit Korea, adding *"if you still want to go."* This dig hit Dad as tantamount to calling him a liar, implying that his statement was a mere political gambit rather than a pledge.

From that time on the two were on cool terms, and the photograph taken when Dad visited the White House for a briefing portrays anything but an atmosphere of cordiality. After inauguration, communications became practically nonexistent. Truman seems to have been just as sensitive as he was forthright and apparently was hurt that Dad had no intention of drawing on his knowledge and experience in beginning the new Administration.

Dad, being a secure and confident individual, could never carry a strong dislike for anyone for any length of time. But he also had a considerable capacity for simply writing off anyone whose abilities he did not particularly admire—and unfortunately Truman fell into that category.

Truman grew increasingly sensitive. Once, for example, he claimed that Dad refused to receive him for a courtesy call in Kansas City. Nobody I have talked to among Dad's associates has ever admitted to hearing firsthand of the phone call that Truman claimed to have made. I know that Dad would never have been so discourteous but, in the confusion of the times, Truman might have tried and failed to get through to him. Whatever the facts, Truman, undergoing the withdrawal symptoms of leaving power, took the incident very much to heart.

Several times during the Eisenhower administration Dad invited Truman to the White House. I drafted one of the letters. Truman always had cogent reasons not to attend.

At the end of Dad's administration, Truman's pique appeared to have mellowed considerably, although in 1962, at the age of seventy-seven, he allegedly gave an interview for future publication in which he castigated not only Dad, but also Richard Nixon and MacArthur in astonishing terms. In November 1963, however, at the funeral of John F. Kennedy, the two former Presidents, accompanied by Mother and Truman's daughter Margaret, lunched together congenially at the Blair House. Truman's ability to swing from kindness to vitriol and back was to me one of his most unfathomable characteristics.

Editor's Note: *Part II of John Eisenhower's memoirs will be published in the August/September 1974 issue of the* Post, *out July 16. It will contain additional recollections about the author's father, Dwight Eisenhower, as well as word portraits of Khrushchev, Charles de Gaulle, the British royal family, and the kings of Belgium, all of whom John Eisenhower met on a personal basis in his career as soldier, White House aide, and Ambassador to Belgium.*

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The Saturday Evening Post Book Shelf

KGB

By John Barron
462 pages, Readers Digest Press, $10.95

By BENJAMIN STEIN

In Byelorussia, five teenage children are taken from their parents and sent to state-run orphanages. The parents are sent to labor camps. Their crime was to have given the children religious instruction.

In Cairo, the chief intelligence advisor to Nasser feeds him fabricated stories of American intrigues against Egypt.

In Eastern Russia, a young dissident poet who had protested the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia is sent to a labor camp and allowed to die an excruciating death of untreated peritonitis.

In Mexico, bands of radical students, trained in North Korea, begin the terrorism they hope will turn Mexico into another Vietnam.

In Siberia, a United States vice-president is duped into believing that a labor camp in which over a million prisoners had died is a model facility for settling new lands under healthful conditions.

In Paris, NATO secrets are stolen faster than they can be relayed to military bases.

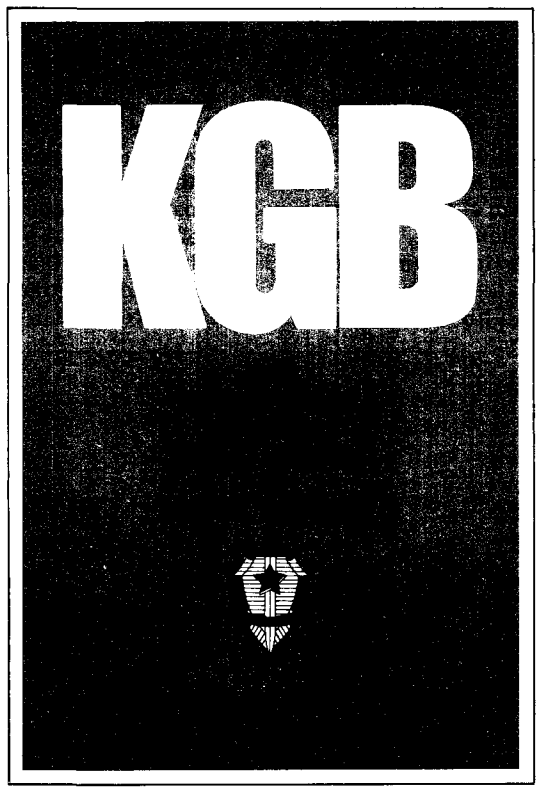
The web which binds together all of these bizarre and frightening episodes is the KGB, the Soviet Committee for State Security. Its astonishing breadth and depth of operations in the Soviet Union and abroad are catalogued and chronicled in a new book, *KGB*, by John Barron. On page after page, *KGB* leaves the reader gasping at the extent of what the Soviets are doing to repress their countrymen and assault foreign states.

The book is both anecdotal and encyclopedic. It tells its story through lengthy accounts of individual KGB operations and through summary descriptions of the bureaucratic setup of the KGB.

To read about the activities of the KGB inside Russia is to learn that 1984 came to Russia a long time ago. Up to the present, brutal retaliation has been visited upon those who seek to express thoughts at variance with official Soviet policy, according to Barron. He points out that the KGB has stopped summarily shooting dissidents as it did under Stalin. Its methods, however, have not become humane.

Criticism of the regime can become grounds for incarceration in a mental hospital. There the "patient" is injected with drugs which leave him in constant torment or uncontrollable depression. "Paranoid schizophrenics" whose only symptom is political criticism are thrown into cells with those truly mentally ill, to become eventually like their neighbors.

Barron's book is surprising and alarming as well in its descriptions of operations against the West, especially the United States. Of particular interest is the operation of the KGB's "disinformation branch," whose job is to spread false and damaging stories about the United States, and



laudatory stories about the Soviet Union.

Rumors that Polaris submarines spread radioactive waste in European ports, newspaper accounts of American plans for using bacteriological warfare in Asia, faked documents showing "plans" of the United States government to use atomic weapons against friendly European and Asian nations in the event of war—all these are the products of the KGB's disinformation section.

"Disinformation" can also take uglier forms, as when the KGB fomented a worldwide rash of anti-Semitic outbursts, aimed at convincing the Western powers of the existence of a Nazi renaissance and poisoning opinion against West Germany.

One of the more embarrassing "disinformation" successes was against Henry Wallace, former vice-president of the United States. In 1944 he was taken to Kolyma, one of the most brutal Soviet concentration camps, for a visit. Before his arrival, and almost overnight, the half-dead prisoners were replaced by healthy young men, the guards and watchtowers were taken away, and KGB foodstocks were put on display for Wallace's inspection.

Returning from this camp, in which over a million prisoners had died in four years, Wallace noted that the conditions of the camp were comparable to those in mining towns in the northwestern United States and Alaska, only better!

Sometimes the KGB does not have to go to such lengths. A United States Commerce Department official was told by Soviet officials that Soviet low-income housing was superior to American and that soon Russia would have the best housing in the world. He then wrote a report, published by the United States government, making those very assertions.

He used no statistical backup data, and indeed at the same time, internal Soviet data showed that the housing situation in Russia in the 1960's was virtually identical to that of the 1920's, with two and a half persons per urban room (not apartment, *room*).

There are also fascinating chapters about the lengths to which the KGB goes in order to recruit spies inside and outside Russia. All manner of enticement and entrapment, especially sexual, is practiced by the KGB.

But the most heartrending portions of *KGB* are those which describe the operations of state repressive machinery inside Russia. A picture emerges of a society utterly without security for the individual, with constant and realistic fear of lifelong retribution for the slightest criticism of the State or the Communist Party.

All of this is fairly well known already, although Barron writes about it in a way which manages to be both highly readable yet amazingly detailed. What is new is Barron's descriptions of how rigidly the class system works in the classless society. Almost all recruits into the most prestigious, highly paid, and sought after jobs in Russia are the sons and daughters of other high officials of the state or the party. Marriages of convenience between sons and daughters of the "new class" are routine and encouraged.

Entry into this class by a person of worker or farmer background is extremely difficult. Even when the son of humble background does make it into the Soviet foreign service, for example, he is likely to be held back throughout his career by his accent or his table manners.

The KGB, the "Sword and Shield of the Party," is shown, in sum, to be a kind of Orwellian thought police operating on a more than Orwellian scale. Recently one of the Soviet Union's greatest intellectuals, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, now in exile, suffered greatly at the hands of the KGB. In September, 1973, Solzhenitsyn felt compelled to disclose that his life had been threatened, and that if he should suddenly die or disappear, the world must know that the KGB would be responsible.

Barron paints a chilling picture of the leading state apparatus of America's most serious rival. For those who have misgivings about the American system, *KGB* offers a sobering picture of the communist alternative.

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The Secret Life of Plants

By Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird
402 pages, Harper & Row, $8.95

By ARTHUR G. HANSEN

Have you ever been intrigued by the fact that some people seem to have a "green thumb" while many of us would have trouble raising weeds? If you have, then you might want to look for a possible explanation in *The Secret Life of Plants.* The authors of this book, Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird, are convinced that plants do have a secret life—secret in the sense that plants are attuned to all of life in strange and mysterious ways that are little understood but, nonetheless, demonstrable. One of the "secrets" that should make plant lovers take notice and that should also provide the basis for some interesting do-it-yourself investigations is that plants can read our thoughts and anticipate our actions. The book begins, in fact, with a description of a series of studies done in 1966 by a polygraph expert, Cleve Backster, who claims to have verified this phenomenon. As the story goes, Backster connected a lie detector to a tropical plant in his home to see if he could detect the response of his plant to watering. What he discovered instead was that the needle on his machine jumped whenever he thought of harming his plant or when he destroyed life in its vicinity. The latter effect was observed by dropping shrimp in boiling water, under "controlled" conditions.

Lest one have doubts about the "Backster Effect," as it is now called, the authors reinforce their argument with a lengthy description of similar work done by Pierre Paul Sauvin. It was Sauvin's opinion that Backster had struck biological gold and that the Backster Effect had practical applications. Sauvin also believed that his plants could detect strong emotions at great distances. He allegedly demonstrated this belief by wiring up his plants, Backster-style, and driving eighty miles to a cottage to spend a holiday with his girl friend. The plants got the message. There were times during that weekend when the needles on his instruments went completely off scale! Tompkins and Bird soberly conclude, "All of which is very interesting and could be turned into a commercially marketable device for jealous wives. . . ." The book gives no accounting of the reactions or opinions of the young lady who contributed to this remarkable discovery.

Taken as a whole, the book goes far beyond tantalizing our imagination with stories of polygraphs and plants. In essence, it is a lumping together of a wide variety of observations and experiments which the authors believe will convince us that plants have a secret life. The records, reports, and rumors of scientists, pseudoscientists, mediums, mystics, and laymen are all included in this treatise. Let it not be said that the authors have neglected to do their homework! The appendix contains references to almost 400 articles and books ranging from such topics as "The Sagacity and Morality of Plants," written in 1884 by one J.E. Taylor, to a Ph.D. thesis written at Iowa State University in 1968 on the effect of electrical fields on seed germination. There has been little effort to separate wheat from chaff, if one will pardon the expression, and the reader is left with the feeling that almost everything the authors have read or heard about plants is tossed into this vegetable stew.

In addition to recounting observations, the book contains conclusions. Here the authors reveal some not-so-subtle biases. This is particularly evident when many pages are devoted to a defense of organic farming. The heights of silliness are reached when Tompkins and Bird stray from the "proper" farming of plants to the "proper" raising of chickens. They quote a Doctor J. D. Nichols, who, upset with the fact that commercially raised hens do not see a rooster, says, "How can an unhappy hen lay a good egg?" One's opinion of the authors' discrimination and judgment is also shaken when they record ". . . vitamins are not chemical compounds that can be synthetically produced, but 'primary cosmic formation forces.' "

There are, undoubtedly, stories in this book that will awaken the reader's curiosity. That curiosity may move some readers to grin at their geraniums or pet their petunias. Others who are attracted to occultism or astrology will find hundreds of tidbits to mull over. Nevertheless, it is difficult to consider this to be a serious literary effort that establishes a "secret life" of the plant and animal kingdom. Such a statement may make a few plants in the house cringe and droop but so be it. Yet in all fairness, the authors should have the last word and they put the matter very well in one of the concluding sentences of their book: "When the modern scientist is baffled by the secrets of the life of plants, the seer offers solutions which, however incredible, make more sense than the dusty mouthings of academicians. . . ." And that statement should cause a few botanists to cringe and droop.

COLETTE, The Difficulty of Loving

By Margaret Crosland.
284 pages, Bobbs-Merrill, $8.95

By PAUL ENGLE

The French writer who signed her books simply "Colette" added a new dimension not only to the novel, but to the very idea of "woman." She was from a small village far south of Paris, from a family never involved in the arts, yet in a time when young ladies were brought up to be dutiful wives and devoted, if not doting, mothers, Colette received three honors never before given to a woman in France.

She became Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, President of the Académie Goncourt (although Edmond de Goncourt had viciously said that no woman, and no Jew, should ever be a member), and was given a state funeral (although the Catholic Church refused to participate). It is amusing to find Colette saying, when it was pointed out to her that she had not been offered membership in the Académie Française, that she never visited gentlemen she did not know, and could never imagine herself wearing a sword.

In brief, we are discussing here one of the greatest women of the twentieth century, despised by many for her free way of life, loved by many men and many women for her wit, liveliness, sensuality and talent. The village of Saint-Sauveur has put a plaque on the wall of the house where she was born. The street has been renamed "rue Colette," and the blue metal plate carries her signature in white, contrary to law. Her name is carved on a windowpane of the house where she married that curious scoundrel, Willy, who published her first books under his own name, and then sold the rights to them so that she could gain no profit from the novels about Claudine, which first made her famous.

She became a legendary person in Paris, after moving there with Willy, not only as a writer but also as a performer in mime (one, especially, called "Flesh," which brought her notoriety for its nudity), an actress, a journalist all her life. With all that activity, she wrote some two thousand letters to her mother, Sido, to whom she was devoted totally although they shared little time together. Alas, Colette's brother burned all of the letters after her death. These letters must have been some of the most revealing prose Colette ever wrote, for she spoke candidly to her mother about her Paris life and the people in it. (The brother may have been frightened of her candor!)

Colette's books *Chéri* and *The Last of Chéri* are the essence of her work, full of shrewd insight about the eternal man-woman relationship, dramatized in this case by an unusual affair between an older woman and a young man (who is the son of the older woman's closest friend). This relationship for Colette is perhaps best expressed by Renée, one of the characters in her novel *The Vagabond* in a passage which Crosland judiciously quotes in her book:

"I think that at certain moments all women make the same gestures; in front of a mirror, or beside clear water, passing near velvety flowers, fabrics or fruit, they give way to their two temptations, which are always the same; adorning themselves, which is to offer, and touching, which is to take."

Crosland comments, "This novel is full of remarks which show duality of motive and sometimes the reversal of roles within a relationship. There can for instance be no end to the 'fatal game' which the lovers play: 'if he is the mastiff, I am the cat at the top of the tree. . . .' This metaphor recalls a remark by Natalie Clifford Barney made many years ago about Colette. 'Her favorite companions: a dog and a cat—as every-

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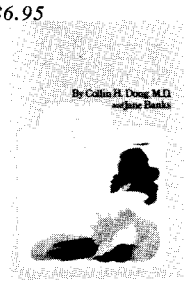
one knows—were no doubt chosen because of their remarkable resemblance to their mistress. Was her nature not made up of those two animal natures? Obedient and devoted to a master, but secretly making use of the wild animal instinct which escapes all domination.' Many of her heroines inherited the same tendency."

Her eyes in photographs pierce the eyes of the reader with their hard intensity. Her hair is so abundant and crisp that it seems to move restlessly over the page. Her observation of rock or fallen leaf or sunlight seems to make it come alive. She must have brought this same total commitment to her human relationships, enthralling, enraging, always exciting. Typical of her nervous response was the day she lost the manuscript of a book on the Paris Métro: although it was a warm September day, her frustration was so violent that she shivered as with deep cold and had to go to bed with a hot water bottle.

More an account of Colette's life than of her writing (there is hardly anything at all which could really be called literary criticism), Crosland's study is nevertheless a lively narration of a lively life. "I belong to a country I have abandoned," Colette once wrote, meaning the landscapes of her childhood. From the amoral jungle, the dark streets and darker human alleys, she recalled the flowers, grain and animals of her years with her mother in the villages where they lived. This book does what any biography should: it illuminates the subject and enriches the reader. ✿

The Post Recommends

The Arthritic's Cookbook
Collin H. Dong, M.D., and Jane Banks
Thomas Y. Crowell
$6.95



This book was written by two former victims of arthritis: a doctor who, at the age of thirty-five, was so crippled and disfigured by the disease and its complications that he could not bear to look at himself in the mirror, and a woman who was relieved of all arthritis symptoms when she followed Dr. Dong's prescribed diet. The ancient Chinese aphorism "Sickness enters through the mouth and catastrophe comes out of the mouth" inspired the doctor, when all medical advice failed, to return to a simple diet that has been the sustenance of generations for thousands of years—lean meat, vegetables, rice and wheat.

The simple diet worked and restored Dr. Dong to full health. And now he and Jane Banks pass on to you his special knowledge about foods in the hope that, if you suffer from arthritis, you too will find relief. Here is a book full of health-giving recipes that are easy to prepare and attractive to serve.

The Great Bicycle Expedition
William C. Anderson
Crown
$5.95

If you are discovering or rediscovering the joys of cycling, this is a fine family adventure story that you won't want to miss. The indomitable Anderson family is at it again! You may have read about their previous adventures with a travel trailer and a houseboat. If so, you know about the rollicking good times and the delightfully funny adventures experienced by this unconventional family of four. In this book you also pick up some good tips about bicycling and about low-cost travel in Europe.

The subtitle just about says it all: Freewheeling through Europe with a Cockamamie Family, a Potted Plant, and Bicycleseatus!

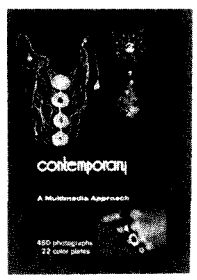
Job Tips For Today's Woman
Ruth Lembeck
Prentice-Hall, Inc.
$6.95

The author of this book has had a long and successful career in advertising, and now she's anxious to help other women who want to enter or return to the job market. She lists more than 1,000 jobs, and then tells you the requirements for each, how you can arrange to meet the requirements, and how much money you can expect to make on the job.

The Kappillan of Malta
Nicholas Monsarrat
William Morrow
$8.95

As a nation, we seem to be on a nostalgia kick. And as a nation of readers, we are showing a renewed interest in matters pertaining to World War II. This book is a novel of epic proportions about the Siege of Malta. We see the siege through the eyes of a humble priest who must sustain his people's faith and courage to endure during the long blockade and the savage assult. He draws on Malta's 3,400 years of history to inspire her citizens to heights of heroism.

Contemporary Costume Jewelry
Elyse Sommer
Crown
$7.95



If you haven't been creating jewelry for yourself and your friends, this book will make you want to begin! From the necessary equipment to the finished product, you learn how to use wire, clay, glass, metal, wood, shell, stones, and many more media to create stunning necklaces, earrings, pendants, rings, brooches and hair ornaments. There is an enormous amount of satisfaction to be found in making something beautiful with your hands. *Contemporary Costume Jewelry* will help you learn how.

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GET A HORSE

continued from page 53

The air system had been transplanted, complete with dials, intact from a Martian sandboat. The dials read normally, of course, since the cage was sealed.

Svetz nerved himself to open the door. As the sweet, rich air of 12th-century Britain rushed in, Svetz held his breath and watched the dials change. Presently he closed the door and waited, sweating, while the air system replaced the heady poison with its own safe breathable mixture.

When next he left the extension cage, carrying the flight stick, Svetz was wearing another spin-off from the interstellar-exploration industries. It was a balloon, and he wore it over his head. It was also a selectively permeable membrane, intended to pass certain gases in and others out, to make a breathing-air mixture inside.

It was nearly invisible except at the rim. There, where light was refracted most severely, the balloon showed as a narrow golden circle enclosing Svetz's head. The effect was not unlike a halo as shown in medieval paintings. But Svetz didn't know about medieval paintings.

He wore also a simple white robe, undecorated, constricted at the waist, otherwise falling in loose folds. The institute thought that such a garment was least likely to violate taboos of sex or custom. The trade kit dangled loose from his sash: a heat-and-pressure gadget, a pouch of corundum, small phials of additives for color.

Lastly he wore a hurt and baffled look. How was it that he could not breathe the clean air of his own past?

The air of the cage was the air of Svetz's own time and was nearly 4 percent carbon dioxide. The air of 750 Ante Atomic held barely a tenth of that. Man was a rare animal here and now. He had breathed little air, he had destroyed few forests, he had burnt scant fuel since the dawn of time.

But industrial civilization meant combustion. Combustion meant carbon dioxide thickening in the atmosphere many times faster than the green plants could turn it back into oxygen. Svetz was at the far end of two thousand years of adaptation to air rich in CO_2.

It takes a concentration of carbon dioxide to trigger the autonomic nerves in the lymph glands in a man's left armpit. Svetz had fainted because he wasn't breathing.

So now he wore a balloon and felt rejected.

He straddled the flight stick and twisted the control knob on the fore end. The stick lifted under him, and he wriggled into place on the bucket seat. He twisted the knob farther.

He drifted upward like a toy balloon.

He floated over a lovely land, green and untenanted, beneath a pearl-gray sky empty of contrails. Presently he found a crumbling wall. He turned to follow it.

He would follow the wall until he found a settlement. If the old legend was true—and, Svetz reflected, the horse had certainly been *big* enough to drag a vehicle—then he would find horses wherever he found men.

Presently it became obvious that a road ran along the wall. There the dirt was flat and bare and consistently wide enough for a walking man; whereas elsewhere the land rose and dipped and tilted. Hard dirt did not a freeway make, but Svetz got the point.

He followed the road, floating at a height of ten meters.

There was a man in worn brown garments. Hooded and barefoot, he walked the road with patient exhaustion, propping himself with a staff. His back was to Svetz.

Svetz thought to dip toward him to ask concerning horses. He refrained. With no way to know where the cage would alight, he had learned no ancient languages at all.

He thought of the trade kit he carried, intended not for communication, but instead of communication. It had never been field-tested. In any case it was not for casual encounters. The pouch of corundum was too small.

Svetz heard a yell from below. He looked down in time to see the man in brown running like the wind, his staff forgotten, his fatigue likewise.

"Something scared him," Svetz decided. But he could see nothing fearful. Something small but deadly, then.

The institute estimated that man had exterminated more than a thousand species of mammal and bird and insect—some casually, some with malice—between now and the distant present. In this time and place there was no telling what might be a threat. Svetz shuddered. The brown man with the hairy face might well have run from a stinging thing destined to kill Hanville Svetz.

Impatiently Svetz upped the speed of his flight stick. The mission was taking far too long. Who would have guessed that centers of population would have been so far apart?

Half an hour later, shielded from the wind by a paraboloid force field, Svetz was streaking down the road at sixty miles per hour.

His luck had been incredibly bad. Wherever he had chanced across a human being, that person had been just leaving the vicinity. And he had found no centers of population.

Once he had noticed an unnatural stone outcropping high on a hill. No law of geology known to Svetz could have produced such an angular, flat-sided monstrosity. Curious, he had

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circled above it—and had abruptly realized that the thing was hollow, riddled with rectangular holes.

A dwelling for men? He didn't want to believe it. Living within the hollows of such a thing would be like living underground. But men tend to build at right angles, and this thing was *all* right angles.

Below the hollowed stone structure were rounded, hairy-looking hummocks of dried grass, each with a man-sized door. Obviously they must be nests for very large insects. Svetz had left that place quickly.

The road rounded a swelling green hill ahead of him. Svetz followed, slowing.

A hilltop spring sent a stream bubbling downhill to break the road. Something large was drinking at the stream.

Svetz jerked to a stop in midair. *Open water: deadly poison.* He would have been hard put to say which had startled him more: the horse, or the fact that it had just committed suicide.

The horse looked up and saw him.

It was the same horse. White as milk, wih a flowing abundance of snowy mane and tail, it almost had to be the horse that had laughed at Svetz and run. Svetz recognized the malignance in its eyes in the moment before it turned its back.

But how could it have arrived so fast?

Svetz was reaching for the gun when the situation turned upside down.

The girl was young, surely no more than sixteen. Her hair was long and dark and plaited in complex fashion. Her dress, of strangely stiff blue fabric, reached from her neck to her ankles. She was seated in the shadow of a tree, on dark cloth spread over the dark earth. Svetz had not noticed her, might never have noticed her. . . .

But the horse walked up to her, folded its legs in alternate pairs, and laid its ferocious head in her lap.

The girl had not yet seen Svetz.

"Xenophilia!" Svetz snarled the worst word he could think of. Svetz hated aliens.

The horse obviously belonged to the girl. He could not simply shoot it and take it. It would have to be purchased . . . somehow.

He needed time to think! And there was no time, for the girl might look up at any moment. Baleful brown eyes watched him as he dithered. . . .

He dared waste no more time searching the countryside for a wild horse. There was an uncertainty, a finagle factor in the math of time travel. It manifested itself as an uncertainty in the energy of a returning extension cage, and it increased with time. Let Svetz linger too long, and he could be roasted alive in the returning cage.

Moreover, the horse had drunk open water. It would die, and soon, unless Svetz could return it to 1100 Post Atomic. Thus the beast's removal from this time could not change the history of Svetz's own world. It was a good choice . . . if he could conquer his fear of the beast.

The horse was tame. Young and slight as she was, the girl had no trouble controlling it. What was there to fear?

But there was its natural weaponry . . . of which Ra Chen's treacherous picture book had shown no sign. Svetz surmised that later generations routinely removed it before the animals were old enough to be dangerous. He should have come a few centuries later. . . .

And there was the look in its eye. The horse hated Svetz and it knew Svetz was afraid.

Could he shoot it from ambush?

No. The girl would worry if her pet collapsed without reason. She would be unable to concentrate on what Svetz was trying to tell her.

He would have to work with the animal watching him. If the girl couldn't control it—or if he lost her trust—Svetz had little doubt that the horse would kill him.

The horse looked up as Svetz approached, but made no other move. The girl watched too, her eyes round with wonder. She called something that must have been a question.

Svetz smiled back and continued his approach. He was a foot above the ground, and gliding at dead slow. Riding the world's only flying machine, he looked impressive as all hell, and knew it.

The girl did not smile back. She watched warily. Svetz was within yards of her when she scrambled to her feet.

He stopped the flight stick at once and let it settle. Smiling placatorially, he removed the heat-and-pressure device from his sash. He moved with care. The girl was on the verge of running.

The trade kit was a pouch of corundum, Al_2O_3, several phials of additives, and the heat-and-pressure gadget. Svetz poured corundum into the chamber, added a dash of chromic oxide, and used the plunger. The cylinder grew warm. Presently Svetz dropped a pigeon's-blood star ruby into his hand, rolled it in his fingers, held it to the sun. It was red as dark blood, with a blazing white six-pointed star.

It was almost too hot to hold.

Stupid! Svetz held his smile rigid. Ra Chen should have warned him! What would she think when she felt the gem's unnatural heat? What trickery would she suspect?

But he had to chance it. The trade kit was all he had.

He bent and rolled the gem to her across the damp ground.

She stooped to pick it up. One hand remained on the horse's neck, calming it. Svetz noticed the rings of yellow metal around her wrist, and he also noticed the dirt.

She held the gem high, looked into its deep red fire.

"Ooooh," she breathed. She smiled at Svetz in wonder and de-

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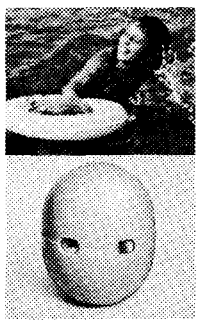

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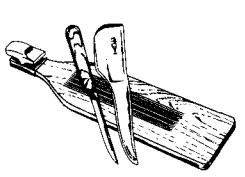

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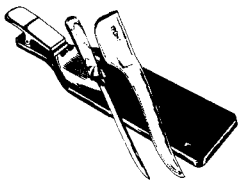

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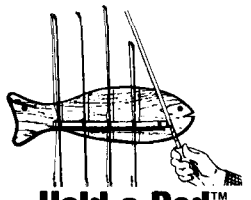

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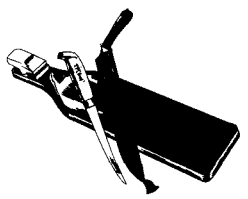

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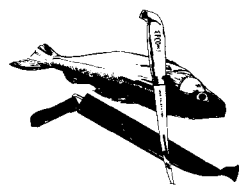

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light. Svetz smiled back, moved two steps nearer, and rolled her a yellow sapphire.

How had he twice chanced on the same horse? Svetz never knew. But he soon knew how it had arrived before him. . . .

He had given the girl three gems. He held three more in his hand while he beckoned her onto the flight stick. She shook her head; she would not go. Instead she mounted the animal.

She and the horse watched Svetz very closely for his next move.

Svetz capitulated. He had expected the horse to follow the girl while the girl rode behind him on the flight stick. But if they both followed Svetz, it would be the same.

The horse stayed to one side and a little behind Svetz's flight stick. It did not seem inconvenienced by the girl's weight. Why should it be? It must have been bred for the task. Svetz notched his speed higher, to find how fast he could conveniently move.

Faster he flew, and faster. The horse must have a limit. . . .

He was up to eight before he quit. The girl lay flat along the animal's back, hugging its neck to protect her face from the wind. But the horse ran on, daring Svetz with its eyes.

How to describe such motion? Svetz had never seen ballet. He knew how machinery moved, and this wasn't it. All he could think of was a man and a woman making love. Slippery-smooth rhythmic motion, absolute single-minded purpose, motion for the pleasure of motion. It was terrible in its beauty, the flight of the horse.

The word for such running must have died with the horse itself.

The horse would never have tired, but the girl did. She tugged on the animal's mane, and it stopped. Svetz gave her the jewels he held, made four more and gave her one.

She was crying from the wind, crying and smiling as she took the jewels. Was she smiling for the jewels, or for the joy of the ride? Exhausted, panting, she lay with her back against the warm, pulsing flank of the resting animal. Only her hand moved, as she ran her fingers repeatedly through its silver mane. The horse watched Svetz with malevolent brown eyes.

The girl was homely. It wasn't just the jarring lack of makeup. There was evidence of vitamin starvation. She was short, less than five feet in height, and thin. There were marks of childhood disease. But happiness glowed behind her homely face, and it made her almost passable, as she clutched the corundum stones.

When she seemed rested, Svetz remounted. They went on.

He was almost out of corundum when they reached the extension cage. There it was that he ran into trouble.

The girl had been awed by Svetz's jewels, and by Svetz himself, possibly because of his height or his ability to fly. But the extension cage scared her.

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Svetz couldn't blame her. The side with the door in it was no trouble: just a seamless spherical mirror. But the other side blurred away in a direction men could not visualize. It had scared Svetz spitless the first time he saw the time machine in action.

He could buy the horse from her, shoot it here and pull it inside, using the flight stick to float it. But it would be so much easier if. . . .

It was worth a try. Svetz used the rest of his corundum. Then he walked into the extension cage, leaving a trail of colored corundum beads behind him.

He had worried because the heat-and-pressure device would not produce facets. The stones all came out shaped like miniature hen's eggs. But he was able to vary the color, using chromic oxide for red and ferric oxide for yellow and titanium for blue; and he could vary the pressure planes, to produce cat's eyes or star gems at will. He left a trail of small stones, red and yellow and blue. . . .

And the girl followed, frightened, but unable to resist the bait. By now she had nearly filled a handkerchief with the stones. The horse followed her into the extension cage.

Inside, she looked at the four stones in Svetz's hand: one of each color, red and yellow and light blue and black, the largest he could make. He pointed to the horse, then to the stones.

The girl agonized. Svetz perspired. She didn't want to give up the horse . . . and Svetz was out of corundum. . . .

She nodded, one swift jerk of her chin. Quickly, before she could change her mind, Svetz poured the stones into her hand. She clutched the hoard to her bosom and ran out of the cage, sobbing.

The horse stood up to follow.

Svetz swung the rifle and shot it. A bead of blood appeared on the animal's neck. It shied back, then sighted on Svetz along its natural bayonet.

Poor kid, Svetz thought as he turned to the door. But she'd have lost the horse anyway. It had sucked polluted water from an open stream. Now he need only load the flight stick aboard.

Motion caught his eye.

A false assumption can be deadly. Svetz had not waited for the horse to fall. It was with something of a shock that he realized the truth. The beast wasn't about to fall. It was about to spear him like a cocktail shrimp.

He hit the door button and dodged.

Exquisitely graceful, exquisitely sharp, the spiral horn slammed into the closing door. The animal turned like white lightning in the confines of the cage, and again Svetz leapt for his life.

The point missed him by half an inch. It plunged past him and into the control board, through the plastic panel and into the wiring beneath.

Something sparkled and something sputtered.

The horse was taking careful aim, sighting along the spear in its forehead. Svetz did the only thing he could think of. He pulled the home-again lever.

The horse screamed as it went into free fall. The horn, intended for Svetz's navel, ripped past his ear and tore his breathing-balloon wide open.

Then gravity returned; but it was the peculiar gravity of an extension cage moving forward through time. Svetz and the horse were pulled against the padded walls. Svetz sighed in relief.

He sniffed again in disbelief. The smell was strong and strange, like nothing Svetz had ever smelled before. The animal's terrible horn must have damaged the air plant. Very likely he was breathing poison. If the cage didn't return in time. . . .

But would it return at all? It might be going anywhere, anywhen, the way that ivory horn had smashed through anonymous wiring. They might come out at the end of time, when even the black infrasuns gave not enough heat to sustain life.

There might not even be a future to return to. He had left the flight stick. How would it be used? What would they make of it, with its control handle at one end and the brush-style static discharge at the other and the saddle in the middle? Perhaps the girl would try to use it. He could visualize her against the night sky, in the light of a full moon . . . and how would that change history?

The horse seemed on the verge of apoplexy. Its sides heaved, its eyes rolled wildly. Probably it was the cabin air, thick with carbon dioxide. Again, it might be the poison the horse had sucked from an open stream.

Gravity died. Svetz and the horse tumbled in free fall, and the horse queasily tried to gore him.

Gravity returned, and Svetz, who was ready for it, landed on top. Someone was already opening the door.

Svetz took the distance in one bound. The horse followed, screaming with rage, intent on murder. Two men went flying as it charged out into the institute control center.

"It doesn't take anesthetics!" Svetz shouted over his shoulder. The animal's agility was hampered here among the desks and lighted screens, and it was probably drunk on hyperventilation. It kept stumbling into desks and men. Svetz easily stayed ahead of the slashing horn.

A full panic was developing.

"We couldn't have done it without Zeera," Ra Chen told him much later. "Your idiot tanj horse had the whole center terrorized. All of a sudden it went completely tame, walked up to that frigid bitch Zeera and let her lead it away."

"Did you get it to the hospital in time?"

Ra Chen nodded quite gloomily. Gloom was his favorite expression and was no indication of his true feelings. "We found over fifty unknown varieties of bacteria in the beast's bloodstream. Yet it hardly looked sick! It looked healthy as a, healthy as a . . . it must have tremendous stamina. We managed to save not only the horse, but most of the bacteria too, for the Zoo."

Svetz was sitting up in a hospital bed, with his arm up to the elbow in a diagnostician. There was always the chance that he too had located some long-extinct bacterium. He shifted uncomfortably, being careful not to move the wrong arm, and asked, "Did you ever find an anesthetic that worked?"

"Nope. Sorry about that, Svetz. We still don't know why your needles didn't work. The tanj horse is simply immune to tranks of any kind.

"Incidentally, there was nothing wrong with your air plant. You were smelling the horse."

"I wish I'd known that. I thought I was dying."

"It's driving the interns crazy, that smell. And we can't seem to get it out of the center." Ra Chen sat down on the edge of the bed. "What bothers me is the horn on its forehead. The horse in the picture book had no horns."

"No, sir."

"Then it must be a different species. It's not really a horse, Svetz. We'll have to send you back. It'll break our budget, Svetz."

"I disagree, sir—"

"Don't be so tanj polite."

"Then don't be so tanj stupid, sir." Svetz was *not* going back for another horse. "People who kept tame horses must have developed the habit of cutting off the horn when the animal was a pup. Why not? We all saw how dangerous that horn is. Much too dangerous for a domestic animal."

"Then why does our horse have a horn?"

"That's why I thought it was wild, the first time I saw it. I suppose they didn't start cutting off horns until later in history."

Ra Chen nodded in gloomy satisfaction. "I thought so too. Our problem is that the Secretary-General is just barely bright enough to notice that his horse has a horn, and the picture book horse doesn't. He's bound to blame me."

"Mmm." Svetz wasn't sure what was expected of him.

"I'll have to have the horn amputated."

"Somebody's bound to notice the scar," said Svetz.

"Tanj it, you're right. I've got enemies at court. They'd be only too happy to claim I'd mutilated the Secretary-General's pet." Ra Chen glared at Svetz. "All right, let's hear *your* idea."

Svetz was busy regretting. Why had he spoken? His vicious, beautiful horse, tamely docked of its killer horn . . . he had found the thought

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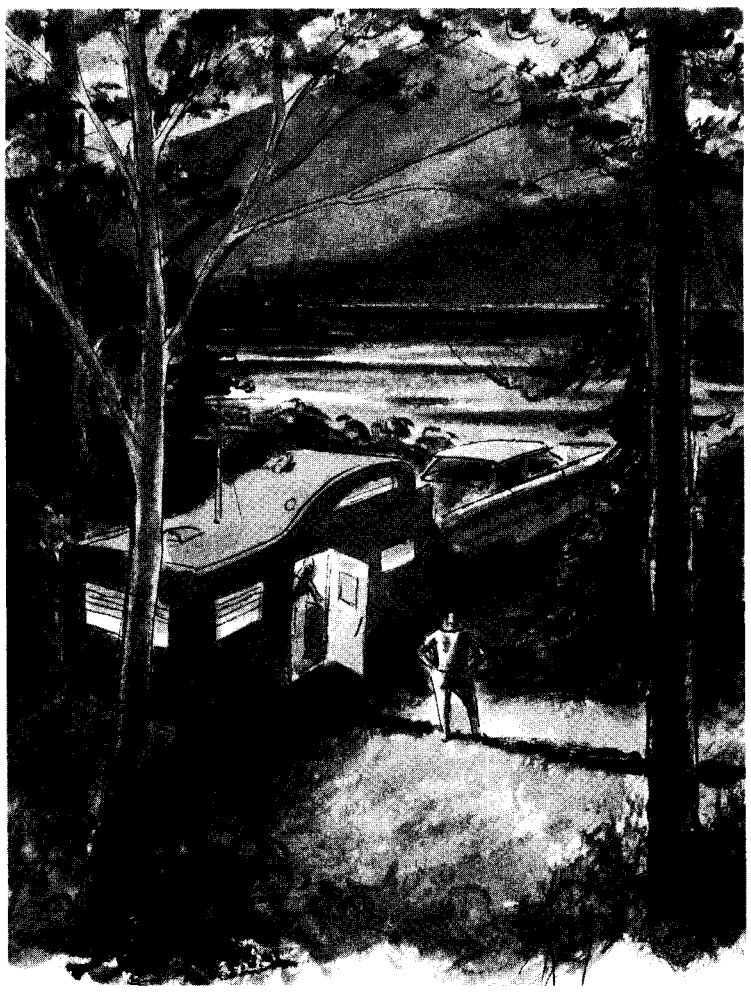

"I'm suddenly humble as hell, Alice! Now I know how the early pioneers must have felt."

repulsive. His impulse had betrayed him. What could they do but remove the horn?

He had it. "Change the picture book, not the horse. A computer could duplicate the book in detail, but with a horn on every horse. Use the center computer, then wipe the tape afterward."

Morosely thoughtful, Ra Chen said, "That might work. I know someone who could switch the books." He looked up from under bushy black brows. "Of course, you'd have to keep quiet."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't forget." Ra Chen got up. "When you get out of the diagnostician, you start a four-week vacation."

"I'm sending you back for one of these," Ra Chen told him four weeks later. He opened the bestiary. "We picked up the book in a public park around ten Post Atomic; left the kid who was holding it playing with a corundum egg that we gave him."

Svetz examined the picture. "That's *ugly*. That's really ugly. You're trying to balance the horse, right? The horse was so beautiful, you've got to have one of these or the universe goes off balance."

Ra Chen closed his eyes in pain. "Just go get us the Gila monster, Svetz. The Secretary-General wants a Gila monster."

"How big is it?"

They both looked at the illustration. There was no way to tell.

"From the looks of it, we'd better use the *big* extension cage."

Svetz barely made it back that time. He was suffering from total exhaustion and extensive second-degree burns. The thing he brought back was thirty feet long, had vestigial batlike wings, breathed fire, and didn't look very much like the illustration; but it was as close as anything he'd found. The Secretary-General loved it.

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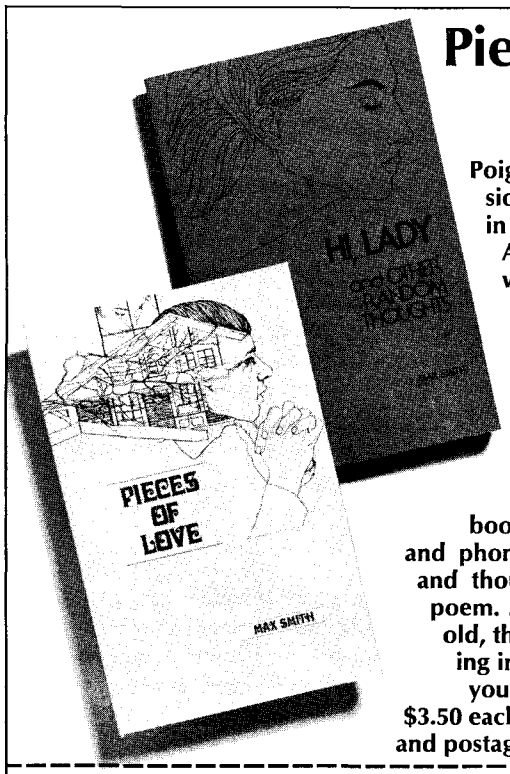

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QUALITY OF MERCY

continued from page 81

hands to give the arm a rest.

Johann's recent training in the hills had built his muscles up to their peak. So it was a full three hours till he really started to feel the strain of the task. The sand kept giving way under his feet at each step, and his knees were starting to play tricks on him. Worse still was that the water was continuing its recession from the whale. It was a full forty feet now, and extending.

It took him three trips to wet the whole whale. And even then the job was a poor one. He cursed the limited capacity of the bucket and angrily wished for a larger one. For by the time he wetted the tail the head was again dry, leaving him no time for rest. The sun was not so far east now, either. It was looming larger and hotter by the minute. Cooking the whale alive as it went.

The thin layer of water was intensifying the rays of the sun as it dribbled over the whale's body, so Johann soaked the blanket he had brought along, and spread it over the whale's back. This also helped to keep the water on the back for a greater length of time. It didn't nearly cover enough space though, so Johann took off his shirt and soaked that too, being very careful where he located it. Still it was not enough, so he took off his gunbelt and emptied his trousers. Then taking these off, he soaked them and put them on the whale's tail. He reserved only his shorts and his straw hat for himself.

Standing back afterwards and observing the whale presented Johann with a rather ludicrous patchwork sight. He standing next to the whale with nothing but his shorts, hat and bucket to supplement his nakedness, while the whale sported all his clothing on its back. But he took no time to laugh.

As the fourth hour ended Johann had to stop for his second drink of wine. "Seven more hours. I can't last," he thought. And it was true that he was approaching exhaustion. Yet he and the whale had developed a communication during the ordeal that was something Johann had never before experienced. A telepathy of sorts. The whale's eyes no longer displayed fear when Johann drew near, and even then, as he sat with his wine, he was aware that the whale was straining to sense him. It was almost pleading for its life, and seemed to understand that Johann held the balance between that state and death.

"If I had any sense I'd kill the thing instead of prolonging its death this way. I can't go for seven more," he thought, picking up his pistol and contemplating. He knew that a mercy shot would be the most realistic path, and probably the inevitable one. Yet there was always the chance that he might just do it. Or someone else would come along and help. Or. . . .

"WHHHHHAT! . . ." Johann was up in a revitalized flash and lunging like a madman for the sea gull that had just landed on his whale's back. The bird took off with a startled cry and joined two others that were gliding nearby, considering the same action. They decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and the three of them glided back to the nearby rocks jutting out of the sand.

They had been watching the spectacle for a little over an hour after a most disappointing day of scavenging along the coast. They and a dozen other sea gulls were waiting for Johann to drop so that they might have their chance at this most inviting bit of food.

Johann had little noticed the gulls during his travail, their presence being a natural part of the beach. It was not until he glanced up and saw the one pecking at the whale's back that he guessed their purpose. Now he stared at them with suspicion and anger. One thing he was quite adamant about, and that was that the sea gulls were certainly not going to get the whale.

Johann returned to his bucket and the ever-receding sea.

For three more hours he worked with only short breaks. Trip after trip after trip. He was now beginning to fall, with each fall preceding a healthy string of curses for the amount of water lost. Soon he was even too tired for that. But the whale's eyes followed him devotedly, and soon, to his blurring eyes, they seemed to take on a state of veneration. Love, to a man dying of heat prostration. This was always enough to make him rise again from a fall, and forge on for more water. The ever-present sea gulls added impetus, also. The thought of them tearing at the flesh on the whale's back, and slowly, without mercy, devouring it, made him lust for his pistol. He refrained from this action, though the reason was unknown to him.

Another hour passed with one rest stop. The sun was now past its peak, but still persisted in scorching their backs and burning Johann's eyes. He was gratified at its coming decline but his strength was gone. He could not go on. There is a state of physical exhaustion when the body no longer responds to the orders of the mind—no matter how righteous. Johann had reached that point and had only enough strength left to feel a deep bitterness at his own weakness.

Johann dropped the bucket and stumbled around to the land side of the whale. He chose to walk around the tail rather than have its eyes fall upon him. He wanted to be on the

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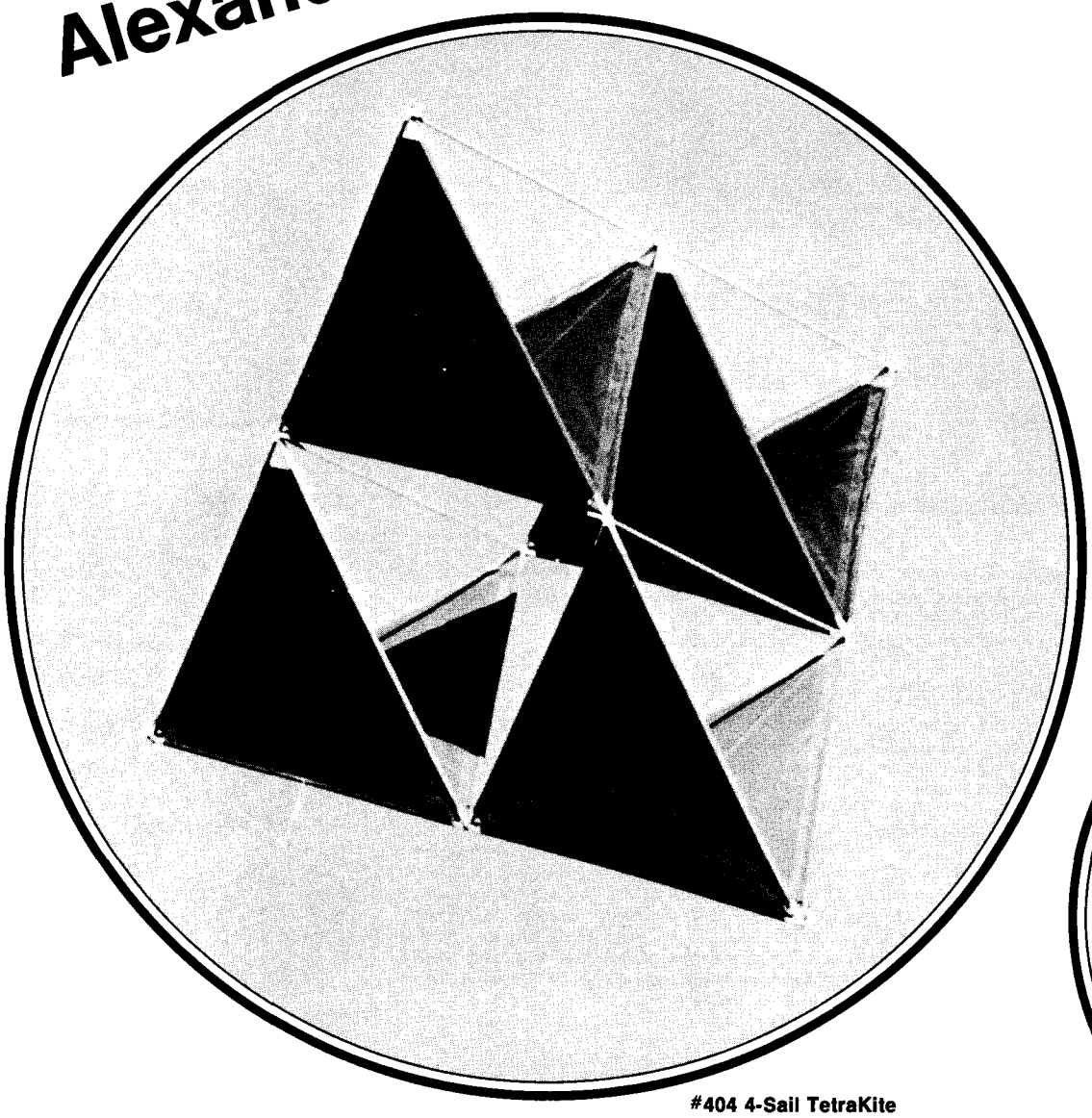

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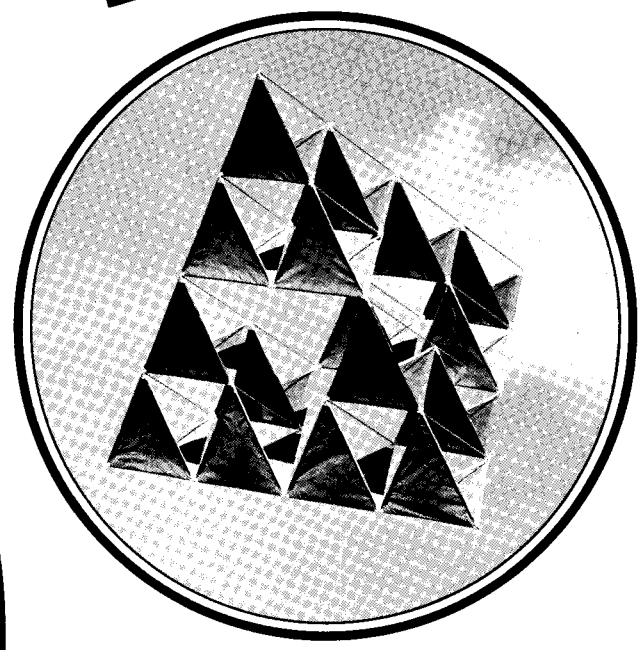
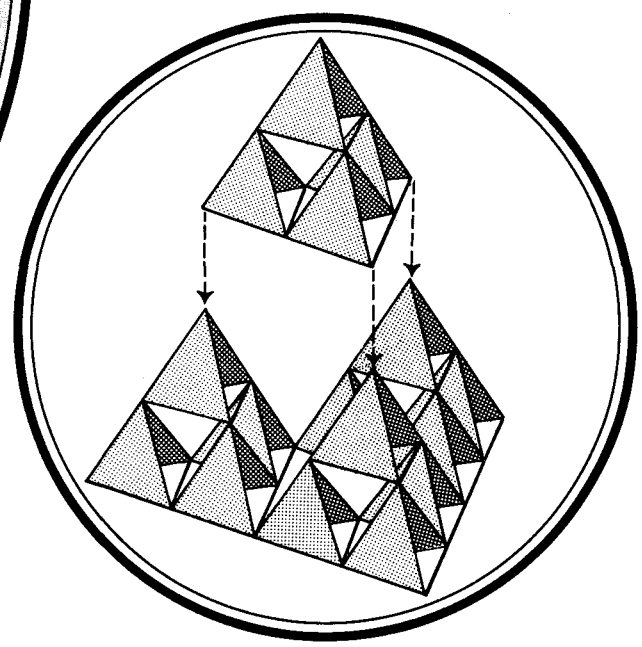


#416 16-Sail Super TetraKite



The Super TetraKite is four TetraKites assembled together.

With incredible ease you launch your Amazing Classic Alexander Graham Bell TetraKite™. It grabs the wind and climbs swiftly and surely towards the clouds. The principle was developed more than 70 years ago, and kite connoisseurs have known it for years. Now, modern technology brings the TetraKites™ to everyone . . . in simple kit form. Our exclusive connectors, branches and sails make it all happen today.

The size of these beautiful kites is as impressive as their lift. The 4-Sail TetraKite™ is 33″ on edge (4312 cubic inches), while the 16-Sail Super TetraKite™ is a whopping 5½ feet on edge (34,496 cubic inches . . . imagine the pull on that line!). The Super TetraKite™ can be built and flown as four separate TetraKites™ . . . a fantastic kite flying experience for the whole family. The red and orange sails make them visible way up . . . the most impressive sight in the sky.

To fly these strong pulling kites, you'll need very strong cord. We recommend 25 lb. test cord for the 4-Sail TetraKite™ (such as our #425) and a full 80 lb. test cord for the giant 16-Sail Super TetraKite™ (such as our #450).

To make it all simple, we include fully illustrated assembly instructions with kite flying tips, a Beaufort wind scale, and excerpts from Dr. Alexander Graham Bell's article "The Tetrahedral Principle in Kite Structure," *The National Geographic Magazine,* Vol. XIV, June, 1903.

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_____	**#416 Super TetraKite**	16.95	+	1.95	_____
_____	**#425 TetraKite Cord** 500′	1.00	+	.15	_____
_____	**#450 Super TetraKite Cord** 1000′	2.95	+	.30	_____
				Total	_____

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THE AMERICANA COLLECTION

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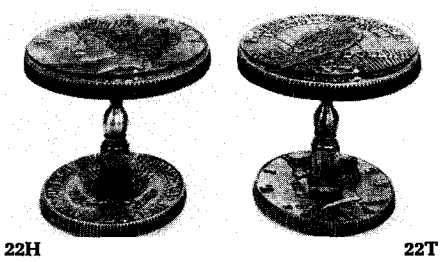
For collectors of "Americana," this unique selection offers decorative aluminum acessories, cast in sand and hand-finished by skilled artisans. King-size duplicates of actual United States coins are hand-cast and then antiqued to emphasize the relief of the image. Your choice of either "heads" or "tails" of each coin. The Lincoln penny is finished in coppertone. All others remain natural aluminum. Each coin is approximately sixteen times the size of its actual counterpart. Aluminum castings will last a lifetime whether mounted as a display on an exterior wall or within the home.

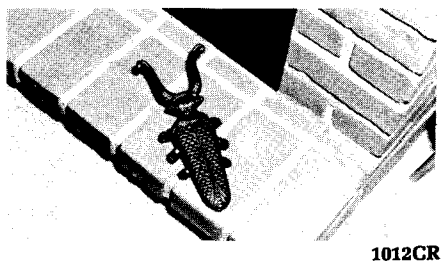
These most unusual Treasury Tables add a touch of elegance and individuality to any decor. Of solid aluminum, cast in sand molds, then handcrafted, they are available in either the Liberty Lady or Eagle design. The table measures 22½" in diameter at the top and 18¼" at the base, and is 21" in height. Glass top measures ⅜" in thickness. Only $250.00 plus $6.50 shipping and handling charge.

Add a bit of whimsy to your fireplace decor. As in yesteryear, a cricket on the fireplace means good luck. This cricket, of cast aluminum with antique black finish, is a combination fireplace cricket and bootjack. A real conversation piece that serves a purpose. The cricket measures 11" x 5" x 3" and costs only $4.20 plus 75¢ postage and handling.

As proud as the heritage it recalls, this grand American Eagle with its wing spread of 42 inches commands attention. Display a touch of tradition on the exterior of your home or enhance your interior decor with this symbolic fixture. Available in antique gold or antique aluminum with red, white and blue shield. $52.00 plus $1.75 for postage and handling.



22H 22T



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land side so that he might face the gulls and keep them back by his presence.

"Yes. There they are," he thought as he sat down. Glaring at them with true hatred.

The gulls stared back complacently.

Johann sat down and leaned up against his friend while he tried to figure out what he was going to do. His mind still resolutely wanted to save it. Perhaps it would still be possible if he humored his body and gave it a rest.

As he sat there his gaze rose to the top of the cliffs around the cove. "Good God!" he gasped in horror. For there, all along the full semicircular edge of the cove, stood the peasants of the surrounding area. They had come to watch the mad American try to save a whale.

A shepherd boy had seen Johann's jeep at the cliff edge and had come for a closer look. When he got close, he also cautiously looked over the edge of the cliff and observed Johann's bizarre effort to save the whale. He had gone to his father with the news, and from there it had spread like wildfire. Every peasant for miles had hurried to this spot to witness the epic drama. More and more were joining the crowd of two hundred who had already watched the better part of it.

For the most part they had stood in silence, and watched this "terrorizer of the people" push himself beyond endurance to save an animal that was beyond saving. It was most amazing for them. And when he had taken his clothing off, and exposed his bare skin to the scorching sun, an astounded murmur had gone through the crowd. This was truly a startling American!

When they realized that Johann had finally spotted them, what little talking there had been stopped. All waited in fascination for what his reaction would be.

For Johann, the complete shock of the peasants' presence, and their number, took a while to accept. He was immediately able to conclude that nearly all of his work had fallen under their careful perusal. For it would take a long time for such a large group to assemble. And if this many people knew, then the guerrillas knew. And he would make a very easy shot. For Johann was a mercenary. A paid military advisor in a country where the military had long ago fallen out of favor. And it was that unfavored military that Johann had whipped into the most efficient fighting force the country had ever seen. And it was from the constant pressures of this task that Johann had decided to have a day of solitude on this lonely beach, at this faraway cove.

Unfortunately, the native inhabitants of this particular area were sympathetic to the rebel cause that Johann's troops were at present hunting out of the hills. The native propagandists had made his name and description familiar to the people throughout the countryside. They had, in addition to this, made it

The American Red Ball Code of Standards.

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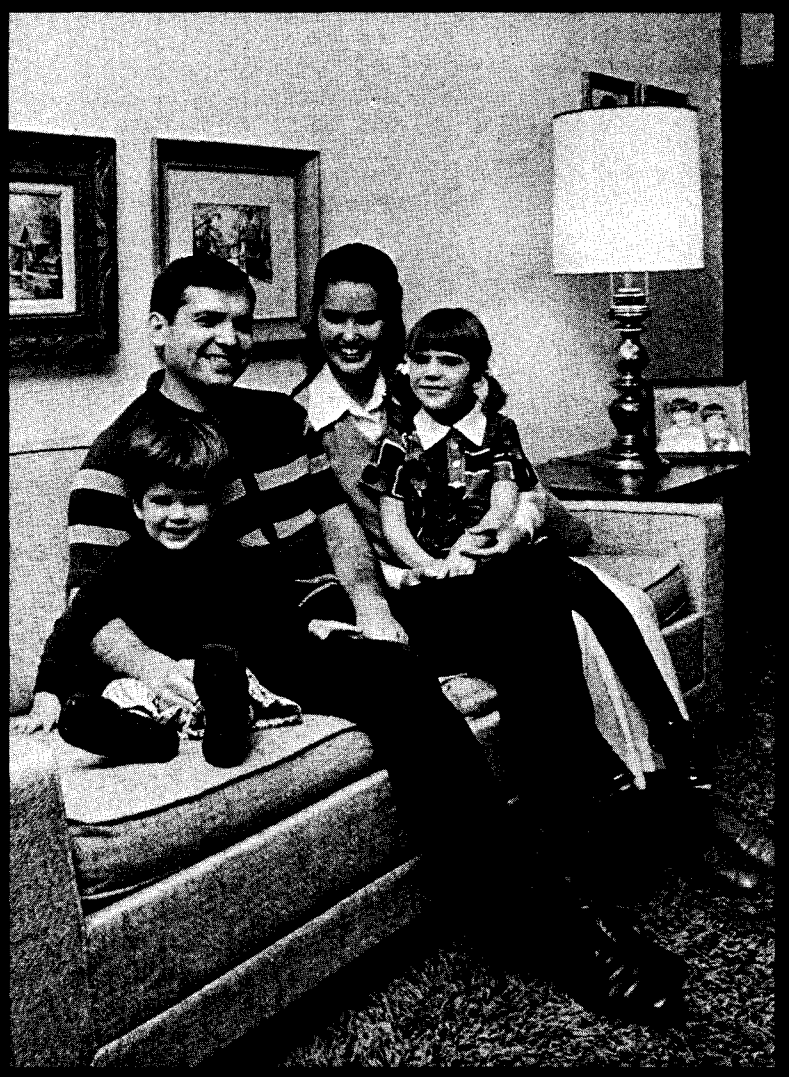

Last year we introduced our seven point American Red Ball Code of Standards. It defines our exclusive Red Carpet Moving Service and what folks like the Cracraft family can expect when we move them.

The important thing is that it's beginning to pay off with better moves, fewer problems, and best of all, satisfied customers.

The Cracrafts were nice enough to send us a note about their move. Larry's job will take them back to Kokomo, Indiana. And we're proud that the Cracrafts have selected us for the move back.

We have agents worldwide. Call us for a copy of our Code. We're listed in the Yellow Pages. American Red Ball Transit Co., Inc. 1335 Sadlier Circle, East Drive Indianapolis, Indiana 46239

On October 24,1973 American Red Ball moved Larry, Judy and the rest of the Cracraft family from Kokomo, Indiana to Sunnyvale, California.

"We were very pleased with our move. Your driver and his assistant were most courteous and efficient...we will most certainly make the return trip with your organization."

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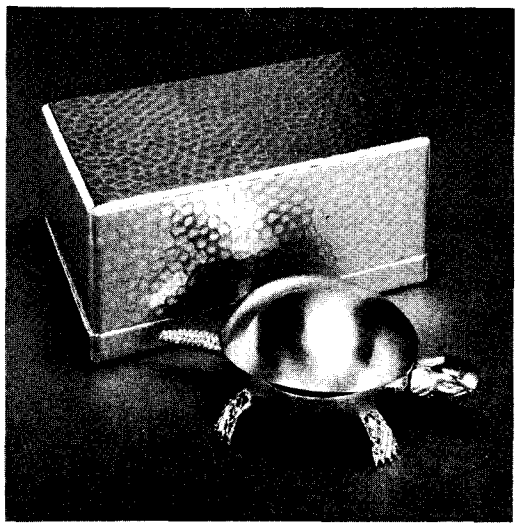
TURTLING-A-LING



Ever try to disengage yourself from a prolonged telephone conversation? Now you can effect a very smooth hang-up, and what's more, it will be at the suggestion of the person on the other end of the wire. Merely depress the head or tail of the Turtle for a few moments and the resultant ring sounds exactly like the phone bell of your "second" telephone. (Repeat, if necessary, for diehards.) The brass and polished steel Turtle can also call the maid to the dining room table, or bring assistance to a patient's bedside. It can announce breakfast, hold down papers on a desk, open a conversation over cocktails. All this, while looking sleek, svelte, and handsome. $30.00 plus $1.00 shipping charges.

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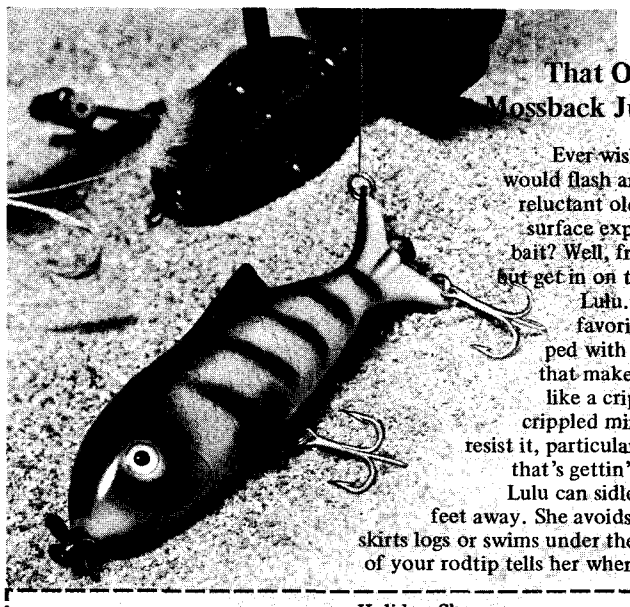

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Ever wish you had a lure that would flash and tantalize the most reluctant old hermit to make the surface explode as he took your bait? Well, friend, dream no more but get in on the action today with Lulu. Here's a lure in your favorite color that's equipped with a tiny electric motor that makes this lure look more like a crippled minnow than a crippled minnow. Bass just can't resist it, particularly the big ole lunker that's gettin' a mite lazy anyhow. Lulu can sidle up to a big one 300 feet away. She avoids lily pads and weeds, skirts logs or swims under them—because a twitch of your rodtip tells her where to go. Just $12.95.

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well known that the man who assassinated Johann would not go unrewarded. So there was little hope of their not recognizing him as he carefully scanned the entire line along the ridge, looking for rifles. To his gratification he could see none. He couldn't be sure, because it was six hundred yards to the cliff edge.

His thoughts began to sharpen and the rescue of the whale took on a new dimension. His image in the eyes of the peasants. It would be elevated to a new, almost superhuman, status if he succeeded. If he failed, he would be a madman in their eyes. A white officer that ran half naked in the searing sun, on a cloudless day, on a useless venture. And perhaps a sniper's bullet would find its mark easier to attain. He had to get up and go again. For the one thing was that he couldn't stop now.

Rising slowly and painfully, he took another long look at the cliffs, and then a glance at his pistol to assure himself of its exact position. Walking around the head of the whale, he picked up the bucket again and moved toward the water. His body had not regained the strength that he had hoped it would, though it seemed to have pulled a reserve from somewhere.

For the next two hours Johann worked . . . dipping the bucket in the water, carrying it up to the whale, dumping it at either spot number one, two, or three, and then again returning for another bucketful. He didn't think how tired he was, or how well the whale was holding up, or whether the peasants were impressed. He just watched and functioned like an automaton.

It was on the eve of the eleventh hour that Johann fainted. He fell forward and lay face down in the sand for five minutes, his back burning and bleeding from the small cracks that were beginning to appear. Rising slowly, he paused for a long moment on his hands and knees, looking at the whale, and still holding the now empty bucket. It was only when a pair of sea gulls sailed over to the whale and hung in the air above, about to land, that he got up.

He stumbled forward and drove them off with a weak thrash from his left arm. They moved back to their patient stance on the rocks, and again took up their vigil. Surely the whale would soon be theirs.

Johann was on the verge of blacking out again when he reached the whale's side with his empty bucket. He dropped to his knees and then over on his side close to the whale's head. Johann's eyes closed and it was two minutes before he could open them again, and that was only by great effort. He had a little trouble focusing at first, but when his eyes were in order he could see that the whale was watching him. Its expression was almost pitiful. But perhaps it was only the angle. For the whale was higher than he was and it was attempting to gaze down at him. The whale's body was providing shade for him as the sun was now rapidly descending on its opposite side. And in spite of himself the call was too great, and Johann was forced to lower his head and sleep.

One-half hour later Johann was aroused from his sleep by a wave touching his foot. He rose from his druglike slumber as soon as he could. It would be less than fifteen minutes until the waves touched the whale itself. A little sooner than he had expected, though he was now too tired to realize it. He turned and stared once again at the peasants, finding to his surprise that they had not changed position. He thought that he had surely been asleep for over an hour, and could not understand why they had waited. He thought of it briefly as he went back to work.

Johann, though still groggy, worked diligently until, in fifteen minutes, he received the most gratifying moment of his life. Above his first command, above his first medal, above all money. The first wave stretched out and kissed the whale's side. The ocean had returned.

He was too weak to appreciate it to a full climax, but it was superb. And though weak, he still had more than enough strength to turn to the sea gulls and triumphantly laugh in their faces. He paid no attention or thought to the peasants. Then, as the moments passed, the waves started reaching the whale on a regular basis. The long fin on the water side was getting a very good bathing, and the whale seemed to stir with the excitement.

Tossing his bucket up on shore and then pulling his clothing and blanket off its back, Johann stood next to the whale, and pressing his palms against its side, felt it rock as the waves made contact. He himself was almost knocked down by some of them but he laughed with joy.

Johann's delight jumped to yet another height when a large wave lifted the whale and carried it four feet closer to the water as it receded. He ran forward as it did, and stared with undivided attention at the water. The next wave did nothing but rock it, nor did the one after that, but the third wave drew the whale back to the heart of its domain. Johann was so enthralled and excited that he followed the whale right into the water. He heard none of the cheers that arose from the cove's cliffs.

Swimming out away from the turbulence of the waves, the whale sat motionless in the water gathering strength. This gave Johann the time necessary to swim out to it. A feat he barely managed to accomplish.

Holding on to the dorsal fin Johann communed with the whale for their last moments together. Then it was gone. It gave a short, quick, expulsion of air from its spout, and then slowly glided away. It listed to the left, and seemed to be having trouble with its muscle coordination, but it was alive. It was very much alive.

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ROBERTS

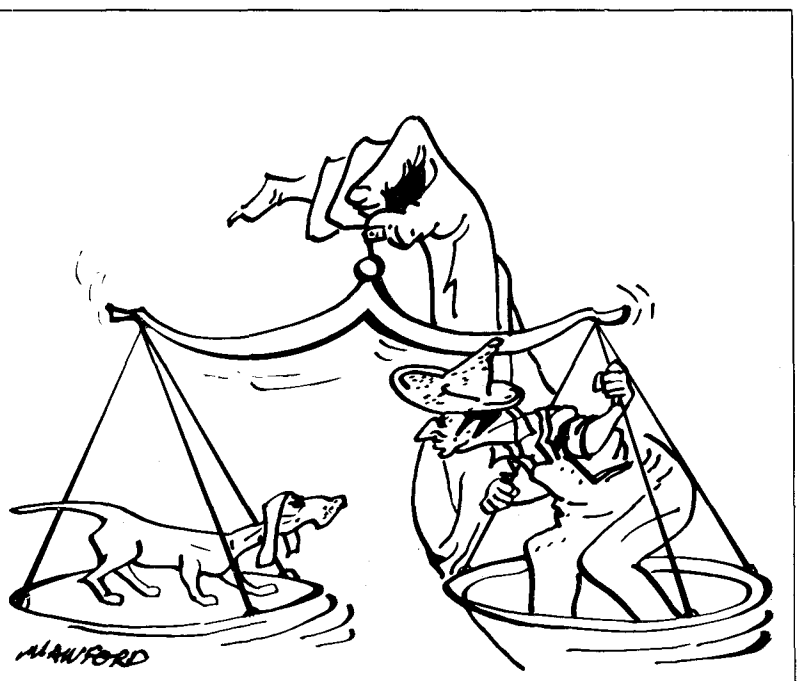
continued from page 69

himself all that seriously. He is "just plain folks," ready to sit a spell and talk, joshing you or himself or both. He is at ease in a group.

Roberts also has the native ability. At five feet, five inches and 135 pounds, he fits a motorcycle like the proverbial glove. He has a reputation in racing ranks for taking his cycle deeper into turns than most men and still being able to bring it out so effortlessly that you begin to think it has living qualities–like a horse responding to the "clucking" sound and gifted touch of a Willie Shoemaker.

In only two years as a top rider, Roberts has accumulated a host of fans that bring forth a thunderous burst of applause whenever he is introduced. After the race hordes of autograph seekers, some with reverent adulation in their young eyes, surround Roberts's cycle, whether he has won the race or not. The ritual often lasts more than an hour but Kenny stays to oblige the last one.

"I never even started riding a motorcycle until I was thirteen," Roberts said. "Nowadays, kids learn to ride almost before they walk. I've got a nephew who is seven years old and he's already won a dozen trophies or more. Can you imagine the



YOU BE THE JUDGE

By JOSE SCHORR

While Morgan was riding to hounds, his pack damaged farmer Zeke's standing crops and stampeded Zeke's cattle. Failing to get any compensation from Morgan, Zeke sued.

"The law recognizes that dogs are naturally inclined to roam," Morgan argued, "and it therefore gives them liberty to do so. Why should I keep my dogs home when all others run free? If Zeke's cattle and crops are allergic to dogs, he should put up a fence."

"Your dogs might not have done so much harm," Zeke replied, "if they had just been prowling doglike. But you encourage them with all that whooping and excitement, and you should pay for your fun."

If you were the judge, would you make Morgan pay?

Morgan had to pay. The court said that the "free-to-roam" privilege doesn't apply where dogs are released on another's land without permission in a possibly destructive venture such as the pursuit of game. *Based upon a 1954 North Carolina case.*

The *Post* will pay $50 each for your acceptable "You Be the Judge" anecdotes. Please send entries to Jep Cadou, Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46206.

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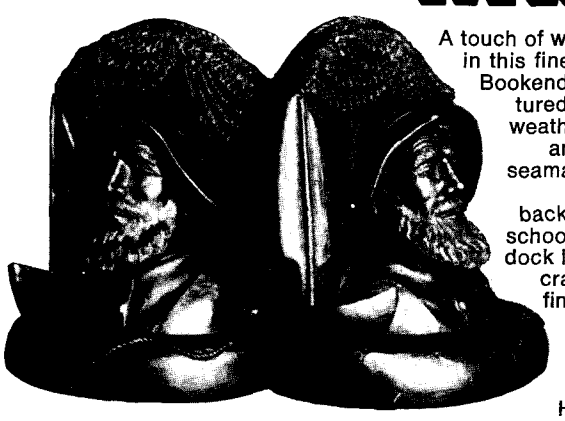
AHOY THERE, MATES



A touch of warm nostalgia is yours in this finely sculptured Mariner Bookend. The artist has captured the reminiscent gaze, weathered brow, fine mouth and pride of the Yankee seaman in this work. ■ Note the delicately detailed background of drying nets, schooner's bow and the idle dock line. Completely handcrafted in the tradition of fine quality ■ Beautifully finished in distressed brass, antique gold or bronze patina. 7½″ tall, 6¾″ wide. Heavily felted bottoms. Weight 11 lbs. **$29.75** Shipped prepaid.

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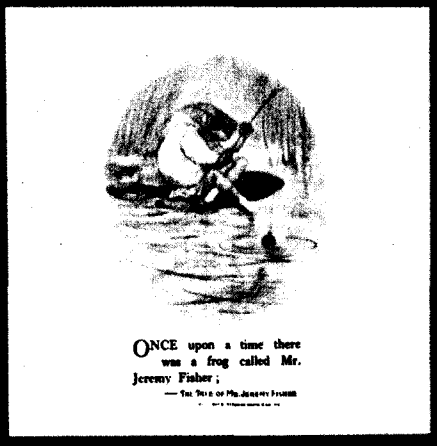
BEATRIX POTTER TILES

The Tale of Peter Rabbit



The Tale of Mr. Jeremy Fisher

Hand colored by Delano Studios Inc.

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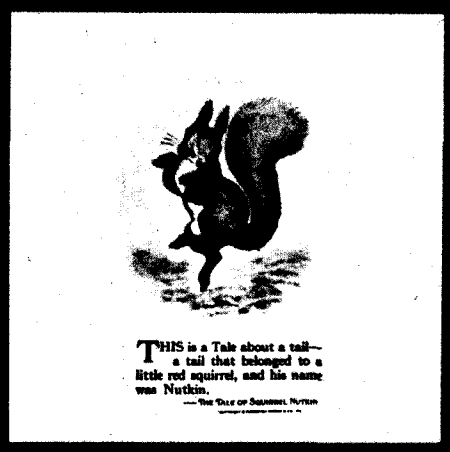
The Tale of Two Bad Mice

The Tale of Tom Kitten



The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin

The Tale of Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle

The Tale of Benjamin Bunny

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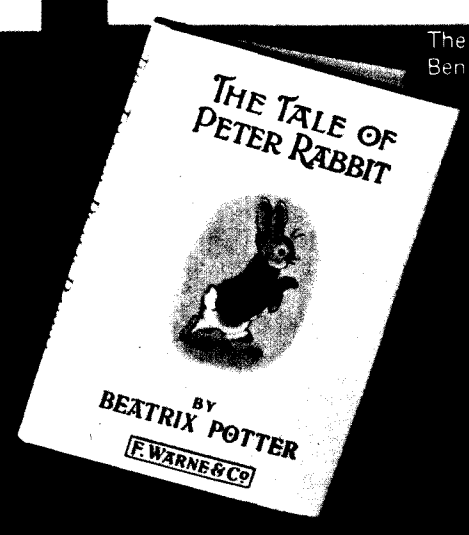

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experience he'll have when he gets old enough to race professionally? We're going to see a lot of these 'young veterans' coming along in the next few years. It's enough to scare a guy."

Although Roberts didn't ride a genuine motorcycle until he was thirteen, he invented his own and was wheeling it around his native Modesto, California, when he was twelve. He simply adapted a lawnmower motor to his bicycle. The improvised vehicle worked so well that he broadened his horizons and thought for several days of becoming the new A.J. Foyt.

"I took the same engine and put it in a cart I'd built out of two-by-fours and wagon wheels," Roberts recalls. "I rode the darned thing into a ditch one day and it broke right in half. That's when I decided that I'd stick with two wheels."

By age seventeen, Kenny already had won an Oregon State championship in the 100-cubic-centimeter engine class. He entered the professional ranks the following year on the Novice level. He finally got suspended from Modesto High School for skipping too many classes to go racing, including one two-week journey to Daytona Beach, Florida, for a major meet. That helped him make up his mind to forget about further schooling and become a career cycle racer.

He was more or less "on his own" that first season, but things were different in 1973. "The big difference was the plan Pete Schick at Yamaha came up with," Roberts says. "Where we'd always had to do our own mechanical work and van the motorcycles those great distances between races, he came up with contractors—Shell Thuet for the dirt cycles and Kel Carruthers for the road-racing models—to handle all that. All I had to do was show up and ride and maybe do a little advance public relations work. It was like lifting the weight of the world off your back. It meant a lot, let me tell you."

Roberts's 1973 total of 2,014 points comprised a new all-time high total in AMA annals. He outdistanced his good friend and archrival Gary Scott, by 773 points. But the season was not all Seven-Up and skittles for the youthful rider. At Albany, California, after he already had clinched the championship and was running in a heat race in a program that did not even pay national points, an experimental hub on his rear wheel failed and the assembly tore loose as Kenny was coming off the back stretch and going into the third turn. He took down nine hay bales in the resultant crash.

"I felt something go wrong and decided to get off because that fence was coming up fast," Roberts said. "I brought the bike down and slid off, pushing it away from me. You don't want to get tangled up in it during such a moment. Well, when I stopped rolling there in all that hay, I moved one leg to see if it was all right. It was. So I tried the other one and it was okay. Then I tried the arms. They were working, too, so I got up and watched the finish of the race."

Though ice water seems to flow through his veins when he's at work out on the track, Roberts exhibits a high degree of warmth when he's not competing. The incident of the Kenny Roberts T-shirts is an example. They were of high-quality material with a big picture of Kenny on his cycle emblazoned across the front, along with his autograph.

"They ought to be nice," Roberts said. "It cost three bucks apiece to have them made." So they probably sold for $7.50 each and Roberts made a nice little profit on them, right? "Nope, I lost money on the deal," Roberts related. "You know how it is. I gave one or two of them away to guys I knew around the track at San Jose (California) when we were there for a race. Pretty soon it seemed like a million kids were around me, asking if they could have a T-shirt. Well, what're you going to do? I couldn't say 'No' to all those kids. So I didn't do so well in the T-shirt business. Gave every last one of them away."

Kenny Roberts probably never will rank among the world's top businessmen, judging from that experience. But when it comes to riding a motorcycle at breakneck speed, he's something else.

NO RHYTHM

continued from page 70

winter when there is nothing for you to do, you ants get bored, and you don't know how to keep yourselves occupied or entertained. That's where us grasshoppers come in. We entertain you the whole winter through singing, dancing, doing impersonations. Humans have TV but you ants got us, the grasshoppers."

"But why can't we ants entertain ourselves instead of supporting strangers?"

"Face it, kid. You ants ain't got no rhythm."

"Yes, that's true enough," admitted Grant. "And we do get bored just sitting around playing Old Maid and Twenty Questions (the only two games we know). The winter drags on so that way."

"That's it, baby. Now you got it. Some do one thing, some another. As long as you do what you do better than anybody else does it, do it."

By then the grasshopper had led Grant back through the snow to her old home. He paused in front of the door, checked his shine, slicked his feelers back, straightened his tie and knocked.

"Who's there?"

"It's me. Mr. Show Biz himself. I just finished up twelve weeks in a pasture at Tahoe (held over for an-

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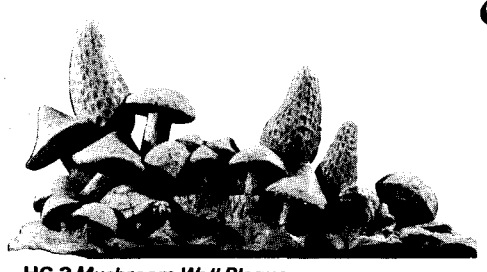

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(7"x3½") $9.50

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HC-5 *Small Kneeling Girl*
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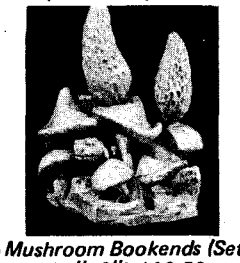

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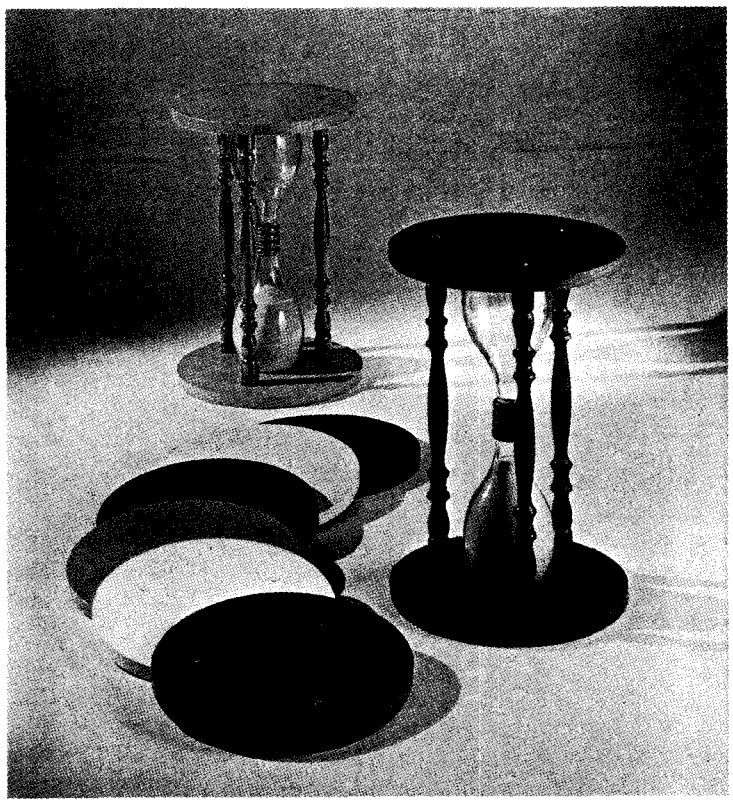

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other six), and now I'm here, ready. Are you?"

"Yes, we are," called out thousands of delighted little ant voices. "And welcome. But who's that with you?"

"Oh, her. Ah, she's my straight man. Sings harmony. Works the curtains. You know, second banana."

"No, she's not. She's Ms. Grant. She took her share of our supplies to start her own home because she disapproved of the way we ran ours. She's not welcome."

"Oh, please, please let me in," begged Ms. Grant. "My home, my food, all destroyed, and now I'll freeze. I'll starve if you don't let me in."

The queen ant herself opened the door just a little and asked, "Why should we show charity to you when you were unwilling to show charity to others? In order to receive, you must first be willing to give."

Ms. Grant could not answer. She could only hang her head.

"Look, ladies," interrupted the grasshopper, "it's cold out here. If this little ant here doesn't deserve charity then give her a wage. I told you she was my straight man. Instead of me doing a single all winter, let her work with me entertaining you, anything, just . . . just let's get in out of the cold."

The ants whispered among themselves behind the door for a while, while Ms. Grant and the grasshopper blew on their hands and hopped from one foot to the other trying to keep warm. Finally the queen threw the door open and said, "This is a large ant colony and one grasshopper may not be enough. It seems, Mr. Show Biz, that you will be taken up on your offer to let Ms. Grant into your act, but she must work hard. She must learn to do all the dance steps, and she must learn to do all of the 'pratfalls' and 'double takes' and she must practice her scales while the other ants are lounging around enjoying their earned leisure. She must work hard learning all the song lyrics and learning to take a pie in the face without anticipating. She must earn her keep."

I'm not sure that anyone heard the grasshopper mumble, "Ma'am, that's the greatest charity of all."

And so it was Ms. Grant Ant saw the light. She became a better ant, she became a more charitable ant, and she wasn't too bad in show biz either, although it is true ants *ain't* got no rhythm.

"I hath to go to the bathroom."

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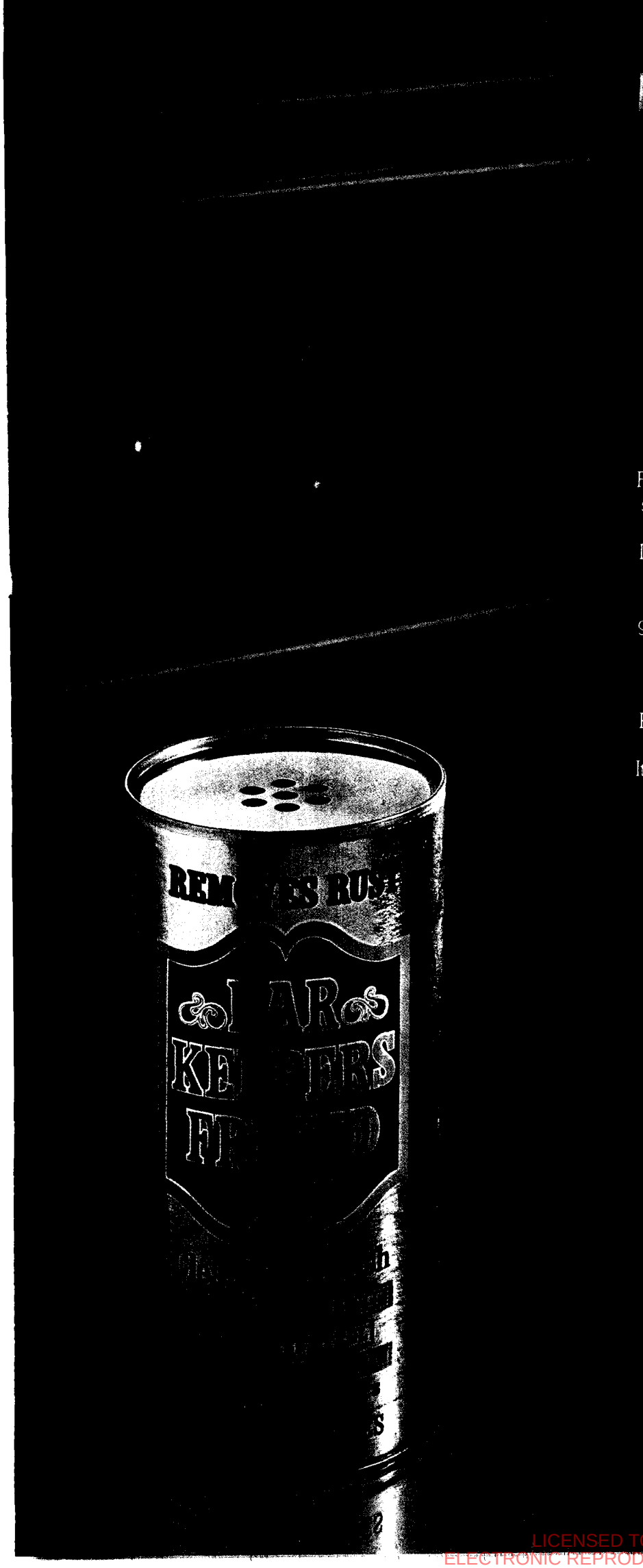

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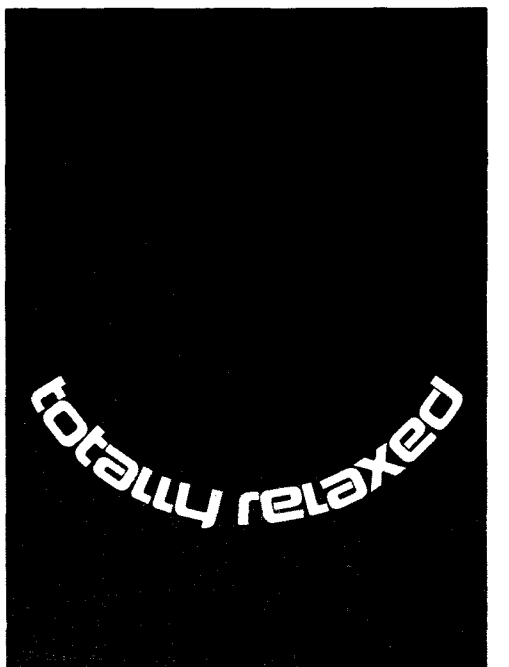
1. Mood Indigo
2. Blue Velvet
3. Bewitched, Bothered & Bewildered
4. I'll Never Fall In Love Again
5. Theme From 'Picasso Summer'
6. Wait Till You See Her
7. Pieces Of Dreams
8. A Time For Us
9. Alfie
10. This Is The Life
11. Midnight Cowboy
12. Voices Of Spring
13. You Go To My Head
14. If
15. If I Should Lose You
16. Sleepy Lagoon
17. Tony's Theme
18. Love Story Theme
19. With Pen In Hand
20. Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
21. But For Love
22. Imagine
23. The More I See You
24. Solitude
25. How Deep Is The Ocean
26. Speak Low
27. The Sweetest Sounds
28. A Summer Place
29. Tara's Theme
30. Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man
31. My Funny Valentine
32. People
33. Ben
34. The Music Lovers Theme

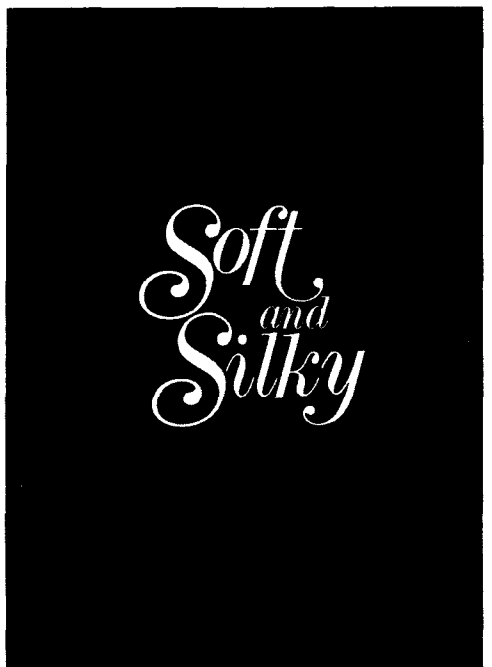
SOFT AND SILKY

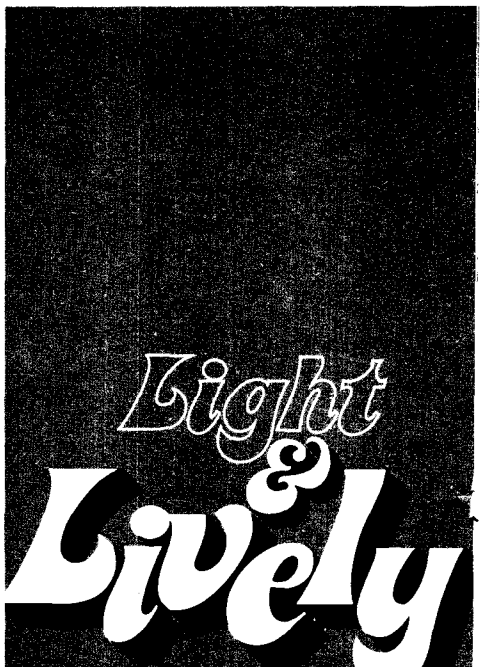
1. For All We Know
2. Jean
3. I Cover The Waterfront
4. I Have Dreamed
5. What's New
6. Till
7. My Kind Of Girl
8. Who's Afraid
9. Glad She's A Woman
10. I'll See You Again
11. I Love My Wife
12. S'Wonderful
13. A Smile Will Go A Long Long Way
14. Any Wednesday
15. The Girl I'll Never Know
16. Estrellita
17. Love Is Like A Violin
18. Sabrina's Theme (Film)
19. It Never Entered My Mind
20. Au Revoir
21. Music From Across The Way
22. And I Love Her
23. Autumn Leaves
24. In A Sentimental Mood
25. Love
26. Soon
27. There's A Small Hotel
28. Lo Much Que Te Quiero
29. *Jennifer*
30. When Winter Comes
31. Born Free
32. Don't Worry About Me
33. Weeping Analeah
34. Moonglow
35. The Night Has A Thousand Eyes
36. The Little Drummer Boy

LIGHT & LIVELY

1. Can't Take My Eyes Off You
2. Eternity
3. The Drum
4. It Only Takes A Moment
5. Mrs. Robinson
6. Wives & Lovers
7. I Believe In Music
8. Popcorn
9. An Apple For The Teacher
10. When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
11. Along With Me
12. You Are Woman, I Am Man
13. The Odd Couple
14. Vienna Blood
15. Aquarius
16. I'll Never Fall In Love Again
17. Blowin' In The Wind
18. Come Fly With Me
19. Sweet September
20. I Love You
21. Stop—I Don't Want To Hear It Anymore
22. Honey Come Back
23. I Could Have Danced All Night
24. It's Love
25. Spanish Flea
26. The Sound Of Music
27. Georgy Girl
28. Always Something There To Remind Me
29. I Talk To The Trees
30. The Look Of Love
31. Little Green Apples
32. Tango Of The Roses
33. Feelin' Groovy
34. *Show Me*
35. Song Of The Jet
36. Everything's Coming Up Roses
37. Dancing
38. The Band Played On
39. Before The Parade Passes By







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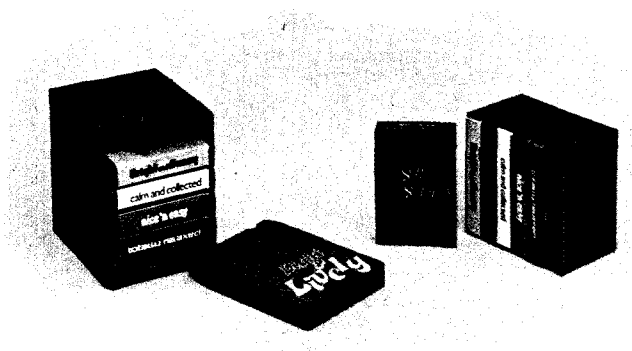

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NICE 'N EASY

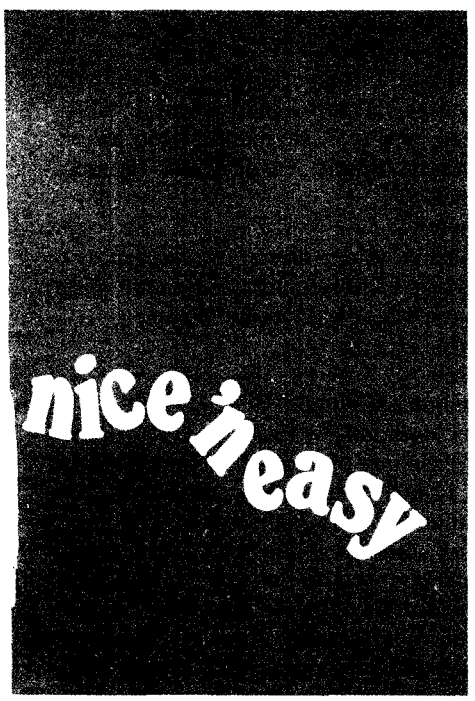
1. Hey Girl
2. Call Me Irresponsible
3. My Cherie Amour
4. Get Out Of Town
5. I Remember You
6. Dearly Beloved
7. But Beautiful
8. Dock Of The Bay
9. Just The Way You Look Tonight
10. Cherish
11. Imagination
12. Sentimental Journey
13. The Touch Of Your Lips
14. Bewitched
15. Love Letters In The Sand
16. Mr. Bojangles
17. My Baby Just Cares For Me
18. The Best Is Yet To Come
19. I'll Always Love You
20. Summertime
21. Hello Dolly
22. Windmills Of Your Mind
23. Oh Lady Be Good
24. Breezin' Along With The Breeze
25. What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life
26. Love Look Away
27. Little White Lies
28. Hey Jude
29. No Other Love
30. To Know You Is To Love You
31. It's Impossible
32. It's Easy To Remember
33. A Time For Love
34. Young And Foolish
35. Didn't We
36. Life Is Just A Bowl Of Cherries

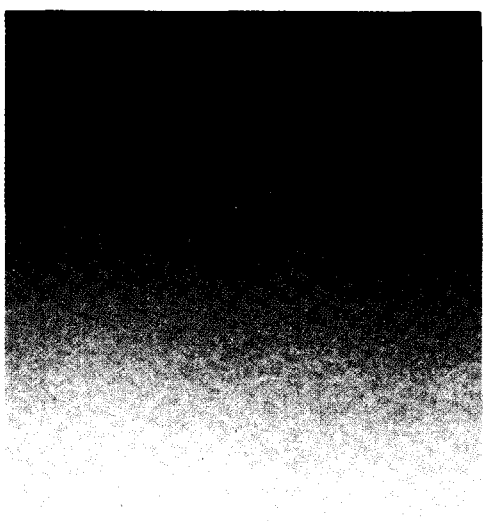
BRIGHT AND SASSY

1. Gentle On My Mind
2. Old Fashioned Love Song
3. Strike Up The Band
4. I Love Paris
5. Day In, Day Out
6. Come Saturday Morning
7. It's A Cryin' Shame
8. What Now My Love
9. Fiddler On The Roof
10. Do-Re-Mi
11. Never Ending Song Of Love
12. Jingle, Jangle, Jingle
13. Oh Happy Day
14. Put On A Happy Face
15. Everybody's Talkin'
16. Guadalajara
17. Bring Me Sunshine
18. Song From M.A.S.H.
19. Have You Met Miss Jones
20. Snowbird
21. Cheek To Cheek
22. Col. Bogey (River Kwai)
23. Just In Time
24. Theme From 'Borsalino'
25. If I Were A Rich Man
26. The Fool On The Hill
27. Eleanor Rigby
28. Ballad Of 'Easy Rider'
29. Ain't No Mountain High Enough
30. Theme From 'Exodus'
31. Let It Be
32. When The Saints Go Marching In
33. Take Me Home, Country Road
34. Zip-A-Dee-Do-Dah
35. Slaughter On Tenth Ave
36. Washington Square
37. All By Myself
38. Chitty Chitty Bang Bang

CALM AND COLLECTED

1. Someone To Watch Over Me
2. Never My Love
3. The Summer Knows
4. Scarborough Fair
5. The Lamp Of Memory
6. If I Love Again
7. Yesterday When I Was Young
8. Dear Hearts & Gentle People
9. A Foggy Day
10. Fine And Dandy
11. Not Mine
12. The World That Only Lovers See
13. True Grit
14. Who Are You Now
15. Embraceable You
16. Bless The Beasts & Children
17. The Time For Love Is Anytime
18. Hurt So Bad
19. Walkin' Easy
20. Illusion
21. Galveston
22. If Ever I Would Leave You
23. It's A Blue World
24. I'll Be There
25. Roses Of Picardy
26. Winds Of Barcelona
27. With The Wind & The Rain In Your Hair
28. Hushaby Mountain
29. Elvira
30. Someday Soon
31. It Could Happen To You
32. Honey
33. At Long Last Love
34. For You
35. Wait Until Dark
36. What Did I Have That I Don't Have Now
37. No Strings
38. Maria





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HOME AWAY FROM THE RANGE

The Great American Cookout has caught up with kitchen cuisine at last.

By Elizabeth Wilson

Family fun, better outdoor equipment, and the gentle persuasion of the fuel shortage point to more cookouts than ever before on your spring, summer, and fall scheduling of meals.

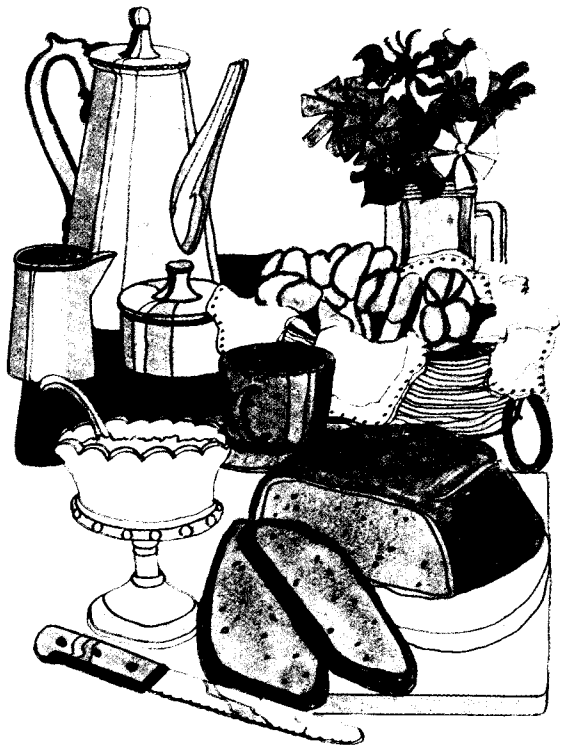
The great American cookout, whether on the terrace of the city apartment, in the backyard of the suburban home, or farther down the road to sylvan glade or lakeshore hideaway, is one of the most pleasant aspects of family life during the gentler seasons. The idea of everyone in the family working together and enjoying a get-together in our day of helter-skelter pickups of meals is good for all concerned–good for nutrition, good for fun and games while the viands viandify, and good for family members to relax together over a common cause made even more keen by the fetching aromas of the meal in progress.

Picture the scene–handsome comfortable garden furniture with the colorful umbrella table upon which rest liquid refreshments at your fingertips. Family and friends together in a family atmosphere enjoying the company of each other and yet not being restricted to the confines of a restaurant table.

Outdoor cookery has many meanings to many people. For example there are those who have yet to venture beyond the traditional hot dogs or hamburgers, which in themselves are great, and who can refuse the steaks prepared by the backyard culinary artist. But have you ever considered the possibility of discovering a fabulous piece of quality outdoor equipment which practically rivals the kitchen range? Oh, we have nothing against your brick fireplace out under the big tree, or your charcoal broiler that you've sworn by (and at) all these seasons past, but this new equipment, the Weber Covered Kettle, is something else again. It simply guarantees a home away from the range.

So relax. Create a vacation environment in your own backyard with a Weber Kettle. And when winter comes round again–don't put your Kettle away! It will keep on working for you all year long, turning out baked foods, broiled and barbecued foods. Along with frozen turkeys, fresh beef, lamb or pork roasts, baked hams. There is on the market a sumptuous two-pound boned, rolled and tied frozen pork roast. This roast is simply removed from the freezer and placed into the Kettle–no lost time in meal preparation as you do not have to wait while it thaws.

There are two types of Kettles available–those that cook with charcoal and those that cook with gas. Both cook with either direct or indirect exposure of food to the flame. Foods such as those above are cooked by the indirect method, and it is this method of cooking which gives the Weber Kettle its versatility. Not only meats and vegetables but casseroles, in fact, entire meals go directly from Kettle to table. We offer five menus designed around the Kettle–a ham dinner with a most delicious glaze, the always popular turkey dinner, the inevitable steak dinner, fish, and leg o' lamb. And then to really bowl you over, the baking of homemade bread, hot dinner rolls, yeast bread, quick nut bread and many other pre-packaged quality cake mixes.



FISH DINNER
MENU

Chilled Melon With Prosciutto
Favorite Fruit, Vegetable
or Clam Juice Cocktail
Fancy Assorted Crackers
Whole Lake Trout
or Other Large Fish
Cocktail Sauce
Dilled Carrots
Tossed Vegetable Salad
French or Russian Dressing
Hot Dinner Rolls
Butter
Assorted Fresh Fruits
OR Chilled Melon Wedges
Triple Fudge Bars
Campfire Coffee

Whole Lake Trout
or Other Large Fish

Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat
6- to 10-pound lake trout or other large fish
Salad oil
Lemon Butter or Basting Sauce
Salt
Pepper
Dry mustard
Sweet basil
Lemon slices
Toasted sliced almonds

Make an aluminum foil pan large enough to hold fish. Brush surface of foil pan well with oil. Cut head and tail from fish, if desired. Clean fish, drain and dry with paper towels. Place fish on pan. Brush cavity with Lemon Butter or Basting Sauce. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, mustard and sweet basil. Brush outside of fish with Lemon Butter or Basting Sauce. Arrange lemon slices in row down top of fish; position fish in pan on cooking grill. Cover kettle; cook about 1 hour and 45 minutes or until thickest part of fish flakes easily with fork. Brush with Lemon Butter or Basting Sauce several times during cooking. Sprinkle with toasted almonds. Yield: 6 to 10 servings.

Lemon Butter or
Basting Sauce

For fish, seafood, poultry, vegetables or buns used for fish sandwiches

Combine and mix 1 cup softened or melted butter or margarine, ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, ¾ teaspoon grated lemon peel and ¼ teaspoon salt. Yield: About 1¼ cups.

Cocktail Sauce

For fish or seafood

Combine and mix ½ cup catsup or chili sauce, 1 tablespoon each of horseradish and lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon salt. Yield: About ¾ cup.

Dilled Carrots
Cooked in Foil

Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat

Center 2 or 3 servings of cleaned prepared carrots on a 10- or 12-inch double thick square of heavy duty aluminum foil. Lift foil edges slightly. Season as desired with salt and pepper. Add 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion and ¼ to ½ teaspoon chopped dried dill weed. Dot with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Add 1 tablespoon water. Close package securely with a double fold on top and ends, leaving a little space for steam expansion. Place on cooking grill; cover kettle and cook until tender, turning package once. Prepare as many packages as needed. Cook 30 to 45 minutes.

Hot Dinner Rolls

Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat

Cut baked dinner rolls (hard or soft); spread cut surfaces with softened butter or margarine or a favorite seasoned butter. Wrap 4 to 6 rolls in double thick heavy duty aluminum foil; seal with double fold on top and ends. Center on cooking grill; cover kettle and heat 15 to 20 minutes.

Triple Fudge Bars

Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat
1 package (3¾ ounces) chocolate pudding and pie filling (not instant)
1 package (18½ ounces) chocolate cake mix
1 cup chocolate chips
½ cup chopped walnuts
Vanilla or chocolate ice cream, optional

Prepare pudding mix as directed on package label. Stir in dry chocolate cake mix. Pour into greased 9 x 13 x 2-inch pan. Sprinkle chocolate chips and walnuts over batter. Center pan on cooking grill; cover kettle and bake about 40 minutes or until done. Cool or serve warm. To serve, cut into squares; serve warm or cold, plain or with ice cream. Yield: 15 to 24 servings.

Campfire Coffee

Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat

Bring 2 quarts of water to a boil. Stir 1 egg and 3

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tablespoons cold water into 1 cup regular grind coffee. Turn into a 3- or 4-quart coffee pot. Pour boiling water over coffee. Bring to a boil. Cover; place to coolest side of grill; let stand 10 to 12 minutes. Just before serving pour ¼ cup cold water into coffee to clarify. Yield: About 10 to 12 servings.

BAKED HAM DINNER MENU

Baked Ham with
Brown Sugar Glaze
Parsleyed Rice
Sweet Potatoes
Stuffed Tomatoes
Fruit Salad in Melon Bowl
Assorted Relishes and Pickles
Hot Rolls
Cherry Delight
Fruit Drinks in Fresh Pineapple Shells
with Sherbet and Mint Sprigs
OR Iced Tea

Baked Ham

Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat
Whole or half boneless or bone-in fully cooked (ready-to-eat), canned, or cured and smoked (cook-before-eating) ham
Whole cloves
Brown Sugar Glaze
Canned pineapple slices, well-drained
Maraschino cherries

Read directions before removing wrappings from ham. If necessary cut off rind. Score fat criss-cross fashion with sharp knife, making very shallow cuts so juices will not escape. Stud with whole cloves. Insert meat thermometer into center of thickest part of ham, with point away from bone and fat. Center ham, fat side up, on well-greased cooking grill directly above drip pan. Cover kettle. Cook cook-before-eating hams to 160°F, 12 minutes per pound for an 8- to 10-pound ham or 16 minutes per pound for 16-pound ham. Fully cooked and canned hams need only be heated to serving temperature, 140°F, about 9 minutes per pound in charcoal kettle or 13 minutes per pound in gas kettle. Baste ham with Brown Sugar Glaze during last 30 minutes of cooking. Garnish with pineapple slices and cherries 10 minutes before end of cooking time; brush with glaze and allow fruit to heat.

Brown Sugar Glaze

Combine ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar, 3 tablespoons water and 2 teaspoons prepared mustard in small saucepan; mix and heat until sugar melts. Brush over ham and fruit.

Sweet Potatoes

Wash, dry and rub potato skins with oil, bacon fat or seasoned butter. Wrap each potato securely in double thick 8- to 10-inch square of heavy duty aluminum foil. Place on grill; cover kettle and bake 45 to 60 minutes, depending upon size of potato or until done. If a crisp skin is desired, bake potatoes without wrapping in foil.

A charcoal broiled steak dinner–what a great way to celebrate a special occasion or to make *a special occasion out of an otherwise ordinary day.*

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Stuffed Tomatoes

Charcoal—Indirect Method
Gas—Indirect Method Low Heat
Cook 1 package (9 or 10 ounces) frozen peas or corn kernels. Cut a thin slice from top of 4 medium tomatoes. Scoop out seeds and pulp. Place tomatoes, cavity up, in shallow baking pan. Season inside of tomatoes with salt and pepper. Add 3 tablespoons water to pan. Cover pan; place on cooking grill. Cover kettle and heat. Fill tomatoes with hot cooked vegetable; garnish with bits of green pepper or pimiento. Yield: 4 servings.

Fruit Salad in Melon Bowl

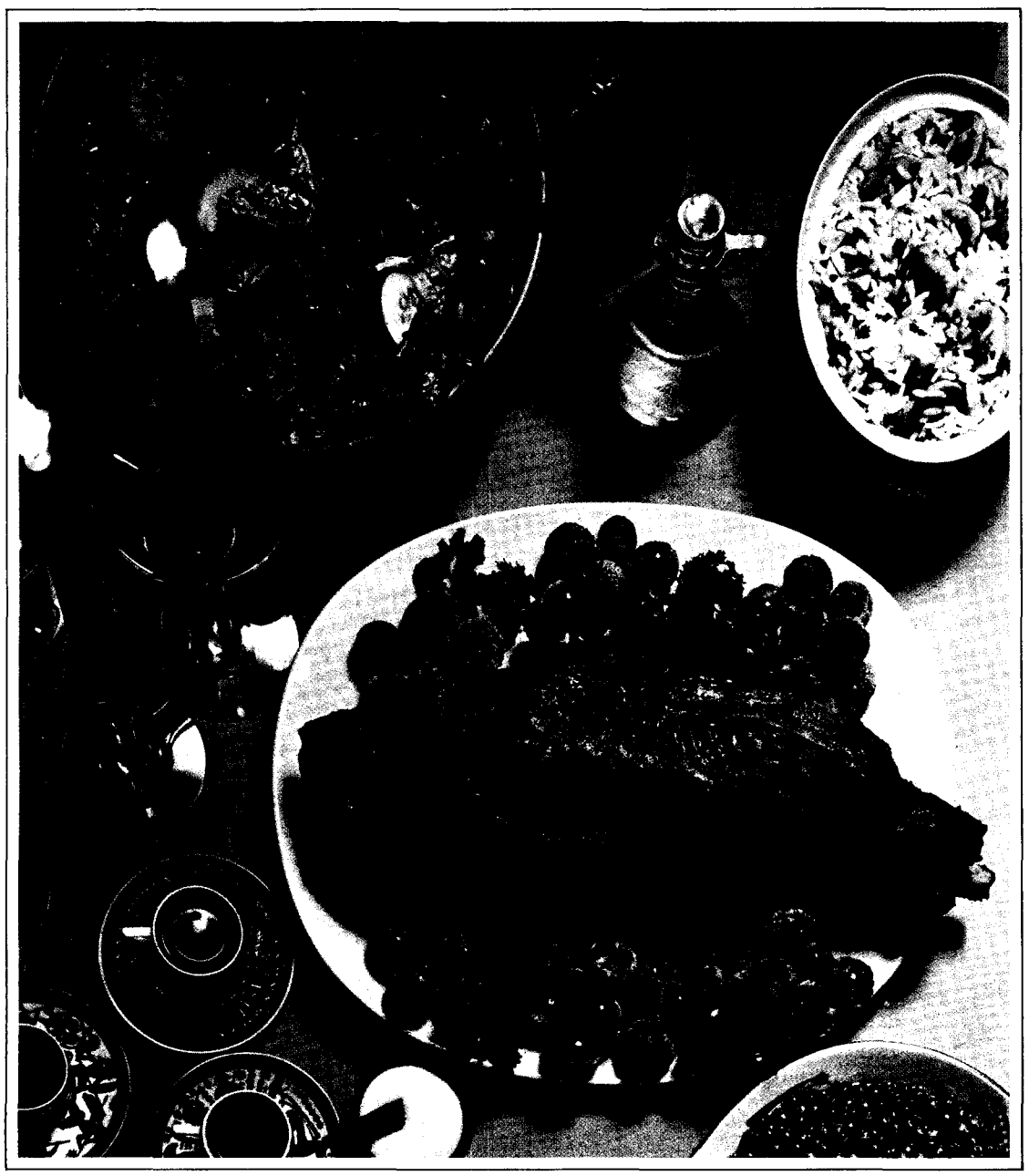
6- to 7-inch slice watermelon, cut from one end
1 small cantaloupe, peeled, seeded and cut into bite-size pieces
1 small honeydew melon, peeled, seeded and cut into bite-sized pieces
1 cup fresh or canned drained pineapple chunks
1 cup orange or grapefruit segments
1 cup fresh strawberry halves
2 bananas, cut in ¾-inch slices
2 tablespoons lime or lemon juice
6 to 8 clusters sugar-frosted green or red grapes, optional

Cut a thin slice from end of watermelon so bowl will stand upright and level. Cut red meat from inside of watermelon leaving a 1-inch layer of red meat over bottom. Cut scallops around top edge of watermelon rind. Chill. Remove seeds from remaining watermelon; cut into bite-size pieces. Combine with fruits, except grapes; mix carefully. Spoon into watermelon shell. Arrange on serving plate; surround with sugar frosted grapes, if desired. Yield: 10 to 12 servings.

Cherry Delight

Charcoal—Indirect Method
Gas—Indirect Method Low Heat
1 can (1 pound) cherry pie filling
1 package (18½ ounces) yellow cake mix
½ cup butter or margarine, melted
1 can (3½ ounces) flaked coconut
½ cup chopped walnuts
1½ to 2 pints vanilla ice cream, optional

Spread cherry pie filling evenly over bottom of 8x8x2-inch square pan. Sprinkle yellow cake mix evenly over fruit. Drizzle butter or margarine evenly over cake mix. Sprinkle top with coconut and nuts. Center on cooking grill; cover kettle and bake about 45 minutes or until done. Serve warm or chilled, plain or topped with ice cream. Yield: 9 to 12 servings.



You can take a culinary tour of Greece without leaving your backyard. Here, a traditional Greek dinner with leg of lamb, rice pilaf, grapes, Greek salad and minted peas. Top it off with fabulous Greek pastries.

FAMILY OR HOLIDAY TURKEY DINNER MENU

Hot Shrimp Appetizers
Favorite Fruit or Vegetable Cocktail
Roasted Turkey
Pecan Stuffing Turkey Gravy
Mashed Potatoes
Cranberry Orange Salad
Green Beans Amandine
Hot Rolls Butter
Peachy-Berry Cobbler
Coffee or Tea

Roast Turkey

Charcoal—Indirect Method
Gas—Indirect Method Low Heat
Oven-ready turkey, 12 to 16 lbs.
Salt
Pepper
Salad oil, melted butter or margarine

Clean turkey; sprinkle cavities generously with salt and pepper. Lock wings behind back or fasten next to breast and tie securely; tie legs and tail together securely or press legs under band of skin. Insert meat thermometer into thickest portion of thigh with point away from bone. Center turkey on greased cooking grill or in roast holder on cooking grill directly over drip pan. Brush with oil, melted butter or margarine. Cover kettle; cook 3½ to 4½ hours to 185°F. Baste with oil, melted butter or margarine every 30 minutes during last 2 hours of cooking. Add briquettes or adjust gas temperature control as needed to maintain temperature.

Pecan Stuffing

¾ cup butter or margarine
1 cup diced celery
¾ cup finely chopped onion
5 cups ½-inch cubes day-old bread
½ cup hot water
1 egg, beaten
3 teaspoons poultry seasoning
½ cup chopped pecans
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Melt butter or margarine in large skillet. Add celery and onion; cover and cook slowly until onion is tender, not brown. Remove from heat. Add remaining ingredients; toss lightly. Turn stuffing into casserole and bake along with turkey last 45 minutes of roasting. Yield: About 6 cups.

Cranberry Orange Salad

2 packages (3 ounces each) orange-flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
2 cans (1 pound each) jellied cranberry sauce, mashed
¾ cup orange juice
2 teaspoons grated orange peel, optional
¾ cup chopped pared apple
2/3 cup finely diced celery
Crisp salad greens

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cranberry sauce and orange juice; mix and cool. Stir in grated orange peel; chill until mixture begins to set. Fold in apple and celery. Pour into lightly oiled 5-cup mold or individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp salad greens. Yield: About 8 servings.

Continued on page 112

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This is no fish story! For some of the greatest eating you have ever experienced, try grilling a whole red snapper, lake trout, or some other large fish. Baste it with lemon butter, garnish with lemon slices, and serve with a bread or almond stuffing. A tossed vegetable salad, dilled carrots, assorted fresh fruits or melon wedges, triple fudge bars and coffee will complete the menu and give you an outdoor meal you'll never forget. If you're an angler, so much the better. The meal will show your family and guests that you can catch it, cook it, serve it, and eat it—and do it all within a period of twenty-four hours or less. The traditional hot dogs and hamburgers are great, but be a bit adventuresome. Experiment with new outdoor cooking equipment, and with some foods that may be just a little bit out of the ordinary. This entree is so impressive to behold, so nutritious, and so easy to prepare that you will want to include it in your repertoire of menus for outdoor cooking.

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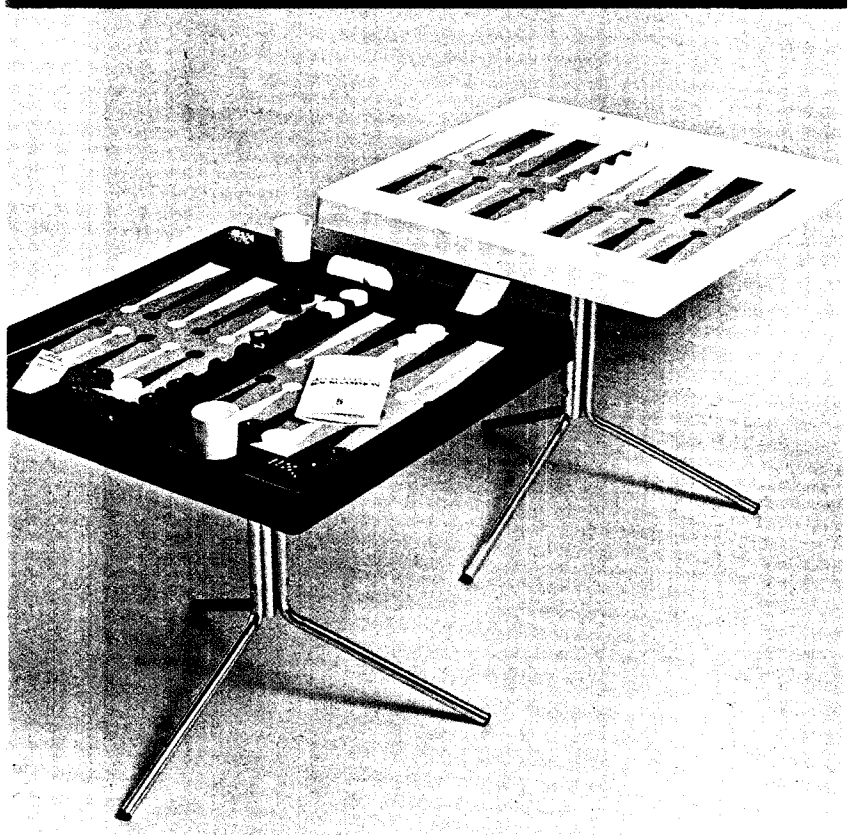

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4E

Fresh Green Beans Amandine Cooked in Foil

Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat

Center 2 or 3 servings of cleaned prepared green beans on a 10- or 12-inch double thick square of heavy-duty aluminum foil. Lift foil edges slightly. Season as desired with salt and pepper. Dot with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine or butter basting sauce. Add 1 tablespoon water. Close package securely with a double fold on top and ends, leaving a little space for steam expansion. Place on cooking grill; cover kettle and cook until tender 20 to 30 minutes, turning package once. Prepare as many packages as needed. Lightly brown ¼ cup slivered blanched almonds in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Stir in 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Pour over green beans just before serving.

Peachy-Berry Cobbler

Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat

3 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
1 package (10 ounces) frozen sliced peaches, thawed
1 package (10 ounces) frozen red raspberries, thawed
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 cup packaged biscuit mix
6 tablespoons sugar
1/3 cup milk or half-and-half
½ teaspoon cinnamon
Whipped cream or ice cream, optional

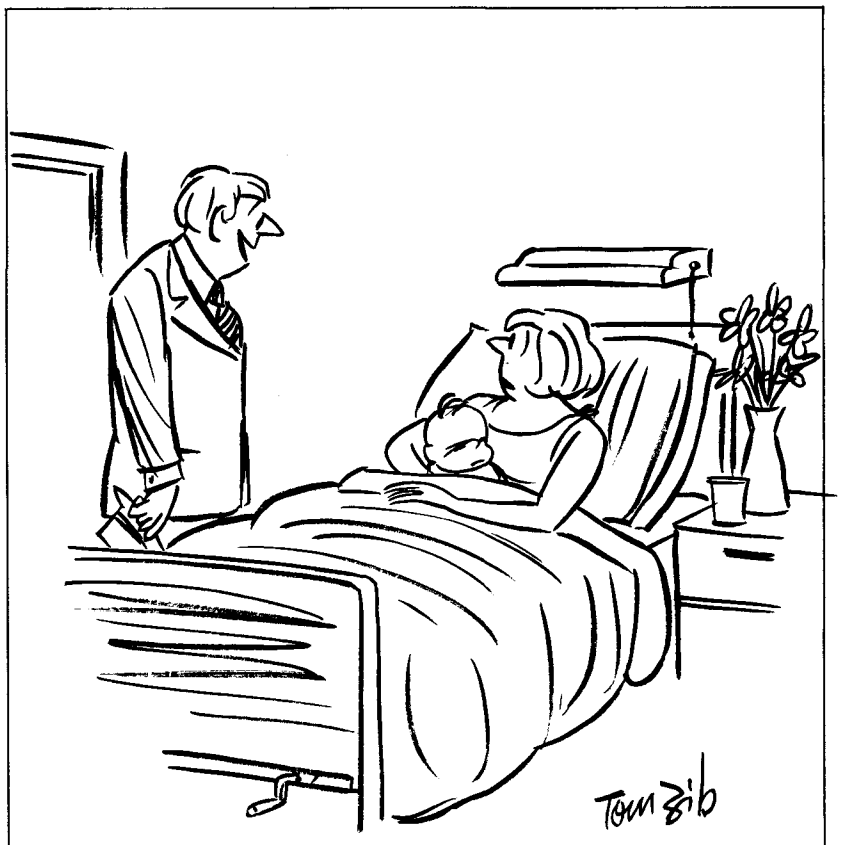
Pour first 4 ingredients into heavy metal 10-inch skillet or casserole with tight-fitting cover and heatproof handles and knob. Cover handles and knob with foil for extra protection. Place pan on cooking grill. Cover kettle and bring fruits to a boil while preparing topping. Combine biscuit mix, 3 tablespoons sugar and milk or half-and-half; stir just until dry ingredients are moistened. Drop spoonsful of dough onto boiling fruit mixture. Cover at once. Cover kettle and cook 10 to 15 minutes or until topping is cooked. Remove from heat. Combine and mix remaining 3 tablespoons sugar and cinnamon, sprinkle over crust; cover for 2 or 3 minutes. Serve warm, plain or topped with whipped cream or ice cream. Yield: 6 servings.

GALA GREEK DINNER

You can take a culinary tour of Greece without leaving your backyard

MENU

Lemon Soup (Avgolemono)
OR Tiny Dolmas*
Leg of Lamb, Greek-style
Grape Garnish
Rice Pilaf
Green Beans Minted Peas
Dry Red Wine OR Retsina
Greek Salad
(Shredded lettuce, chopped celery, sliced cucumber, tomatoes, green pepper, onion, Greek olives, anchovies, Greek Feta cheese, vinegar and olive oil dressing and oregano)
Bread Sticks OR Dinner Rolls



"This really works out great, dear! I just couldn't think of what to give you for your birthday!"

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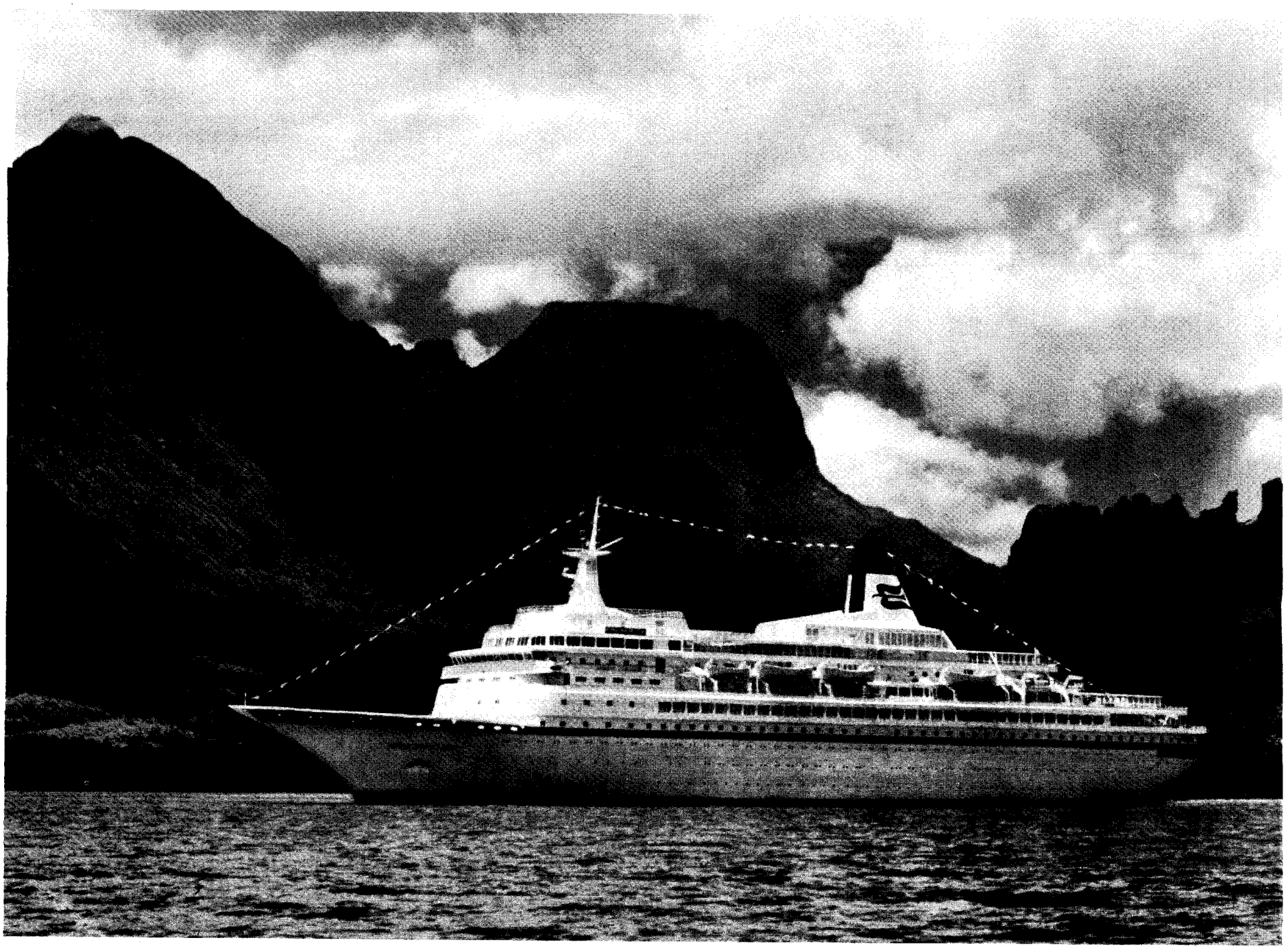

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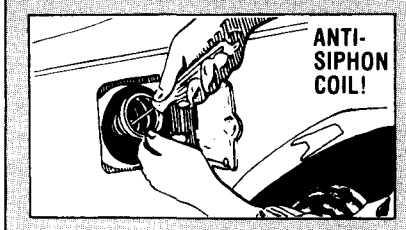

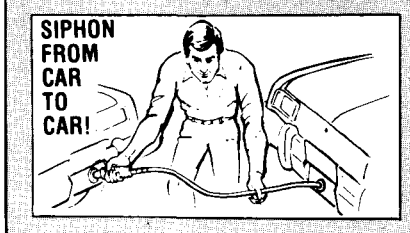

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Butter
Baklava
or other Greek Pastries*
Fruit Kabobs with Apricot Butter
Coffee

**Available in specialty food stores or gourmet shops.*

Leg of Lamb, Greek-Style
Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat

2 teaspoons salt
1½ teaspoons crushed oregano
½ teaspoon pepper
4- to 5-pound leg of lamb
1 cup water
1 can (8 ounces) tomato sauce
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 small lemon, thinly sliced
1 package (9 ounces) frozen artichoke hearts, separated

Combine salt, oregano and pepper; rub into lamb. Center lamb on cooking grill directly over drip pan. Cover kettle; cook 2½ hours. Remove lamb from kettle; place in uncovered roasting pan. Combine and mix remaining ingredients except lemon slices and artichokes; pour over lamb. Arrange lemon slices on lamb and surround with artichoke hearts. Return lamb in roasting pan to kettle, cover and cook about 45 to 60 minutes until meat is fork tender or meat thermometer reaches 175°F. (medium). Baste with sauce during last 45 minutes of cooking, if desired. Yield: About 10 servings.

Rice Pilaf
Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat

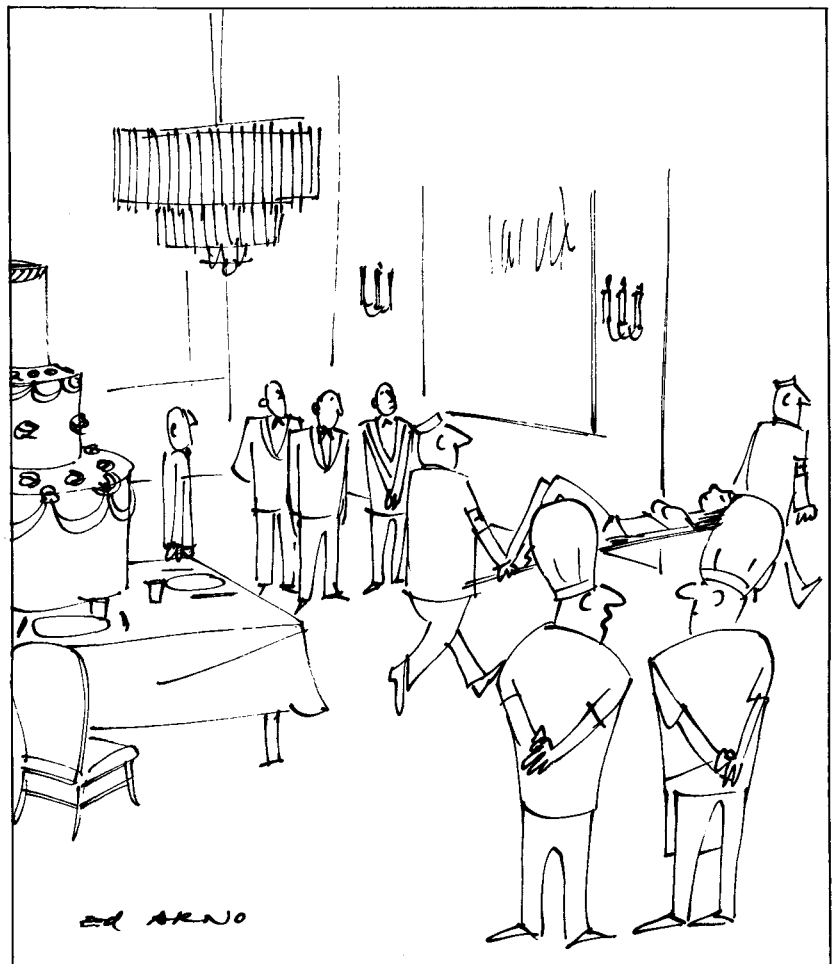
¼ cup butter, margarine or olive oil
1/3 cup finely chopped onion
½ clove garlic, crushed
½ cup hot water
1 chicken bouillon cube, mashed
6 cups hot cooked seasoned rice
1 can (4 ounces) mushroom pieces, drained
1½ tablespoons minced parsley
½ teaspoon oregano
¼ teaspoon basil, optional
1/3 cup toasted sliced almonds

On cooking grill heat butter, margarine or oil in large skillet with heatproof handle. Add onion, garlic, water and bouillon cube. Cook until onion is tender, but not brown. Stir in rice, mushroom pieces, parsley, oregano and basil; sprinkle with toasted almonds, cover with aluminum foil. Cover kettle and heat to serving temperature. Yield: 8 servings.

Green Beans
Prepare as for carrots. Add salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon water. Close foil package, leaving space for steam expansion. Place on cooking grill; cover kettle and cook 20 to 35 minutes, turning once.

Minted Peas
Prepare as for carrots; sprinkle 1 teaspoon minced mint leaves over peas before closing package. Place on cooking grill; cover and cook 15 to 20 minutes, turning once.

Fruit Kabobs
Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat



"And I say she should have been put into the cake AFTER we baked it."

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Arrange bite-size chunks of fruit such as fresh pineapple, unpeeled red plums, melon, bananas and thick fresh peach slices in bowls on tray along with skewers. At serving time thread fruits on skewers. Arrange filled skewers on grill and brush with Apricot Butter. Cover kettle and cook 3 to 5 minutes or until hot and lightly browned, turning once or twice. Serve with additional sauce. Sprinkle with coconut.

Apricot Butter

Combine and mix 1 cup softened or melted butter or margarine, ¾ cup apricot preserves and 2 teaspoons grated orange or lemon peel. Yield: About 1¾ cups.

STEAK IS GREAT FOR A TERRACE OR PATIO PARTY MENU

Raw Vegetable Relishes and Chips
Favorite Assorted Cheese
or Sour Cream Dips
Charcoal Broiled Steak
Béarnaise Sauce
Potatoes Baked On Grill
with Sour Cream
Corn in Husks
Baked Tomato Halves
Tossed Vegetable Salad
Or
Pineapple Cream Salad
French or Italian Bread
with Herb Butter
Red Wine
Baked Bananas
with Ice Cream
Coffee Tea
Lemonade Coolers

Charcoal Broiled Steak

Charcoal—Direct Method

Porterhouse, T-bone, Club, Sirloin or Tenderloin Steak, 1 to 2 inches thick
Salt, as desired (½ to 1 teaspoon salt per pound of meat)
Pepper, as desired

Slash fat at edge of steak at 1½ to 2 inch intervals to prevent curling during cooking. Place steak on cooking grill. Cover kettle and cook on first side 7 minutes for medium. Turn steak with tongs; cover and cook on second side to desired degree of doneness, 8 minutes for medium. Remove from grill; season with salt and pepper to taste and serve at once. If you prefer searing the steak, leave the cover off for the first minute only on each side.

Béarnaise Sauce

For meat, fish, seafood, vegetables or meat fondues

¼ cup cider or tarragon vinegar
¼ cup finely chopped onion
¼ cup water or dry white wine
1 tablespoon each of minced parsley and chives
3 egg yolks
½ cup butter or margarine
¾ cup salad dressing or mayonnaise
¼ teaspoon salt

Simmer vinegar and onion until liquid evaporates. Stir in water or wine, parsley and chives and set aside. Beat egg yolks until very thick and lemon-colored. Melt butter. Beat melted butter into egg yolks, a small amount at a time. Turn into heavy saucepan;

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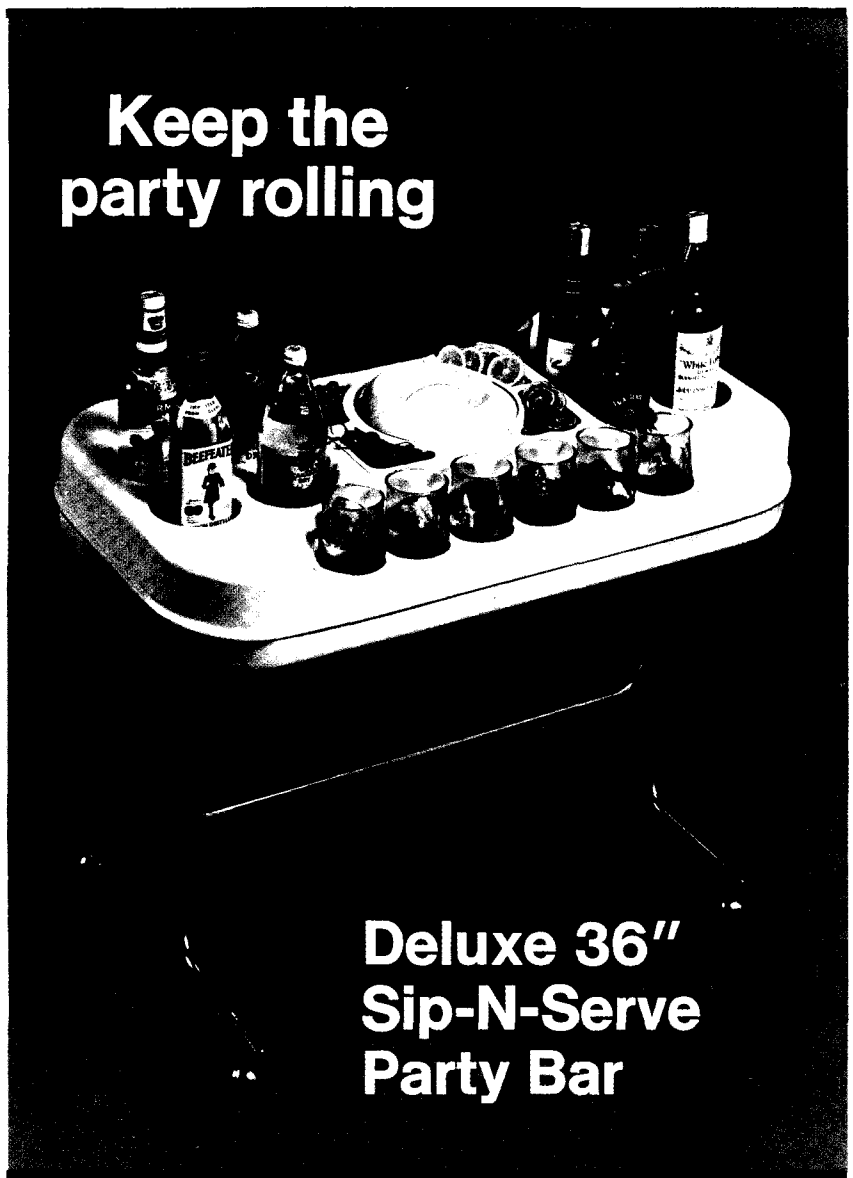

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cook over very low heat, stirring constantly, until thick. Remove from heat; stir in wine mixture. Fold in salad dressing and salt. Yield: About 2 cups.

Potatoes Baked on Grill

Charcoal–Direct Method
Gas–Direct Method Low Heat

Wash, dry and rub potato skins with oil, bacon fat or seasoned butter. Wrap each potato securely in double thick 8- to 10-inch square of heavy duty aluminum foil. Arrange on cooking grill. Cover kettle and cook 45 to 60 minutes or until tender, turning potatoes once.

Corn in Husks

Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat

Fold back husks carefully; remove silk. Tie husks at tip end and center; soak in cold water ½ hour. Remove ears from water; shake well; place on cooking grill. Cover kettle and cook 25 to 30 minutes or until done, turning ears 2 or 3 times during heating. Use gloves to remove husks.

Baked Tomato Halves

Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat

Stem, wash and cut 4 large tomatoes in half crosswise. Arrange halves, cut side up, in shallow baking pan. Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine. Brush tomato halves with 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Add 1/3 cup fine dry bread crumbs and 2 teaspoons minced parsley to remaining butter or margarine; mix well. Stir in 2 tablespoons shredded Cheddar or grated Parmesan cheese. Spoon crumbs over tomatoes. Place on cooking grill; cover kettle and heat. Yield: 8 servings.

French or Italian Bread in Foil

Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat

Cut bread crosswise into 1-inch slices, cutting to but not quite through bottom crust. Spread cut surfaces with softened herb butter. Wrap loaf in double thick heavy duty aluminum foil; seal with double fold on top and ends. Center on cooking grill; cover kettle and heat 15 to 20 minutes. For a crisp crust loosen foil on top and ends 5 minutes before end of heating time.

Herb Butter

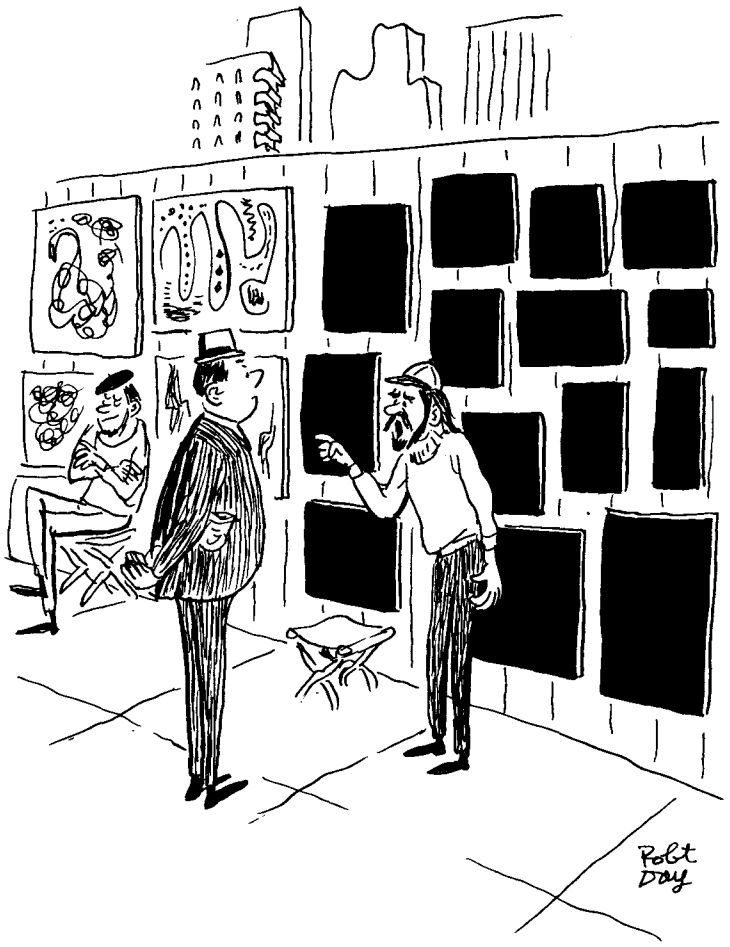
Combine and mix 1 cup softened or melted butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 2 teaspoons minced onion, 1½ teaspoons fines herbes blend and ½ teaspoon onion salt. Yield: About 1 cup.

Baked Bananas

Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat

¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
¼ cup orange juice
¼ cup firmly packed brown sugar
¼ cup rum, optional
1 tablespoon lemon juice
6 large firm bananas
Whipped cream or vanilla ice cream

Combine butter or margarine, orange juice, brown sugar, rum and lemon juice; mix well. Cut bananas in half crosswise and lengthwise. Ar-



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range in shallow baking dish. Spoon sauce over bananas. Center on cooking grill; cover kettle and bake about 15 minutes or just until tender. Baste with sauce 2 or 3 times during baking. Serve hot topped with whipped cream or ice cream, if desired. Yield: 6 to 8 servings.

Lemonade Coolers

Combine 1½ cups sugar, 1 cup water and 2 tablespoons grated lemon peel in saucepan. Bring to a boil; boil 5 minutes. Strain and chill. Add 1 cup lemon juice. At serving time fill 8-ounce glasses with crushed ice. To each glass add 2 tablespoons lemon mixture, a lemon slice and 1 or 2 maraschino cherries. Add water to fill; stir. Garnish with mint sprigs. Yield: About 16 servings.

Yeast Bread

Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat

Prepare 1 or 2 loaves of yeast bread from favorite recipe or hot roll or bread mix. Brush inside of aluminum foil loaf pan (or pans) with melted butter or margarine just before baking. To bake, center pan (or pans) on cooking grill; cover kettle and bake 35 to 40 minutes depending upon size of pan or until done and nicely browned. Cool on rack 5 minutes. Remove from pan (or pans); finish cooling on rack. Brush with melted butter or margarine while hot.

Quick Nut Bread

Charcoal–Indirect Method
Gas–Indirect Method Low Heat

2 cups unsifted flour
¾ cup sugar
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup dairy sour cream
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped walnuts

Combine ingredients in order listed in large mixing bowl. Mix at low speed until blended. Pour into well-greased 9 x 5 x 3-inch loaf pan. Center on cooking grill; cover kettle and bake 60 to 65 minutes or until cake tester inserted in center of loaf comes out clean. Cool 10 minutes. Remove from pan; finish cooling on rack. Yield: One 9 x 5 x 3-inch loaf.

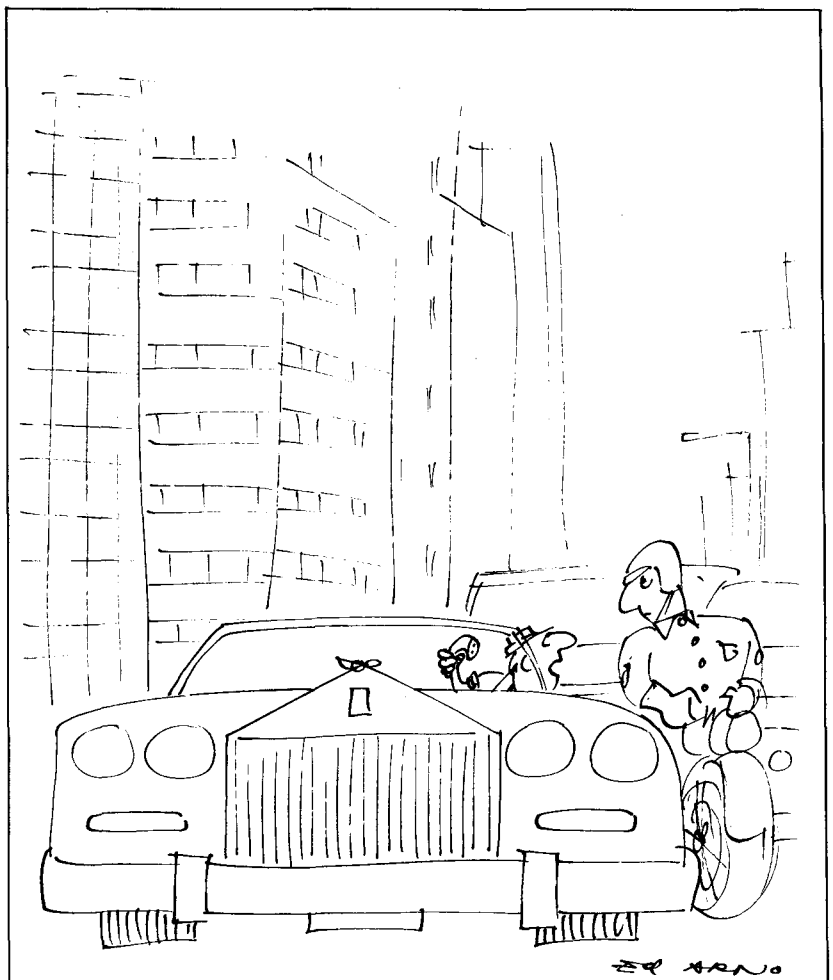
Photographs and recipes courtesy of Tested Recipe Publishers, Inc., Chicago. TRP © 1972.

Answers To

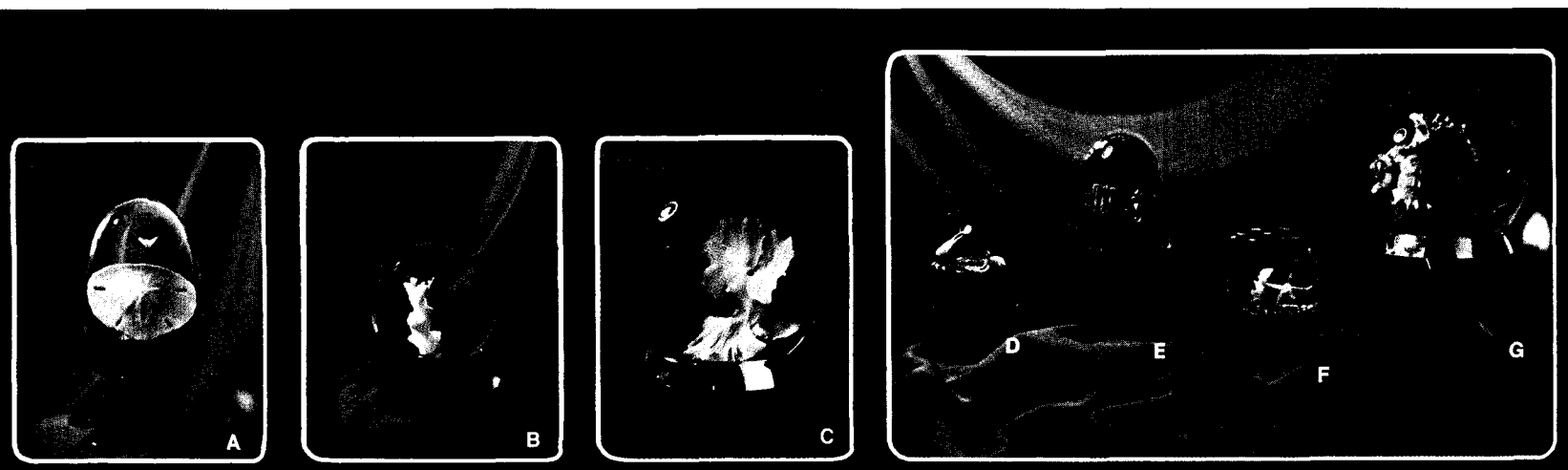
Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 124

1. Ohio
2. Rhode Island
3. New Jersey
4. Utah
5. Delaware
6. Wyoming
7. California
8. New Hampshire
9. Louisiana
10. Iowa
11. Washington
12. Michigan



"Be reasonable, officer. How do you expect a person to talk on the phone and drive with maximum efficiency at the same time?"



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Water-Way to Go

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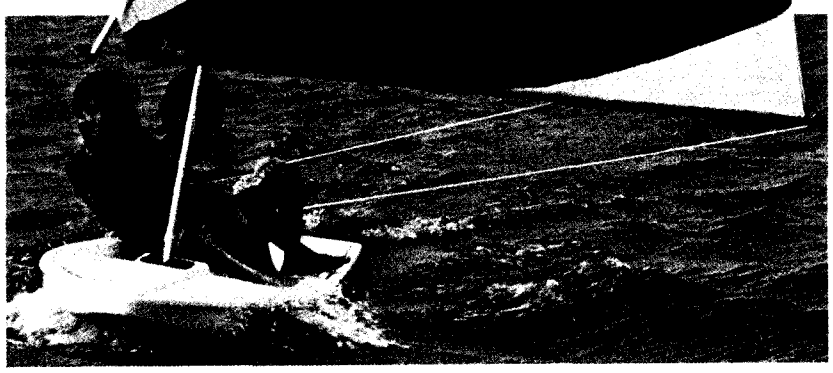

Here is a "fun" boat at a thrifty price for the new sailor just getting his sea legs. The unsinkable 11-foot expanded polystyrene hull with a 3-foot beam carries two adults comfortably in its self-bailing cockpit. She comes complete with 45-square-foot nylon sail and 10-foot aluminum boom and yardarm with an 8-foot mast. Her draft is 30 inches with marine plywood centerboard down. The 101 can be carried on a car top or *in a station wagon easily. It's a cinch to rig and even a youngster can right it should it* tip over. There's plenty of sailing enjoyment for very little money in the Scamper 101. Comes with complete instructions. Shipping weight is 57 pounds. $129.95.

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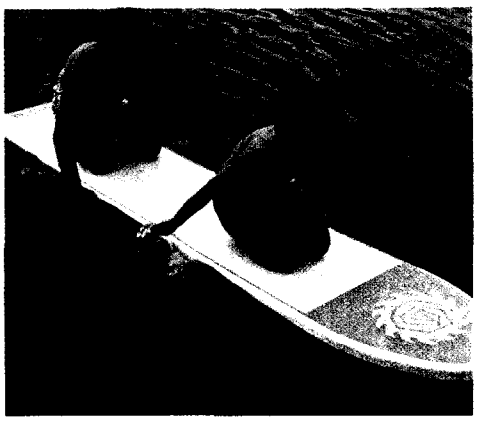

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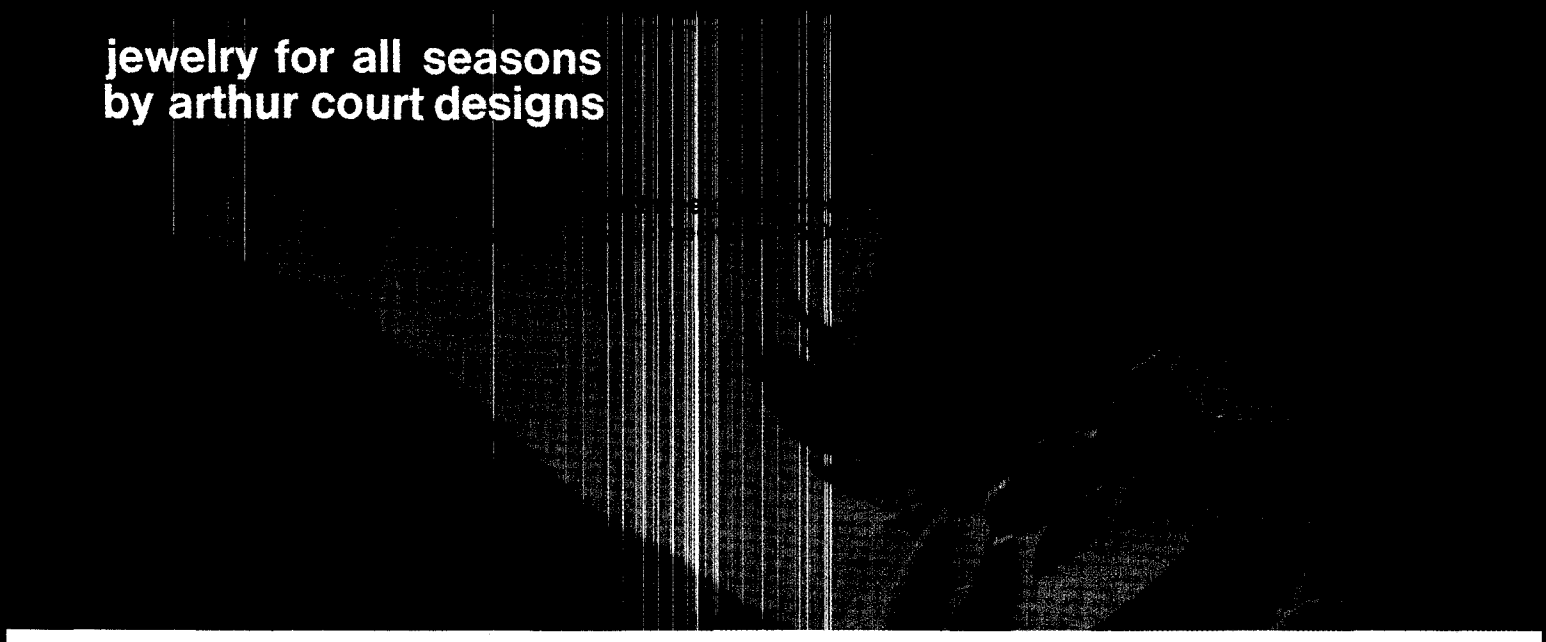

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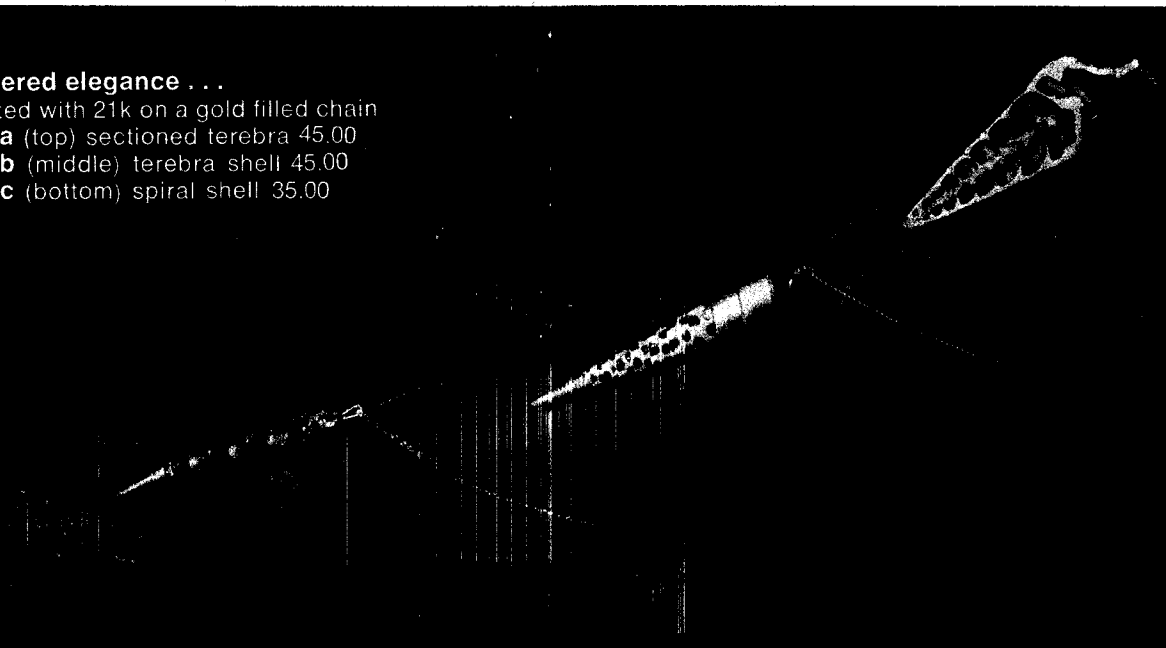

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BREAST CANCER

continued from page 12

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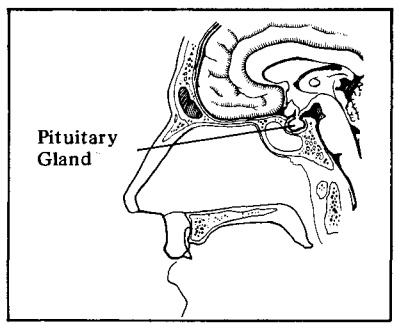
Wear a cheerful countenance at all times.

Give every living creature you meet a smile.

And remember—love is the greatest medicine ever discovered.



Each year several thousand advanced breast cancer patients have their pituitary glands removed or destroyed in the hope of getting temporary relief by reducing hormone production. Early detection and a mastectomy can stop breast cancer before it progresses to this stage of treatment.

A Glossary of Terms

This glossary has been provided by Dr. Michael J. Brennan to help in the understanding of medical terminology which is a necessary part of the foregoing article on breast cancer.

Cancer of the breast is a malignant tumor that starts either in the milk glands or in the ducts (tubes) that carry the milk to the nipple. The cancer tends to spread to the lymph nodes in the armpit and to the nodes behind the breastbone.

Lymph nodes are "kernels" in the neck that swell and get sore when you have a sore throat. Lymph nodes are present throughout the body, notably in the groin and armpits. They contain a type of white blood cell called lymphocytes that are the body's chief defense against some types of infection and also against cancer.

The standard radical mastectomy is the classic operation for breast cancer. The surgeon removes the breast, the underlying muscles of the chest wall and all the glands that lie beneath the muscles of the chest wall. It produces a more obvious cosmetic deformity than a simple mastectomy. It is also more dangerous to life.

The supraradical mastectomy is the operation in which the surgeon also removes the glands on the underside of the breastbone. This means he must open the chest. The mortality rate is higher than with the standard radical mastectomy and requires a longer hospital stay.

Modified radical mastectomy is the operation in which the surgeon also removed whatever glands he can easily reach in the armpit. The muscles are left in place, the cosmetic deformity is less here than with a radical mastectomy.

Lymphatics are small vessels that drain the fluid from the tissues and return it to the blood, usually by way of the lymph nodes. This circulation of lymph can also carry cancer cells to lymph nodes or into the bloodstream.

Biopsy involves removing a specimen for the pathologist to examine or putting a fine needle into the lump to see if it is just a fluid-filled cyst. If the needle draws fluid, the lump goes away and the patient is cured. If no fluid is obtained, an attempt is made to draw a little tissue juice and some cells into the needle and to make a "Pap smear." If cancer cells are found on the smear, the tumor is malignant. A positive Pap smear from the breast fluid means cancer, but a negative one means only that no cancer cells were seen in that specimen. Then the only way to tell whether cancer is present is to remove a specimen for the pathologist to examine.

Malignant means cancerous. It implies that the tumor grows progressively and invades tissues around it.

Lumpectomy is a term that originated in England and implies that only the tumor is removed. Because it is difficult to be sure that all the tumor is removed unless a wide zone of normal breast is taken around it, lumpectomy is usually accompanied by irradiation. This operation is not recommended. Partial mastectomy is the minimal effective operation.

Metastasis is the process by which cells from a cancer enter the bloodstream and/or the lymphatics and spread to other parts of the body, causing another cancer.

Simple mastectomy is the procedure in which the surgeon removes all the breast tissue, the nipple and the areola. He does not remove any lymph nodes; nor does he remove the underlying muscle on the chest wall.

Irradiation, or radiation, is a treatment by X rays or, preferably, by the more modern supervoltage X rays, or by the radiation coming from radioactive cobalt 60. Cobalt 60, like radium, gives off powerful rays similar to high-voltage X rays. High-voltage radiation may also be given by a variety of complex machines like linear accelerators. Radiation tends to destroy cancer and to a lesser extent to damage all tissues exposed to it.

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JOHNNY MILLER

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score for his second consecutive victory. Lloyd Mangrum had been the last to open the season with two straight wins, in 1952.

Then Miller made it three for three. Sixteen under par at Tucson and another triumph. Miller now was thirty-seven under par for three tournaments and the first in some forty years of circuit golf to win the three opening events in any year. It was a triple he hadn't expected. Suffering from a lingering cold and complaining that his legs were gone, he decided to take a rest and not try for a fourth win. Back he went to his home in Napa, California, on the grounds of the Silverado Country Club, with his wife and two youngsters.

Usually his legs have been strong enough for three or four weeks of concentrated tournament golf in a row and some tennis, generally in doubles matches, with his wife Linda as a partner. These have had to be limited this year since they are expecting their third child in July.

The other children are 'Little John,' almost four, and Kelly, eighteen months. "As soon as Little John is a bit older," says Mrs. Miller, "we're going to buy a golden retriever and an Irish setter. John and I both like dogs and they should be good for the children, too."

Linda Strouse was born in Hulmeville, Pennsylvania, and after transferring to Brigham Young University from Long Island's C.W. Post College, met Johnny when he was a BYU junior. The romance began when he offered to drive her and some bundles back from a grocery-shopping trip to the apartment she was sharing with two girls.

About that time, Johnny was just maturing as a golfer. At age five he had begun hitting balls into a net that his father installed in the basement. Two years later he was receiving instruction from John Geersten, a pro at the San Francisco Golf Club.

By the time he was thirteen, avid young Johnny was learning to put streaks of pars together and to the delight of an encouraging dad, Larry Miller, won the U.S. Golf Association's national junior championship. It's the same golf organization that sponsors the U.S. Open. Johnny was seventeen years old then.

When the U.S. Open was awarded in 1966 to the Olympic Club in San Francisco, young Miller was elated. Somehow, he decided, he wanted to be identified with it. He had been the first junior to receive a membership at the club, although his dad was not a member, and he prided himself on the golf he had played at the city's municipal course, Harding Park.

Miller signed on to be a caddie at the Open although he also filed an entry to be a competitor. He won the lone qualifying spot allotted to golfers in the Salt Lake City area and, although considered an obscure amateur, also gained a place through the sectional qualifying to be a starter. Now he knew he would not have to be a caddie but would be instead an officially qualified contestant when play would start.

A first round of 70 resulted in an invitation to the press tent for his first big interview and although Billy Casper eventually went on to beat Palmer in a title playoff, Miller finished as the tournament's low amateur scorer and tied for eighth place in the final standing.

Miller remembers that championship for another reason. He heard the ovation accorded Hogan as the Texan finished with a score of 291, one stroke more than his. For the crowd paid generous tribute to Hogan, who was back on the same course where eleven years earlier he had lost a chance for a fifth Open title in a playoff against Jack Fleck.

And it's a Hogan record that Miller will try to equal when he comes to Winged Foot. No one since Hogan's successes in 1950 and in 1951 has been able to win two Open championships in succession.

"I admire Mr. Hogan's dedication to golf," said Miller recently, "and I think everyone admired the way he played. He just hit solid shots. When he holed a birdie, he didn't dance a jig or sing a song and that's the way it should be. And he didn't tell jokes to amuse the gallery; neither does Palmer or Nicklaus."

Like every champion, Miller has experienced his share of disappointments. After joining the pro tour in 1969 he had to wait until 1971 before he won his first circuit event, the Southern Open. But while playing in the Masters at Augusta, Georgia, that year, he also had visions of wearing the coveted green jacket that goes to the victor there. As late as the fourteenth hole of the last round, the young Californian led by two strokes. The spectators around the greens were yelling encouragement. When one exuberant spectator was asked, "Are you a friend of Johnny's?" he answered, "No, but I'm from California and he's young and we want him to win."

But Miller lost his composure. "I sort of had a mental lapse," he said later; for he took bogeys on two of the last four holes and finished in a tie for second place with Jack Nicklaus, while the persistent Charlie Coody went on to triumph by two strokes.

At the outset of 1972 in the Crosby tourney, he underwent what was to become a nightmarish experience. On the last round at the sixteenth hole he shanked, the dread of every duffer or professional. He hit the ball off to the right diagonally and felt as though he had committed a mortal sin. It came at a crucial moment, but he braced, recovered from a bunker for a bogey and saved himself from

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WHOOSH!

continued from page 16

his warmups and could hardly reach the catcher. He pitched to only one more batter that season. Just before he was sent home for the "china" in his arm to mend, Nolan and Ruth were married.

"I tell her that was the worst year of my life," Ryan says with his sly smile. "I went in the Army, I hurt my arm and I got married." What developed was the relationship that made the bad times bearable and the good times that much better.

There were a few of those good moments, too. In the third game of the 1969 National League playoff, while the Mets as Destiny's Tots were winning the world championship, Ryan came in from the bullpen to throw a third strike past Rico Carty of the Braves. "The only man in baseball who could have thrown a fastball past Carty at that point was Nolan Ryan," Braves general manager Paul Richards lamented.

The Ryans have grown to a point of view that accepts success as if it weren't all that necessary. When he negotiated his contract for this season, he refused the security of a multi-year contract.

"A lot of people in baseball think that's their only way to make a living," he says. "We might not be as comfortable, but I like to think there's something in the world I might find to do."

If they had to do with less, well, they've done it that way before. The first year they were married, Nolan made $1,200 a month for six months and worked in an air-conditioning shop the other six. With the Mets they lived on $10,000 and $12,000 a year and extravagantly spent much of it so Ruth could travel as much as possible.

And for three years they've lived in that thirty-year-old, four-room house with furniture that can kindly be called "newlywed poverty." "Our needs are different," he says.

The money is good now. There's 200 acres he bought near San Antonio with his 1969 World Series share. He paid $200 an acre and estimates its value at $500 an acre now.

Last season he had as spectacular a record as a pitcher can have. He still wasn't as consistent as Tom Seaver with the Mets—and probably never will be. But he won his last seven games to give him a record of twenty-one games won and sixteen lost, even though the Angels were tenth in the league in fielding, eleventh in scoring and twelfth in slugging.

In contrast with Seaver, Ryan has a great capacity for not taking himself seriously. It permits him to tell the story about the night in Milwaukee after he'd beat the Brewers, striking out eight in a row.

At the other end of the dugout a young fan was telling everybody how bad the Brewers must be if Ryan could handle them so easily. He was telling his friends and outfielder Berry that he could handle Ryan if he had a chance and telling them in no modest terms. Berry brought the claim to Nolan. Ryan sized up the youth as about sixteen, and not very athletic. He was introduced as "Frank."

"I'll tell you what to do, Frank," Ryan said. "You be here at the ball park at 10:30 in the morning and have your spikes and batting helmet because you're going to need them. You're going to get your chance."

The next morning when everybody thought last night's gag had been forgotten, there was Frank in the lobby of the Angels' hotel with his equipment. He was demonstrating his stance to anybody who'd watch and making his claim again.

Ryan, a star with two no-hitters to his credit, could have given the boy a quick brush-off. After all, Frank was powerless. Instead, Ryan told Frank to meet him at County Stadium, as originally promised.

Frank got into the taxi behind the Angels' bus and told the driver, "Follow that bus."

The Brewers were lingering in their dugout when Ryan went to the mound and Frank stepped into the batting cage. They turned to watch. About 200 vendors paused in the grandstand. A few early fans were there. Ryan lobbed a half dozen pitches and Frank missed them all.

Then Ryan hollered to Frank that a curveball was coming. Nothing sharp, just a little spin on it. Frank blooped it over first base, just inside the foul line for what would be a double in any big-league game.

Frank ran and slid into first and second and third and into home plate to a standing ovation from the vendors, the Brewers and the few fans. Then he tipped his cap.

"He was so happy," Ryan says, still enjoying the moment. "He was going to go home and tell his parents and friends that he hit a double off Nolan Ryan and nobody would believe him."

But the part Ryan liked to tell best was about the kidding the Angels gave him for two weeks. They talked about the taxi and how careful Frank was not to let Ryan get out of his sight.

"They said, that's how much people enjoyed hitting against me," Ryan said.

It takes a particular kind of professional athlete to go through with a stunt like that and to make himself the butt of it afterward.

And in case he ever begins to lose sight of where's he been, there's an impressionistic painting done by his mother-in-law hanging in the living room. If he looks closely in the blur of motion, there's his hand with one finger forever in the pickle brine.

immediate disaster. Except for that mis-hit shot, he might have won. He did manage to finish in a tie for first with Nicklaus, but subsequently lost at the first hole of a playoff.

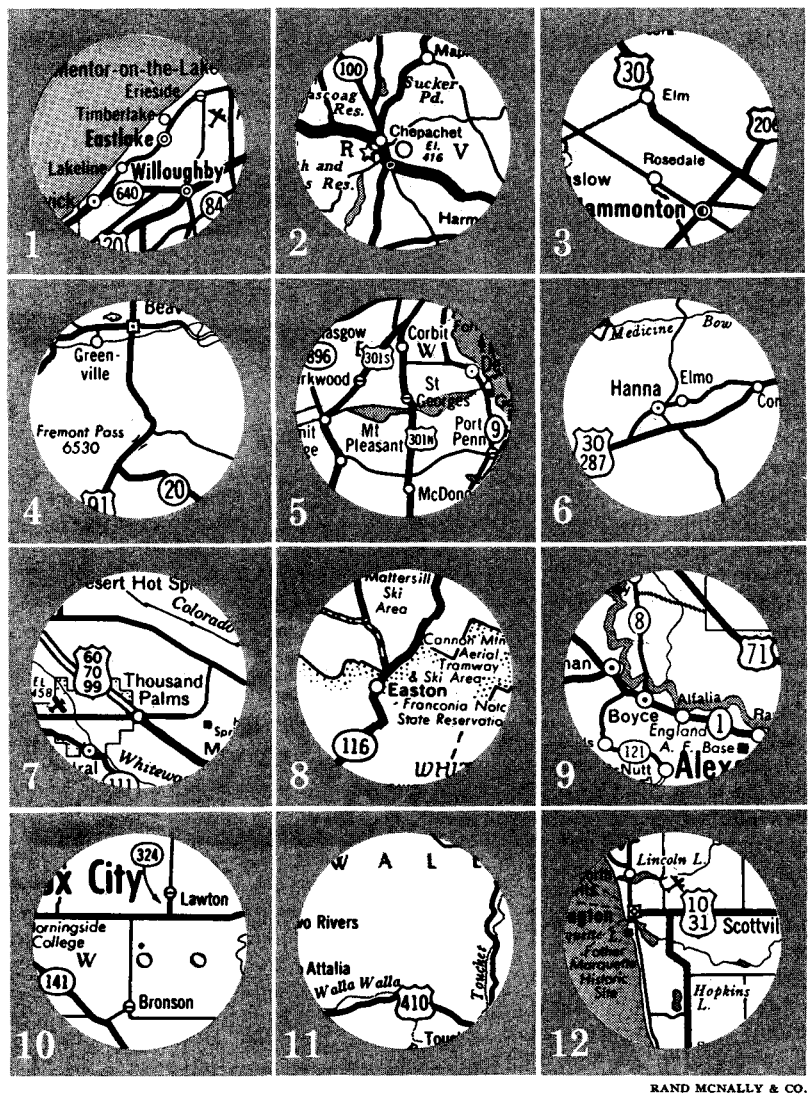
"It kept running through my mind playing the last nine at Oakmont," confessed Miller. "I kept saying to myself 'don't shank.' It was the first shank I ever hit as a pro and I couldn't rub it out of my mind."

Miller has been increasing his confidence since then although he occasionally says he is guarding against "choking" or letting down, once he has established a lead in a tournament. Being Nicklaus's partner as a member of the duo that represented the United States in the World Cup matches at Marbella, Spain, last November, has also helped.

Some of his friends on the tour are now asking themselves whether he will develop the streak to win the Open again. When Jim Colbert, a pairing mate, watched him etch out his 62 at Tucson, he said, "You know, I'd pay to see the kind of golf Johnny played today." Ben Crenshaw, an observing rookie, insists, "Johnny is just playing up to his capabilities. He has every shot in the bag."

One weapon which Miller won't have at his disposal at Winged Foot is his usual touring caddie, Andy Martinez. Andy, who has long black hair and a mod moustache, aided Miller in the three straight triumphs that opened the year; but touring caddies are not allowed in the Open, so Miller will have to rely on the luck of the draw to give him a good caddie.

Whether he wins this year or next or some time thereafter, he says he hopes more of the younger players will emerge as Open champions. To both the older and mod generations, Miller has already proved to be a respected member of the championship family.



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Harley P. Cook

(Answers on Page 117)

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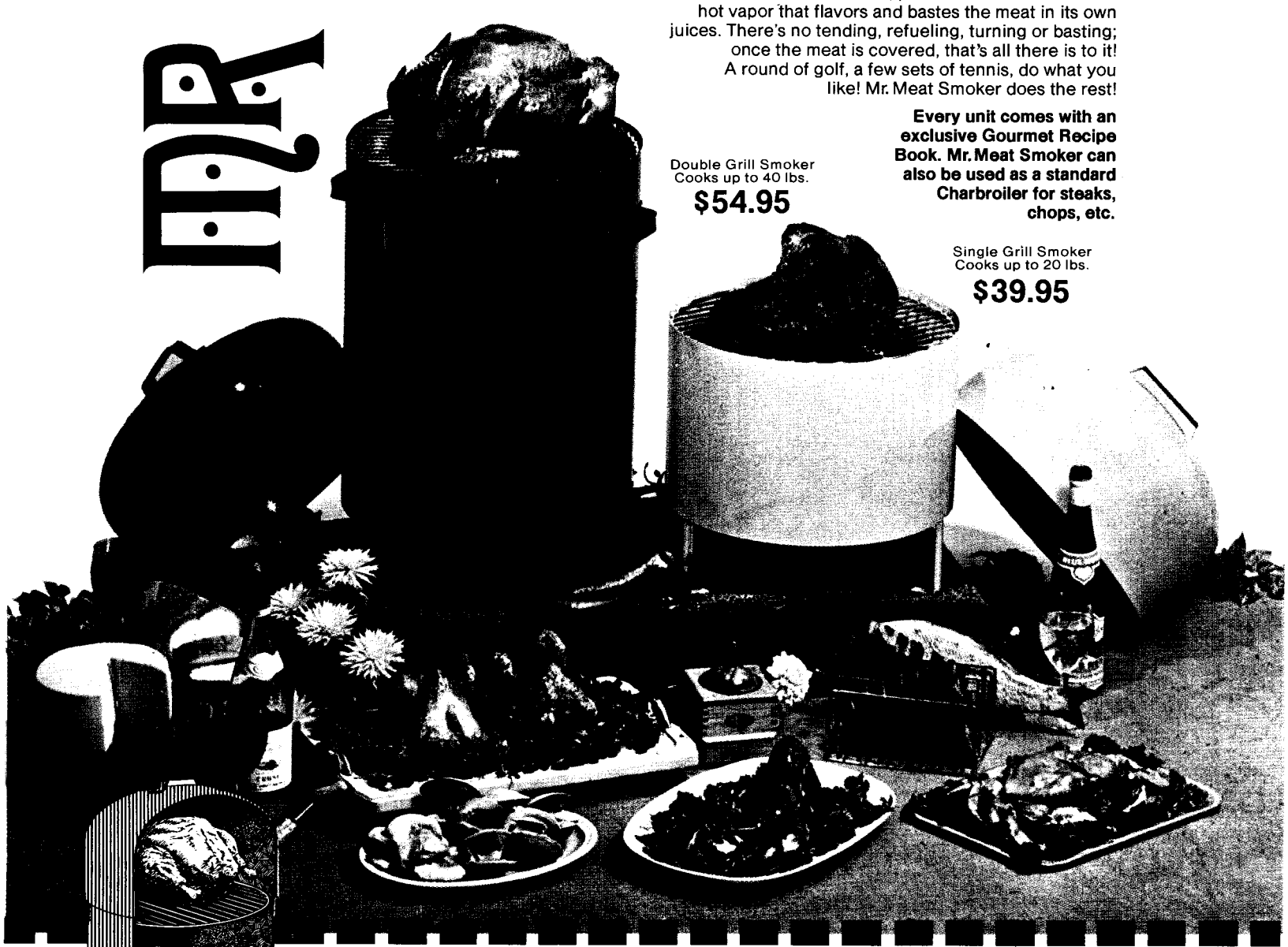

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SOUTH AFRICA

continued from page 35

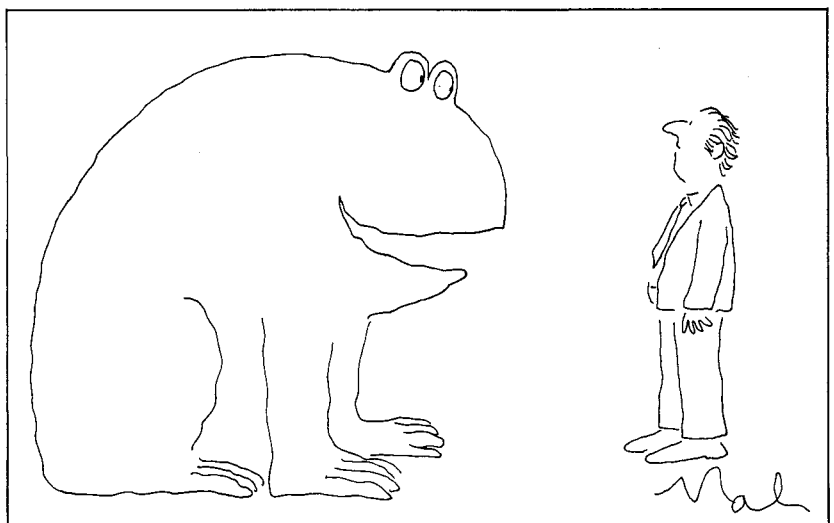
A black skin, however, is no longer the absolute guarantee of total anonymity here in South Africa that it was three decades ago—and I think I would have to list this as the single biggest change I have observed. At times it has, in fact, seemed almost as if the country's relations with its nonwhites, perhaps because of worldwide censure, have become a sort of national neurosis. Within an hour of my arrival in Cape Town, a young South African executive whom I had never met before took me aside and spent twenty minutes telling me how the government is "running the country right into the ground" by steadfastly refusing to allow South Africa's abundant black labor force to be used for anything but unskilled work. And during subsequent evenings in the homes of typical white South Africans I have time and again listened in on heated debates concerning the government's alleged intransigence in the field of race relations.

On almost every one of these occasions, however, the consensus has been that something's got to give so far as South Africa's racial problems are concerned, and that it is the government that will sooner or later have to do the giving. No one has gone so far as to suggest that the blacks be enfranchised en masse, but many have been adamant that apartheid, as a law of the land, should be abolished. In the light of recent projections of the Republic's population growth, though, discussions such as these somehow assume the dimension of people debating the relative merits of bare hands or a shovel to stem an avalanche. At the present rate of growth, South Africa will have fifty million people by the end of the century, only six million of whom will be whites. And current government policies firmly decree that these whites will continue, as now, to own 87 percent of the country's land.

Student unrest is a fact of life in almost all Western countries these days, and South Africa is no exception. When the government in 1972 planned elaborate celebrations to commemorate the tenth anniversary of South Africa becoming a republic, there was a notable lack of enthusiasm among the country's university students, who outspokenly charged that apartheid had made South Africa the pariah of the free world, and that there was nothing to celebrate. Student activity, however, is relatively restrained, and the government has made it abundantly clear that U.S.-style demonstrations will never be tolerated here.

Meanwhile, I have seen few overt signs of genuine unrest among the country's black masses, and my opinion is that Cassandra-like predictions of a major uprising are simply not valid. It is the white employer, chronically short of skilled white workers, who is most often heard expressing dissatisfaction, even exasperation, with the status quo. He berates the government because it permits black men to mix cement but not to lay bricks, to prepare a wall for painting but not to apply the paint, and to drive a bus but only if the passengers, too, are black.

But now the government itself is finally being influenced by the imperatives of economics, and with increasing frequency there are small concessions here, minor relaxations there. A case in point was the decision not too long ago to use blacks for the first time as forklift truck operators on harbor docks. More recently the government-run railways announced that blacks would replace whites as baggage handlers at major railroad stations. The railways, in fact, claim that more than 15,000 white jobs have been reclassified as nonwhite in recent years.



"Yes, as a matter of fact, I am listed in the **Guinness Book Of World Records.**"

As far as day-to-day apartheid is concerned, however, official government policy is precisely as it was when I lived here as a child. Every post office in the country, for example, has separate sections, and often separate entrances, for "Europeans" and "Non-Europeans," as do many other public businesses such as some banks and all liquor stores. (The day I arrived in Cape Town, an American who was on the ship with me accidentally wandered into the wrong section of a liquor store to buy some wine, and was politely told by the agitated proprietor, "Europeans are over there, sir." "Thank you," said my friend naively, "but I'm looking for a South African wine, not a European.")

But while no enlightened person would deny that a disfranchised majority represents an unstable as well as an inherently distasteful situation, those visionaries in the United States and elsewhere who press for a one-man-one-vote rule in South Africa (and the consequent handing over of the country to the black majority) should temper their demands with a little realism. Among the major points they would be well advised to ponder is the fact that South Africa's seventeen million Africans (an almost unbelievable increase of more than 50 percent since 1960) consist of ten totally separate and distinct ethnic groups. Each of these groups is further fragmented into innumerable tribes which, despite the constant, costly and courageous vigilance of the white South African police, persist in staging bloody faction fights at the drop of a *panga*. (A housewife who has three African servants living on the premises, all Xhosas but from different tribes, told me that they insist on cooking their meals individually and eating apart because each is convinced that the other two would seize the first opportunity to poison him.)

By far the most controversial step taken by the government in recent years was the turning of the Transkei (a section of the country about the size of Denmark) into a very nearly autonomous black state, and plans are well under way for the establishment of seven more Bantu "homelands," or Bantustans, within the next few years, each with its own black prime minister and legislative assembly, its own flag, national anthem, and so on. A sort of reverse segregation in that all whites will ultimately be displaced from these areas, it represents the government's idea of apartheid (separateness) in its purest form. While some liberal South Africans are calling the Bantustans "dumping grounds," others charge that the country is being carved up and handed over to the blacks. Meanwhile, the government itself appeared to have been taken completely by surprise recently when Chief Matanzima of the Transkei and Chief Buthelezi of Zululand (the next area scheduled for Bantustan status) almost simultaneously made unexpected demands for additional territory.

Despite the rather striking points of similarity in the early histories of South Africa and the United States, there is little basis for comparison between the racial difficulties that confront the two countries now. In the United States the question of what to do with the Indians was resolved a long time ago, and in a way not to the country's credit. American blacks, meanwhile, comprise only 11 percent of the population. Most important, everyone in the United States at least speaks the same language. White South Africans themselves, on the other hand, speak two entirely different languages (English and Afrikaans), and the blacks speak a total of ten, each of which has evolved into innumerable dialects. Viewed in this light, the uniqueness of the South African dilemma springs into dramatic focus.

In a land of mixed national origins there perhaps is no alternative to bilingualism, but an unfortunate side effect in the case of South Africa is its seeming perpetuation of the gulf that has separated English- and Afrikaans-speaking South Africans almost throughout the country's history. This gulf is as wide now as it ever was, and the government itself was recently charged with deliberately fanning the flames of prejudice when it organized what one critic called an "extravaganza" at which the bodies of Afrikaners who had died in British prisoner-of-war camps during the South African (Boer) War some seventy years ago were ceremoniously disinterred and reburied. Equally divisive was the speech made by Dr. Wentzel du Plessis, former administrator of South West Africa, during which he complained bitterly of the "suffering" inflicted on the Afrikaners by the British ever since their takeover of the Cape back in 1806, and attacked those English-speaking South Africans "who are too stuck in their Britishness to join a new nation." The speech was made at the Voortrekker Monument near Pretoria on the Day of the Covenant, which commemorates the December 16, 1838, Battle of Blood River, when 3,000 Zulus were slain at the cost of three Boers slightly wounded.

In my judgment it would be for the general good of the country if South Africa's opposition United Party were in a position to offer more in the way of political challenge to the Nationalists—who seem unlikely to be defeated at the polls

Continued on page 133

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THE DEVIL AND THE PRIEST

continued from page 41

A visit to a psychiatrist shed no light on the case . . . the symptoms fit nothing he knew.

The youngster moved on to the second stage, the obsession, "when pain was inflicted. The screaming grew worse as his mattress levitated and threw him roughly up and down as in a sling."

With no help from the family physician or psychiatrist, the family turned to their Lutheran minister who felt he should observe the child more closely. He moved in with the minister, sleeping in the same room, and the bewildered man sat in awe as the boy's mattress repeatedly lifted, swirled about the room and zoomed sickeningly under the bed.

Alarmed, the minister suggested putting the boy in Georgetown University Hospital (in Washington), but after he had conferred with a priest friend in the meantime, it was decided to send him to the Alexian Brothers Hospital in St. Louis.

"By that time," says Father Nicola, "total possession had taken place and everyone decided exorcism should be tried.

"At this time, the boy was suffering several fits a night. The doctors could not sedate him sufficiently and he was unable to eat or drink. With not enough food to sustain him, he was very close to death from malnutrition.

"His voice changed completely and he cursed his parents and God in the vilest possible language."

The first appointed exorcist worked with the boy for three and a half months. "There were brief periods of recession, but then there were other signs. Brandings would appear on the boy's body, from which blood actually flowed. The boy would become comatose. He screamed from the pain. He had to be shackled to his bed. Four adult men could not contain him . . . he was still able to get free.

"He broke one attendant's nose and another's cheekbone. The priest's arm was slashed when the boy wrenched a bedspring coil loose and cut him viciously.

"There were constant abuses to the priest, who had to sit and pray and intone the Lord and remonstrate the devil. There was unrelenting vomit; continual urination. At one point, the priest held a pillow in front of his face in order to continue reading and the boy moved his head like a cobra, aiming at the priest's face with his spittle."

For three and a half months, the priest worked over the boy and finally during a rather tranquil sleep, the boy awoke and reported a dream, "a vision of a man who seemed to be radiant, in a white outfit like that of a Roman soldier.

"He slept again and at precisely 2:15 in the afternoon, a report was heard throughout the hospital, something like a gunshot. The boy stood up. He smiled." And the horror of the long winter episode was ended.

"Choosing an exorcist," says the priest, "is difficult, but possibly not as difficult as it is *to be* the exorcist. It is preferable that he be a man of advanced years, therefore of experience and understanding.

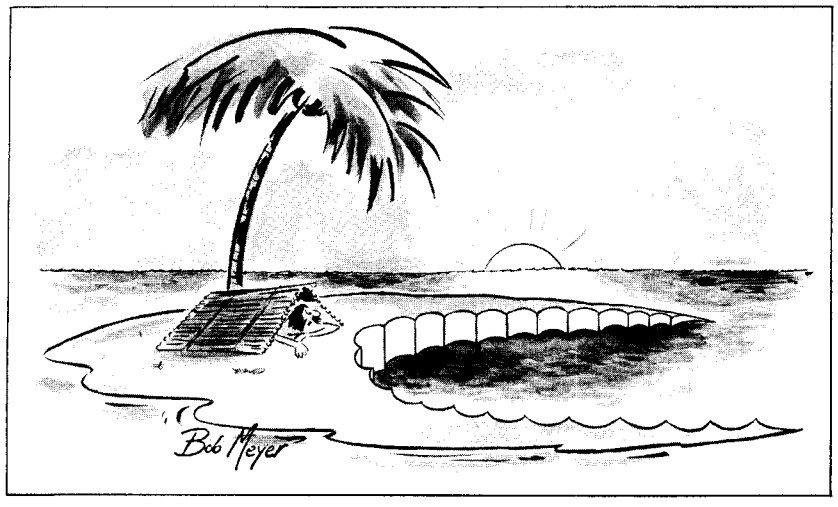
"It is a draining, exhausting experience. Some priests have suffered heart attacks, nervous breakdowns and some, even death." (There have been known suicides following the performance of the rites.)

"And in some instances the devil has made a transference." So it is more than an occupational hazard. It can mean life or death.

The controversy continues and Father Nicola says: "The film will have bad and good effects. I pray about these things.

"I do feel there is a return to spirituality. I think I see the dawning. I think the fact that the young people are fed up with materialism is a hopeful sign. There is so much interest in mysticism that I think we're on the verge of a spiritual era."

"I don't think the devil has been as individually busy lately. When he sees things going his way as they have been in recent years and where evil is just taken for granted, he seems to figure, why use extra powers?"



DYLAN

continued from page 49

He was booed off the stage in tears at the Newport Folk Festival in July 1965 when he showed up with his electrified band. A month later in New York, 14,000 fans drowned out his folk-rock songs with chants of "We want Dylan! We want Dylan!"

They said they wanted Dylan, but what they meant was that they wanted the *image* of the Dylan which they had created from the unique elements of his fantasies and their needs, and which they would not give up even though he had clearly left it far behind.

Around this same time, things in America seemed to begin getting out of hand. The good will and good feeling which had once characterized and cemented American society began to strain and crack under the growing pressures of pessimism, violence, disillusion, and anarchy. Gaps began to open up, credibility gaps and generation gaps, and it looked as if the center couldn't hold.

Like an artistic seismograph, Dylan registered these disturbances. He began to doubt just who he really was, and became suspicious and afraid of everyone around him. He grew moody and impossibly arrogant and difficult to work with. Things reached a breaking point during a tour he did with Joan Baez.

At a party after their final concert, they both crawled under a bed—the only place they could go to get away from the people crushing around them—and he told her that he couldn't stand the pressures of representing a generation any more. She had kidded him about their "royal" status as the king of rock and roll and the queen of peace, but he took it very seriously. "Hey, man," he said, "I can't be responsible for those kids' lives." She said, "Bobby, you rat, you mean you're gonna leave them all with me?" and he replied, "Hey, hey, take them if you want them, but man, I can't be responsible."

Dylan described these troubled years in some of his most powerful songs. Like many young people, he had drifted into using drugs. He did it partly for the pleasure, partly to enhance his creativity, and partly just to keep up with the pressures of being a rock star and the burdens of being a counter-cultural hero. At the very bottom of his despair he wrote a song called "Desolation Row" which described the terrible physical and psychological toll that nations and individuals were having to pay for their riches and power. For a while it looked as if both America and Dylan might break apart from the strain they were under.

Then, in July 1966, Dylan had a motorcycle accident which almost killed him. He was immobilized for several weeks, and he used the enforced rest and leisure to get clean of drugs and to begin thinking things out.

For more than a year, rumors raged about him: that he was dead, or that he was paralyzed, or that the whole thing was just another big publicity put-on. Gradually word filtered out that he was well, and that he was working on a new album.

It appeared in January 1968, and it literally wrenched popular music back to its roots. At a time when both music and political agitation were raging to new heights of intensity and violence, Dylan had returned to his earlier sound, with songs that expressed a deeply religious, almost mystical, point of view.

Folk purists considered it just another cop-out. Political activists, flexing their muscles after President Johnson's decision not to run for reelection, considered it a complete sellout. The radical Weatherman faction of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) had even taken their name from a Dylan song ("You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows"), but Dylan himself had characteristically already moved on to new and higher ground. In his first interview after the accident, Dylan said that "A man is a success if he gets up in the mornin' and gets to bed at night and in between he does what he wants to. What I want to do is make music."

Dylan sensed that most Americans were sick of the violence and disruption and were getting ready to try and restore their balance and regain their bearings. In this album and the three that followed it, he tried to show the rest of us the ways he had found to do this. In fact, Dylan had rediscovered America, and was showing it off to his fellow countrymen.

One whole album was devoted to country music. His voice was smoother and mellower on songs like "Lay Lady Lay," and he even sang one with Johnny Cash, who was known as a supporter of Richard Nixon. Few of Dylan's early fans had thought that the times would be a' changin' quite that much!

Dylan was clearly following his own path at his own pace now. He had been married in 1965, and by the time an album called *Self Portrait* appeared in 1970, he already had a growing family of five whose privacy he guarded even more jealously than his own. Very little is still known about Sara Dylan and her family except for a few stories

Continued on page 132

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"Joy, Temperance, and Repose . . . slam the door on the doctor's nose." Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Three weeks ago my husband developed a rash and tiny blisters on his back and abdomen. The rash was in a band from the middle of his back around to his navel. The band appeared almost as if it had been caused by a piece of tape or article of clothing rubbing his skin, but he hadn't worn anything tight which could have caused it. In about a week and a half the rash and blisters disappeared but he still complains of the area being painful and very sensitive to touch. I've never heard of such a condition before.

Your husband probably had (has) a case of herpes zoster, commonly called shingles. This condition is caused by a virus of the herpes family; other members can cause cold sores or fever blisters. The zoster organism not only produces its effects on the skin surface but actually attacks the underlying nerves. This accounts for its band type of distribution as it follows the spinal nerves as they leave the spine in the back and arch around to the front of the body, ending in the midline. The fact that the lesions do not cross the midline is almost diagnostic of this condition. Before appearance of the rash there is usually an initial stage with pain or exquisite sensitivity to touch over the band of skin supplied by the affected nerve. Next, the skin becomes red and tiny blisters appear. After five to ten days the blisters crust over and the skin clears. There is, however, some discomfort and pain that remains for a period of time, especially in the aged. If this persists you should contact your doctor for treatment. Although usually a self-limiting and relatively harmless disease, herpes zoster may affect the nerves that supply the eye structures and lead to permanent visual defects.

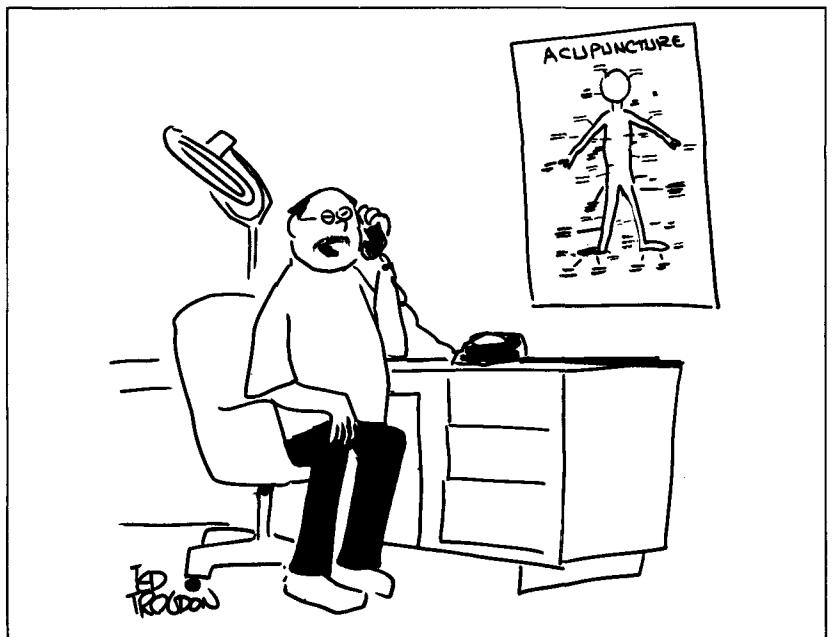
My daughter woke me this morning at 3! She was crying and said her bottom itched. A nurse told me she might have pinworms. What are pinworms? They sound awful. How in the world did my child get them, and how do you get rid of them?

There is nothing shameful about pinworms. Tiny parasitic organisms, they live in the lower digestive tract of human beings and they can show up in the cleanest of households. Whole kindergarten classes can have the parasite, as the eggs are ingested by breathing as well as by hand-to-mouth contact. Pinworms can cause a severe anal itch, restlessness, irritability and difficulty in sleeping.

Pinworms (*Enterobius vermicularis*) infest 20 million Americans every year. After ingestion, the egg's shell is dissolved by digestive juices and the larvae are passed into the small intestine. Here they soon develop into adult worms measuring one-tenth to one-half an inch in length. As the female worm migrates toward the colon she becomes impregnated and soon wriggles her way out of the anus and deposits her microscopic eggs. These eggs are then shed into the bedclothes. In scratching, a child picks up the eggs under his fingernails where, with mouth contact, the infection process begins again. The eggs can be airborne, too.

Diagnosis can sometimes be made by finding the small white pinworms surrounding the anus. Use a flashlight and check the child's rectal area after she has been asleep for about two hours. If you can't see the worms, your doctor may give you special sticky tape which is applied to the rectum, removed, and sent in for microscopic examination for the eggs.

Treatment, like diagnosis, is simple, and usually requires only one dose of a specific drug taken orally. It is essential that every member of the immediate family be treated to reduce the possibility of reinfection. It is also necessary to clean all bed linen and clothing that might have been contaminated with the eggs. Children's nails should be kept short and hands washed often, especially before meals and after using the toilet. The diagnostic tape is available to physicians for no charge. Free informational pamphlets are available in bulk quantities to teachers, nurses, PTA's, etc. Write to: Roerig Division, Pfizer Pharmaceuticals, 253 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.



"Take two porcupines and go to bed."

My five-year-old son was bitten by a stray dog. I immediately called my doctor, who sent us to the hospital emergency room for treatment. After the wound was cleaned my son received four antirabies injections; some of the drugs were injected right into the bites! After this, for two weeks he also received one shot a day. Needless to say, he's now deathly afraid of doctors and hospitals. What causes rabies? I've never heard of anyone dying from it.

You haven't heard of anyone dying from rabies because of the treatment that is available after exposure to a potentially rabid animal. Prophylaxis (preventive treatment) along with mandatory pet vaccination is responsible for the low incidence of rabies in the United States.

The horrors of rabies have been recognized since the twenty-third century B.C. Rabies is caused by a virus that affects all warm-blooded animals (mammals) including, of course, man. The virus is passed from the infected animal to others, or to man, by means of saliva, either through bites or licks to abraded skin surfaces.

There is also positive evidence that rabies may be contracted merely by breathing the contaminated air in caves inhabited by infected bats. Dogs are the most common animals that infect man. Even an apparently healthy dog's bite can be infective since it takes five days of infection before the animal shows signs of illness. A rabid dog will have fever, loss of appetite and often a change in the tone of his bark. Signs of restlessness, agitation and viciousness are next to appear. The virus affects the nerves of the lower jaw, causing paralysis. This allows the lower jaw to hang open, and drooling and foaming result. If treatment is not initiated following a bite by a rabid animal, a person will usually develop symptoms within ten days (but sometimes it may take as long as twelve months). Fever, loss of appetite, headache, malaise and a sore throat are the initial complaints. As the disease progresses the entire sensory portion of the nervous system becomes extremely irritable. Slight changes in light, sudden sounds and even drafts can be agonizing. Spasms of the muscles of chewing and swallowing make it difficult to drink liquids. Soon the very sight of water becomes unbearable (hence hydrophobia or water fear). Death is usually caused by paralysis of the respiratory muscles with resulting suffocation. One thing is certain. Once the symptoms of rabies appear, death is imminent. There are no substantiated reports of recovery. If you are bitten by an animal consider him rabid until proven otherwise. Scrub the wound thoroughly with soap and water and seek immediate medical consultation for tetanus prophylaxis and possible anti-rabies treatment. If the animal is apprehended or if it is a family pet it should be confined for a period of ten days in order to watch for signs of illness. Report of the bite should be made to the board of health or a local law enforcement agency.

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MEDICAL NEWS

Vitamin C and Thrombosis

Dr. Constance R. Spittle, an English physician, has come up with yet another benefit of vitamin C (ascorbic acid). "I have been able to demonstrate that vitamin C has a powerful protective action against thrombosis," she writes. "It has been known for many years that this substance was responsible for the health of the capillaries. I am now entirely convinced that it is responsible for the health of the arteries. It would therefore be logical for it to be responsible for that of the veins also."

In a vitamin C-placebo double-blind trial consisting of 84 postoperative patients who were vulnerable to deep-vein thrombosis, the incidence of this thrombosis in the placebo group was 60 percent compared with 33 percent in the vitamin C group. There was a striking reduction in the presence of physical signs in the vitamin C group (swelling, tenderness in the calf, Homan's sign—pain at the back of the knee—and unexplained fever).

"According to Dr. C.M. Hawkey," Dr. Spittle continues, "animals are hypercoagulable compared with humans, and carnivorous animals are not troubled with atherosclerosis because they synthesize their own vitamin C. Hawkey concluded, then, that vitamin C is responsible for the proper metabolism of fat. Thus, if the blood vessel changes and the fatty changes can be reversed by vitamin C, the coagulation changes will also be reversed. In other words, the two factors which at present cannot be treated are both controlled by vitamin C. At least three months' treatment would be needed."

Ear Piercing Linked To Hepatitis

The National Center for Disease Control in Atlanta says women who have their ears pierced may run the risk of contracting viral hepatitis. Of 702 cases reported in Seattle and King County, Washington, last year, 48 women, aged 12 to 23, were interviewed by telephone. Seven (15 percent) had acquired the disease following earlobe piercing. Jewelers and other lay persons often pierce ears, sterilizing their instruments in nothing more than a 70 percent alcohol solution which does not destroy hepatitis virus. Jewelers should be advised to sterilize ear-piercing equipment by autoclaving at 121° C for 15 minutes or boiling for 20 minutes, or by other means that are known to destroy the virus. So-called "cold sterilization" with benzalkonium chloride solution—often used for instruments in minor surgery—is also ineffective against hepatitis virus.

To A Great Humanitarian

The people of the United States have made a $1 million gift to the Albert Schweitzer Hospital in Lambarene, Gabon. The donation will be used to build a new medical and surgical center for the hospital and was approved by Congress as part of President Nixon's 1974 foreign aid bill. President Nixon and West German Chancellor Willy Brandt are cochairmen of the international committee for the Schweitzer Hospital.

West's Greatest Gift

Perhaps one of the West's greatest gifts to the rest of the world has been its medical know-how. Now the University of Riyadh in Saudi Arabia has established a faculty of medicine with a sponsorship agreement with the University of London, which will provide assistance in the development of the medical school. London will concern itself with the curriculum, syllabus, teaching facilities and the standard and conduct of examinations at the Riyadh Medical School. The curriculum closely follows that of the University of London, and the courses will be given in English. This facility will coincide with the new $75 million King Faisal Specialist Hospital to be managed by Hospital Corporation of America, headquartered in Nashville, as its first overseas operation. This 250-bed center will make modern medical care a reality to a country whose citizens have often had to find treatment outside their own homeland.

Is Heartbeat Necessary?

Is a pulse a physiological necessity, or would a steady flow of blood serve the organism as well? Could a non-pulsatile pump be made of materials less thrombogenic (clot forming) than some now used for vascular prostheses?

A team of medical engineers and physicians has created a mechanical heart providing a steady flow of blood instead of imitating normal cardiac rhythm. Only a few animal tests have been made so far, but researchers feel as long as circulation is not impaired, tissues will perform normally despite the character of the blood flow. In several experiments, dogs deprived of blood pulsation showed no significant changes in urinary output, urinary specific gravity, urinary albumin or glucose level or the degree of lymphostasis in the abdomen or back legs.

Essentially a non-pulsatile pump, the artificial heart uses a nest of three low-friction cones to accelerate blood centrifugally, and is designed to minimize mechanical damage to blood.

According to Douglas Olsen, Ph.D.; Harold D. Kletschka, M.D.; E. H. Rafferty, BSME; W. A. Larson; and E. W. Clausen, the "heart" is more efficient than conventional pumps, requires a smaller power unit, and shows promise as an implantable, permanent replacement for the human organ.

Leukemia-Bearing Cats

Recent evidence suggests the spread of leukemia virus and leukemia lymphoma by domestic cats. These findings of horizontal transmission refute earlier studies in mammals, chiefly in mice, showing only vertical transmission, i.e., mother to offspring through the germ cell. More disturbing is the evidence that naturally occurring RNA tumor viruses causing leukemia and sarcomas (a type of malignancy) in cats can propagate easily in human cells growing in tissue culture.

Cats have a high frequency of leukemia lymphoma (as high as 160 per 100,000 cats eight to nine years of age) that pathologically resembles the disease in man.

Cat leukemia virus can be found in the saliva, trachea and urine of diseased cats, and cats can transmit the virus to other cats, laboratory experiments demonstrate. These same cat-tumor viruses can also cause tumors in other animals, including dogs and monkeys, and can infect and propagate in human cells in vitro (in an artificial environment).

These studies are far from conclusive and at most suggest leukemic cats should be cared for at the veterinarian's rather than in the home.

"Doctor Bendix is doing a heart transplant right now. Is it important?"

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like the one about the plan to name their fourth son Samuel Abraham after Dylan's father. Someone pointed out that the boy's initials would be SAD, so an Isaac was quickly added after the Abraham.

It had been a long hard road from Hibbing to Greenwich Village to the sentiments in one of his new songs which says that getting married, building a mountain cabin, catching rainbow trout, and having a bunch of kids call you "pa" is what life is all about.

The next album, later that same year, was full of religious and personal symbolism, and was prophetically titled *New Morning.*

A few years ago, Dylan moved from upper New York State to Malibu because he thought the schools there would be better for his children. He surfaced from time to time: once to make a movie, and once to make a surprise appearance at former Beatle George Harrison's charity concert for the Bangladesh refugees. In 1971 he traveled to Princeton to don a cap and gown and receive an honorary doctorate "as one of the most creative popular musicians of the last decade."

During the concert tour early this year, a new album was released. Called *Planet Waves,* it is filled with melodic love songs to his wife and children, and it confirms and describes the contentment that Dylan has now won and that he treasures. One of the album's songs, "Forever Young," describes Dylan's ideal and vision; it summarizes the new dimensions his life and his songs have taken.

After a decade of searching, Bob Dylan seems to have reached an understanding and affirmation of himself and of America. Voltaire's famous hero Candide had to be buffeted and betrayed before he discovered the wisdom and inner peace to be found in just watching your own garden grow. Perhaps Dylan is an American Candide who had to survive the tortures and perils of Desolation Row in the 1960's before he could find the dawn of the New Morning of the 1970's.

Bob Dylan's songs and his career both reflect and represent America's troubled odyssey from the 1960's to the 1970's. The warm nostalgia and the attentive maturity of his audiences today may be a hopeful sign that young Americans, like Bob Dylan the young American artist, can now look for their own New Mornings of contentment and peace through faith and self-understanding. ⚖

If destruction be our lot we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen we must live through all time, or die by suicide. . . .

There is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by mob law.

—*Abraham Lincoln*
(January 27, 1838)

ALETA HOPKINS writes to tell us that... CASE #983

"in only 7 days I lost 3 inches off my waist and 7 pounds of weight"

In 21 days she lost 6 inches off her waistline and 14 pounds of excess weight!

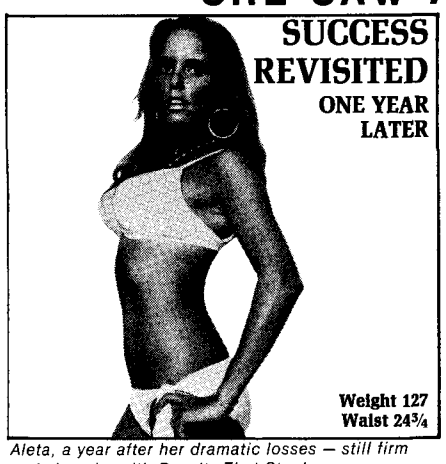
"One 5-minute exercise, twice daily, lying on my back, *without giving up the foods I love...Did It!*"

Aleta, an overweight 143 pounds, looking 10 years older than her age.

After 7 Amazing Days *— 7 pounds lighter and 3 inches slimmer around her waistline!*

After 21 Incredible Days *— What joy! Reshaped, firmed up, with a 6-inch waistline loss!*

SHE SAW AND FELT RESULTS IN 3 DAYS!



Aleta, a year after her dramatic losses — still firm and shapely, with Results That Stay!

SUCCESS REVISITED—RESULTS THAT STAY, STAY AND STAY!

All too often, people lose weight, but instantly gain it back! The reason: diet or exercise or both were difficult and boring to follow. We wanted to know: Does our "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan fit this category?

We contacted former students to find out. Aleta Hopkins, the seventh in our series, had this to tell us:

"As you know, I neglected my body for 5 years—and gained 33 pounds and looked 10 years older. I tried effortless exercisers and still looked a mess. But your "5" Minute Body Shaper, in just 21 days, shaped me up! I was concerned, after losing the weight, as to whether the pounds and inches would pile back up again as they did in the past. However, I am delighted to inform you that one year after I originally lost weight and shaped up, I am even slimmer and shapelier...firmer than ever, with energy to spare! I attribute this to your amazing, simple Plan. Since I do not have to follow any strict diet, I can eat with moderation the foods I love...and the simple, enjoyable exercise I do takes only a few minutes, and I do it while watching T.V. This makes slimming and staying in shape a joy for me. At last I know from experience that staying slim for the rest of my life will be simple and fun. What a happy day it was for me to discover your "5" Minute Body Shaper! And to realize that only a $10.00 bill makes all this possible! I am enclosing a recent photo of myself, which you can use in your ad to encourage others to do as I do...Enroll in the "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan and stay slim, shapely forever, forever and forever!"

WHAT IS THIS INGENIOUS PLAN?

The Weider "5 Minute Body Shaper" plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE while still eating the foods you like. **That's all you do!** This one five-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waistline and Hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look)—as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning up stored calories and releasing excess water—while reshaping your bustline, hipline, firming up your legs and arms—YOUR TOTAL FIGURE!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts ...or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 oz. and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space — anytime. Even while watching television.

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to four inches from your waistline and up to ten pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUGHENS YOU UP. For a '5-Minute Exerciser' — it sure does a lot!

WHAT SATISFIED CUSTOMERS SAY:

Results vary depending on how much overweight each of our students is. Nevertheless, this is a sampling from the impressive letters we receive: **Janette Coupar:** "I lost five inches off my waistline in seven days." **Jennifer McCarthy:** "I lost 6½ inches off my waist in 14 days." **Sandy Dixon:** "I lost five inches off my waistline in 7 days." **Dyan Del Compos:** "I lost 6¼ inches off my waistline in 14 days."

*EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS

Reader's Digest (Sept. 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree...there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... **you must work the inches off!**

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE OFFER

Because this isn't a "gimmick" plan — and you have been fooled in the past by "effortless exercisers" — I make you this **UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE: "GET IT OFF FAST" — and see measurable and firming results in three days or return the exerciser for a full 100% refund!** Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper?"

'5' MINUTE BODY SHAPER

We Care About The Shape You're In — DON'T YOU?

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See your exciting new body begin to take shape in 3 days or return lightweight Body Shaper (small enough to fit into pouch shown) for a full 100% refund!

Weight 16 oz.

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JOSEPH WEIDER Dept. BI/R
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Yes... I love being a woman and want to show it! Prove it to me at your expense that in just 3 days I can feel glorious all over, and start seeing my figure shaping up. Rush me the "5" Minute Total Body Shaper and Slimming Course that does it — in plain wrapper!

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Patent Pending. Copyright Joe Weider, 1973

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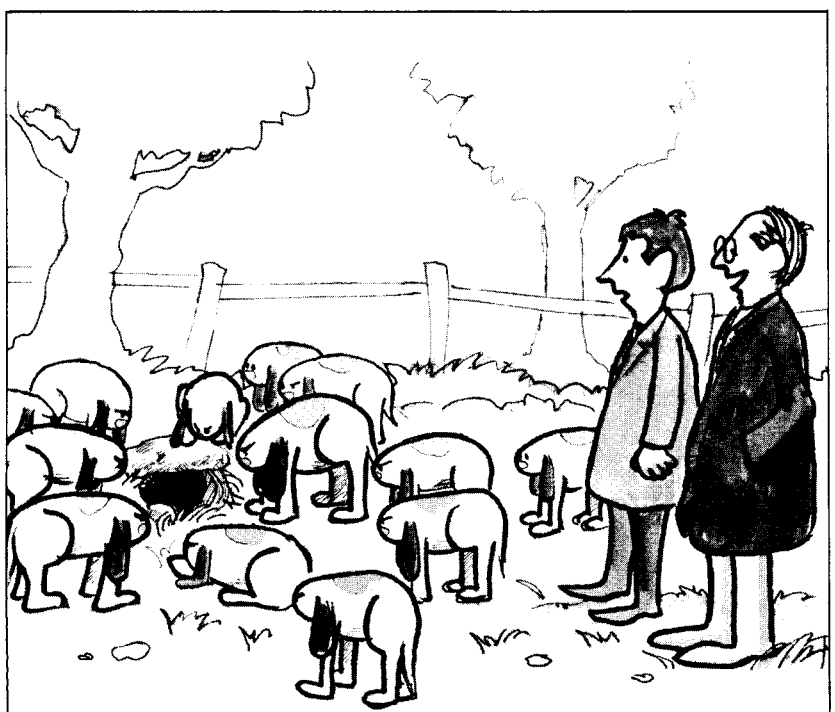
continued from page 127

any time soon unless the increasingly divergent political paths of the *Verkramptes* (hard liners) and the *Verligtes* (enlightened ones) cause a party schism. To a large extent, the United Party has the money of industry behind it, but it simply does not have the votes. Not too long ago, however, the party put forward its new "federal" policy, considered by many South Africans to be perhaps the most significant political development in the country's recent history. Although the United Party has traditionally been no more innovative than the Nationalists when it comes to viable schemes for handling the Republic's racial problems, its new policy, while it does not dictate that it should, does accept that it could lead to a multiracial federal body—and here in South Africa this kind of talk is startling.

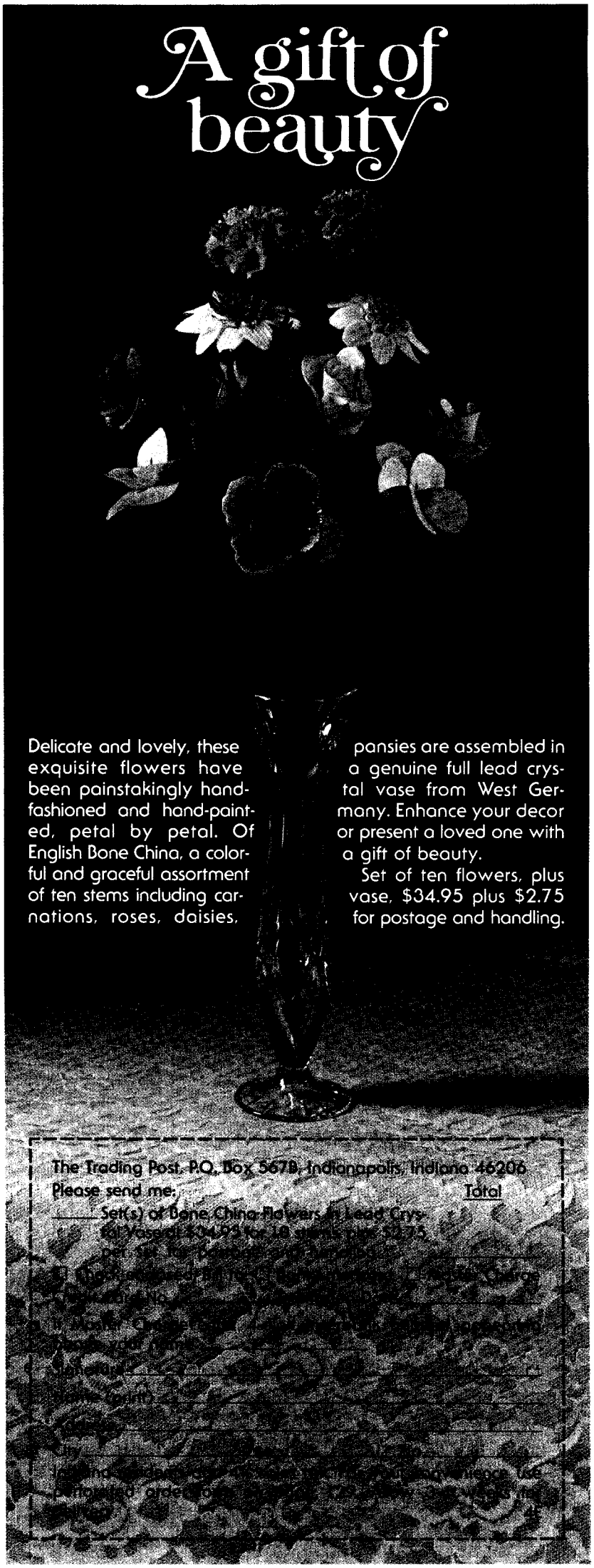
There is one place in South Africa, though, where not even a semblance of discipline and regimentation exists, and this is on the country's roads and highways. Driving here is still a competitive sport, a whole new experience for an American, and exposure to it would give any U.S. highway patrolman instant apoplexy. The net result is a staggering annual death toll on the Republic's roads that, in terms of passenger-vehicle miles traveled, is on average more than eight times the comparable figure in the United States.

But despite its quirks and foibles (and what country in the world has none?) the Republic of South Africa remains a fascinating land of vivid and unexpected contrasts. It would be a jaded and jaundiced tourist who could shrug off the impact of a first-time visit. There is contrast everywhere. Step out of an elegant and air-conditioned department store into the street, and it is perfectly possible that you might see, padding barefoot along the sidewalk through the jostling crowds of white shoppers, a female witch doctor, colorfully decked out in tribal beads, her hair decorated with inflated goats' bladders bobbing up and down like little ornamental balloons. And while South African miniskirts and bikinis make girl-watching every bit as rewarding as it is in Los Angeles or at Ipanema, a reproduction of the statue of David purchased recently by the municipality of a small Transvaal town raised such a hullabaloo that the town fathers were obliged to have the statue's nether regions discreetly draped with a small apron. Meanwhile, railroad buffs in the United States who travel hundreds of miles to hear the nostalgic sounds of a steam locomotive will be happy to hear that great numbers of them are alive and well here in South Africa, though the mournful woo-woo of their whistles is slowly being drowned by the blatant blare of electric units and the ubiquitous high-frequency shriek of Boeing 727's and 737's.

This, then, is South Africa in the Seventies—a land of great beauty and undeniable charm, but locked in the potentially mortal grip of a monstrous racial impasse. There must be few countries on earth, in fact, whose political skies are more heavily overcast than are South Africa's, but I submit that the resultant half-light, rather than a twilight, will more likely prove to be the first glimmer of an eventual dawn. Sunrise itself, in my opinion, will inevitably come with the rapidly increasing demands for skilled manpower as the country's industry and technology continue to expand—for it will be the African and no one else who ultimately will be called upon to fill those needs.



"A rabbit ducked in there in 1916, and they have mounted a vigil ever since!"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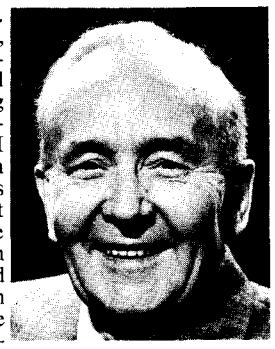
Arthritis, Rheumatism Sufferers Just Wouldn't Let Me Stop Making ICY-HOT!!!

By Bryan Auer



For 50 years the J. W. Gibson Company, makers of pharmaceuticals and household items, has been selling more than 275 different products. When I was fortunate enough to take charge of this company, I thought it wise to review all the things we had been selling. As a good manager I made an effort to economize and decided to eliminate more than 150 products. One that I eliminated was called ICY-HOT—a medicated cream that was really different . . .

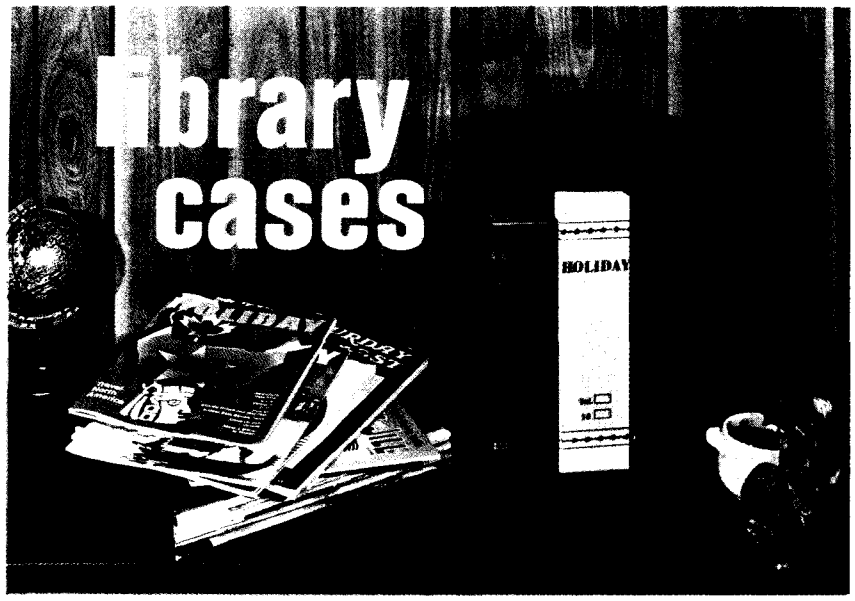
Well friends—you can't imagine what happened! It was like the roof fell in—I got hundreds—*literally hundreds*—of letters from people who suffered from the minor aches and pains of arthritis and rheumatism pleading with me that ICY-HOT was their salvation, and that I'd be letting them down if I took it off the market.

What could I do? The same thing you'd have done. I started making ICY-HOT again. What's more, I felt that if ICY-HOT was *that* good, I'd like everybody in the United States who suffers from the minor aches and pains of arthritis and rheumatism to know about it. That's why you're reading this now.

And that's why you can try ICY-HOT on this iron clad guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back. But you won't find it in your drugstore. You can only purchase ICY-HOT by mail. All you do is send only $2.00 for a big 3½ ounce jar of ICY-HOT. If you are not completely satisfied don't bother sending back the unused portion of the jar—just send us a note and I will send you your $2.00 by return mail.

Take advantage of this no-risk offer—you have nothing to lose. Trying is believing! Only by trying can you fully appreciate the benefits of ICY-HOT. Send only $2.00 to:

J. W. Gibson Company
Dept. SE 6/7
2000 North Illinois Street
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202



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GLORY TRAIN

continued from page 19

"You're right, Brother Sugg," Galen said, his eyes turned to the seat. "But I can't do it."

"Of course you can."

"Speak up, Brother Galen," Thelma Fawver cried.

"Speak up and name her," her sister Phon echoed.

"We're not stoning people," Mary Grace Blevins called. "We're forgiving ones. We won't call names, we won't point our fingers and say 'There she goes.' We'll say 'There she went. And there she is now, a forgiven woman of the Lord.' "

"Her husband'll take her back, if he's a right man," Odle Knip cried. "If he won't take her back, he's the one who needs salvation."

"There's no shame, when it's a sincere repentance," Brother Sugg said then.

Galen turned and looked at them all, and shook his head. "I can't," he said.

"Then you've not truly repented," Brother Sugg said firmly, trying not to let the disappointment show. Time was running out. He could tell because the train was passing Grayson and in twenty minutes' time they'd be in Doxie.

"Speak," they all cried out, all forty-nine of them.

"No, leave him alone," a woman cried. "Leave him alone. He won't name me, so I'll name myself."

And Amelia Sugg stood up from the corner of the front seat and faced her husband. "It was me," she said, the tears coming down her face.

Brother Sugg just stood there staring at her, and Galen Millz buried his head in his hands.

"Praise the Lord," Thelma Fawver cried.

"I was the one," Amelia went on. "Me, your wife and the mother of your children. I was the one, I was the one who bedded with him when you were gone so much with preaching the word of the Lord and bringing others into the fold."

Brother Sugg reached out and took her hand, and she began to sob.

"I wanted love," she cried, "I wanted love and some of the pleasures of the world before it was too late. I see now that I was wrong. I did wrong and I'm sorry. I'm sorriest, though, that it was you I did it with, Galen, because I see you're a weak man, too, with your fear of your fellow man more than your fear of God. It wasn't God's forgiveness you wanted, it was his"—and she looked at her husband—"and theirs"—she looked at them all—"because you knew there was talk and you were afraid."

THE PERFECT SQUELCH

Lola, a young movie star, never got over her first great love—herself. Each time she was interviewed, she managed to suggest she was the object of every man's dream, the single still-uncaptured prize in the marriage market.

When one veteran reporter tried to pin her down on her marriage plans, Lola went into her usual long account of all the men who were trying to win her. She described a dozen admirers in detail, then grew very vocally sad over the difficulty of making a choice in such a wide and wonderful field.

"But do you plan to marry soon?" the reporter persisted.

"No." Lola blinked her large eyes and tried to look thoughtful. "But a lot of men will be miserable when I do."

"Why?" the weary reporter asked. "How many men do you intend to marry?"

Warren Tarbert, Jr.

The Post *will pay $50 each for your acceptable "Perfect Squelch" anecdotes. Please send entries to Jep Cadou, Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46206.*

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Galen only shook his head and cried more into his hands.

"Well, I'm ashamed, and so you can be happy now. I'm ashamed because you've shamed me, and you've shamed my husband."

She tried to move away, but Brother Sugg held her to him very tightly, and she felt him squeezing her harder than he needed to.

"Repent," he whispered.

"No," she said.

"Amelia, you're my wife and my Sister, but you're also a Child of God. Come back to His fold. Repent of your pride and be forgiven."

She felt him pinching her side, and it hurt. He was pinching her as he held her, and no one could see.

"Be forgiven and come back to God. Come back to your husband. Let this man be forgiven. You've taken him farther than your bed. You've taken him to hell. Let him out."

"Amen," someone called.

Take your sins to the Lord and pray,
It's not too late to repent today,

Mary Grace Blevins began to sing.

They all took up the song, and left Amelia standing there beside her husband, who was holding her tighter and pinching her harder.

"For the sake of us all, Amelia," he whispered. "I'll take you back. I'll give you back your home and children. I'll stay home with you more often, and give you the worldly pleasures that I've denied you."

Then she began to cry again, and let loose all the feelings that had been pent up inside her.

"Praise the Lord" and "Glory, Glory, Glory" they all began to cry. Brother Sugg dropped to his knees and pulled Amelia with him, and they both buried their heads into the seat in front of them and cried and prayed together. Then Galen Millz stood up and made his way to them. He knelt down beside Brother Sugg, and he cried and prayed, and Brother Sugg put his arms around him and said, "I forgive you." Then he put his arms around Amelia and said, "I forgive you, too."

Everyone began singing and praying and crying at the same time. The spirit was with them. Brother Sugg was a fine man who had proved that he was their leader and the right man to take them to God. He had forgiven his wife, there in front of them all, and had brought her back to God. In addition, he had brought back Galen Millz, a man who had been living in hell with his sins.

Amelia cried and smiled into her hands at the same time, because it was all over and she'd got her husband home where he belonged.

Galen Millz cried because he knew he would never have repented unless Amelia had made him take this trip on the Glory Train.

Brother Sugg smiled, too, as he thought what a great day it had been. They hadn't even got to Doxie and already he had brought two people home to the Lord.

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- Help Me Make It Thru The Night

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BLASTOFF

continued from page 51

world to talk to each other freely.

"In fact," I went on, catching fire a bit as I always did when I thought of the matter, "what a festival it will be, with a kind of enormous picnic stretching for miles along the shores of Florida for those who wish to see the launch and all the global celebration that will go with it.

"The occasion will be highlighted by the massed marching bands of the world, rank upon rank of magnificent brass and timbrels, entire divisions of trumpeters and trombonists and drummers and fifers and glockenspielers blasting the heavens with a mighty sound of combined joy and union. Imagine! The nations of the world, each with a different tongue, joining in the same triumphant message in the one language we all understand—music! I would myself write a march for the occasion, stealing only slightly from John Philip Sousa. I would call it 'All For One.' A happy day for Earth, a festival of union of all men from the heads of state who will be there in all formality, to the population generally who will be celebrating. And not only in Florida, either, but all over the world."

I shook my head, "But that's not the point I was driving at. It was suggested, you remember, that the true communications of the occasion would be presented by the great writers of the world—"

"Like Tom Paine. You see, I remember."

"Like Tom Paine," I said, "and they would supply the world with something more persuasive than mere hopes for brotherhood, and help bring that about through their eloquence. But what words could conceivably serve, Mr. Franklin?"

Franklin thought about that for a while and I was afraid he would say nothing. Then he shivered and hunched his shoulders, saying rather hoarsely, "It is cold on this night and early morning of January 4, 1970. I envy you your warmth. Indeed, I surely do."

Then, his voice growing stronger, he said, "What need one say but the truth? I am a practical man, my friend, and if brotherhood were merely a matter of lofty ideals, I doubt it would be adopted. But it is a necessity, is it not? Can the world afford to remain a collection of separate, mutually hostile nations? Can it afford to endure the kind of wars that can now be fought, with the weapons men can now wield, with the kind of death that can now be delivered?"

"That is very true, sir, but how can we possibly convince people

"Okay, no ivory, apes, or peacocks. How about sandalwood, cedarwood, or sweet white wine?"

The Littles

These charming little people are designed by Walli Ortman, an artist with a unique talent for displaying the many faces of childhood without actually sculpting features. How easy to imagine the face of your own child—or a little friend—superimposed upon one of these delightful figurines. Fashioned of finest quality pewter and highlighted with copper accents, the "Littles" portray children engaged in the happiest pursuits of childhood. Order one—or a dozen! They make perfect gifts for mom and dad on "their days"—or for anyone—at anytime.

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who are filled with hatred and distrust of each other."

"The devil take hatred and distrust," said Franklin. "Of what use are they in the face of facts? Did we not have the same thing in the case of our thirteen colonies? But we had a flag that stated the truth baldly—a serpent divided into thirteen parts, and under it the slogan, 'Unite or Die.' What else is it for your world of two centuries hence, but unite or die?"

"It is hard to make men believe this."

"Is it possible that men cannot believe that the kind of war—what is it you call it?" he said, pettishly. "Why do you keep me fumbling at words?"

"Nuclear war, sir."

"Don't they know what it would be like?"

"But we haven't had a nuclear war, and short of that—"

"You mean they will believe they will die only when they are dead?"

"Something like that."

"Nothing else will do? Let me see."

I felt a strange faraway tingle deep in my skull, where I could not reach or remove it. Then Franklin heaved a deep sigh and gazed at me thoughtfully. "There is so much in your mind so poorly organized, and so much that is utterly strange to me. What is the second law of thermodynamics? A congressional matter?"

I bit my lip. "No, sir. It is a law of nature past any hope of congressional action."

"Never mind, sir. Never mind. This is not a time for levity. Let us go back to the furnace that keeps your bedroom warm. I think, now, you do not burn coal in it."

"Coal is used," I said, "in some furnaces. For most purposes, though, the United States, and, increasingly, the world, have turned to oil. In your day, it was called naphtha, pitch or bitumen."

"Then it also comes from the ground, does it not? Like coal?"

"Yes, sir. But it is a thick, black liquid far easier to extract from the ground than coal is, far easier to transport, far easier to separate into different fractions for different uses, far easier to ignite. It is so convenient in all respects that the industry of the world for the last half century has run increasingly by means of the burning of oil. Our self-propelled vehicles of all sorts make use of it."

"Oil is the draft horse of your time, then?"

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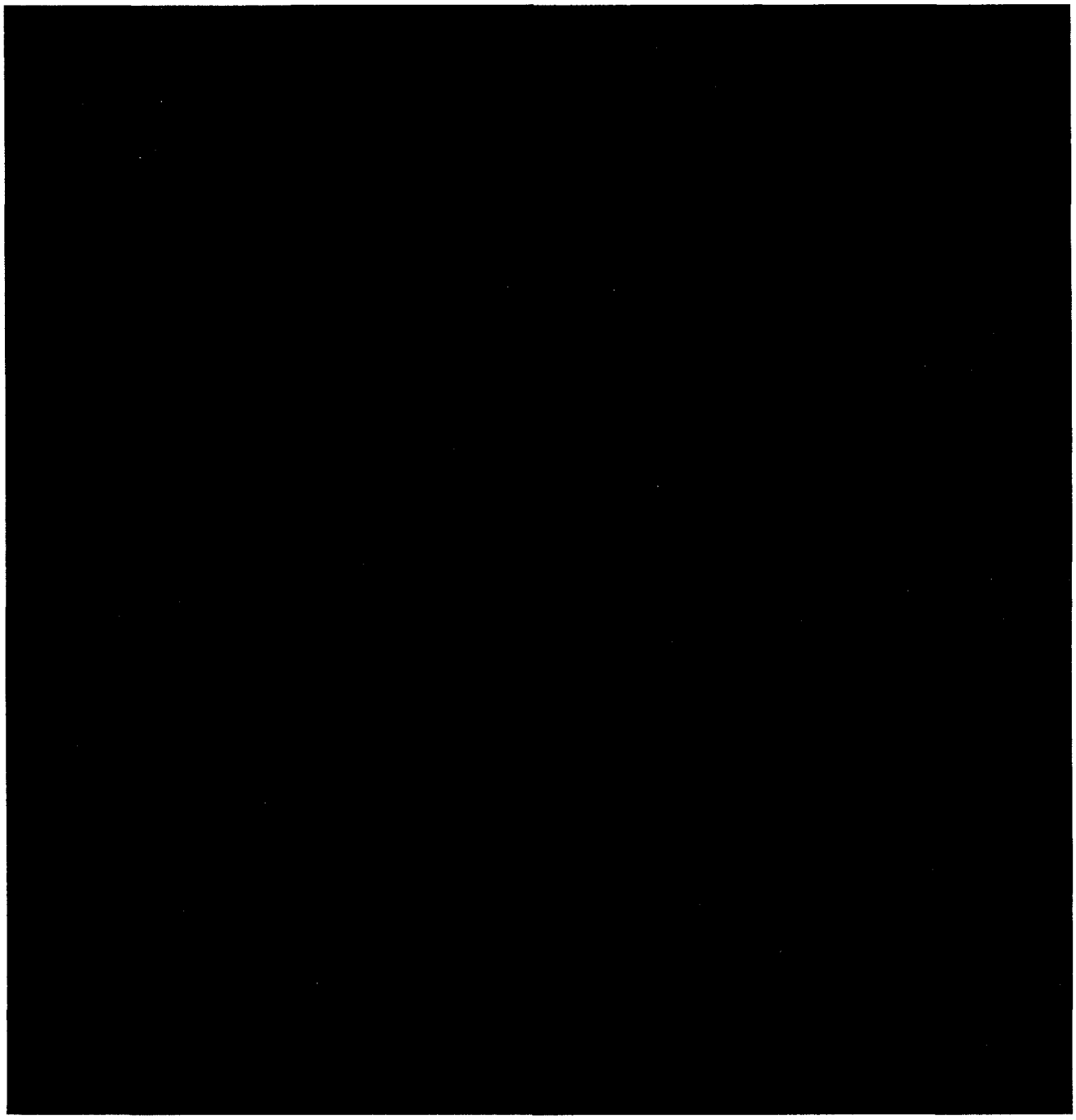
"It has a great deal, sir. We have been one of the great producers. Yet in recent years, our oil wells are past their peak and our demand still increases, so that we have had to import oil from outside."

"From what nations?"

"Canada, Venezuela—but increasingly from the Middle East."

Continued on page 144



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LOVE is the subject of this handsome needlepoint design. An exact replica of Robert Indiana's famous painting which hangs in the Indianapolis Museum of Art, the kit includes an 18″ x 18″ fully illustrated unworked canvas (finished design measures 14″ x 14″), needle, 100% wool yarn, instructions and a LOVE mini-poster. You'll LOVE it as a pillow, or hanging on the wall. There's a bonus in the poly bag in which the kit is packaged. It can be used and reused as a handy carrier while working on this and other designs. LOVE Needlepoint Kit, $12.95 plus $1.00 postage and handling.

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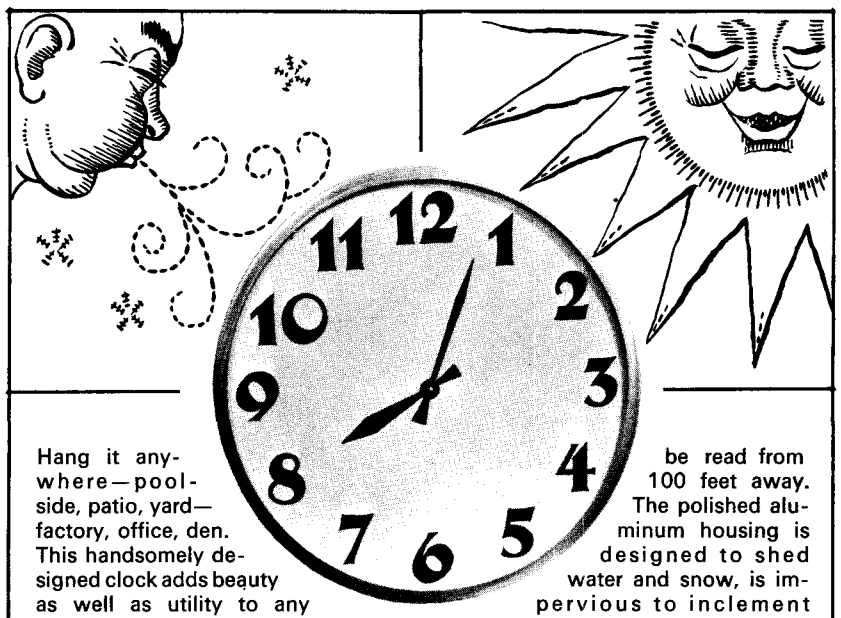

Hang it anywhere—poolside, patio, yard—factory, office, den. This handsomely designed clock adds beauty as well as utility to any setting. There is no unsightly wiring to detract from its clean, modern design. The clock measures 15" in diameter and its 1¾" numerals can be read from 100 feet away. The polished aluminum housing is designed to shed water and snow, is impervious to inclement weather. It's economical as well as practical. The clock operates one year on one flashlight battery. Only $30.00 plus $2.50 shipping and handling.

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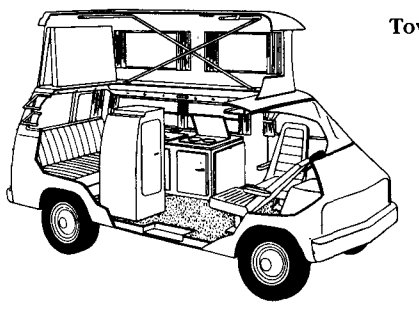

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SINGING COWBOYS

continued from page 67

Autry. There was a Frenchman who sang "Folsom Prison" with a Parisian accent. There were identical twins from Canada, cracking bullwhips. There was a nice guy in white overalls and an Indian hat over his shoulder-length blond hair, who said how good it was to be there "with all the brothers and sisters praising the Lord," and then played a flute solo.

Another black cowboy appeared and was five lines into his number before we realized it was Flip Wilson, visiting from his show down the hall. An hour later a plump, funny face showed up under another ten-gallon hat—Dom DeLuise taking a break from his taping.

At ten o'clock, after twelve solid hours, Wes asked the waiting cowboys if they wanted to knock off and resume the next day. Almost unanimously, they roared "No!"—and we realized most of them had taken a day off from work to audition for us. We kept going.

At two in the morning, eighteen nonstop hours after we'd begun, the stage manager showed No. 428 offstage and announced that he'd been the last.

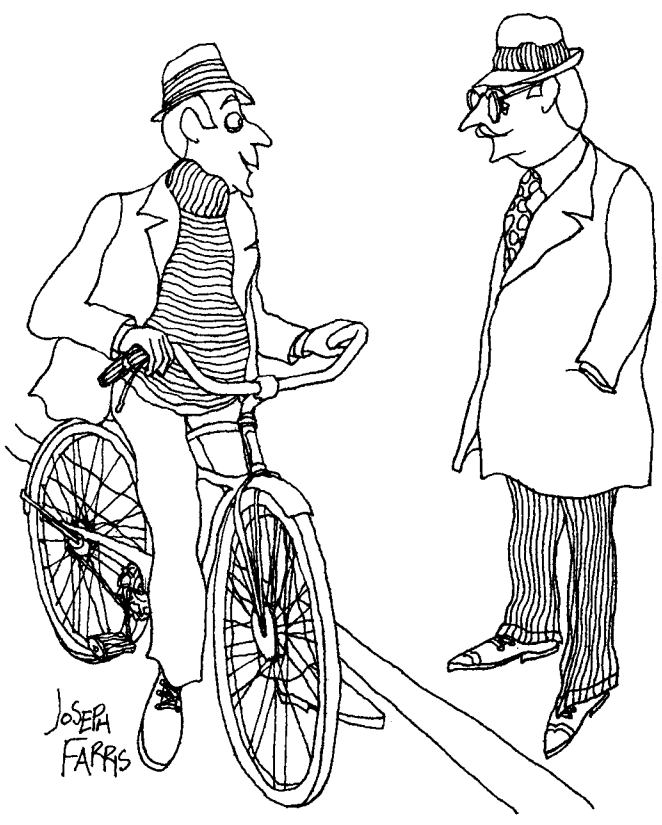
Wes and I didn't want to miss a bet, so we scheduled another audition months later—this time at KTLA. KTLA is a Los Angeles local station owned by Golden West Broadcasting, which in turn is owned by a former movie actor who bought it with part of the fortune he made as the first singing cowboy, none other than Gene Autry.

After KTLA the total was up to more than 600 now, and Wes and I winnowed them down to fifty-three semifinalists, for a day on location on the western street of CBS Studio Center in the San Fernando Valley—the old Republic Pictures studio where Gene Autry and John Wayne started.

We held another audition at the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, to see if there were any dazzling talents that couldn't afford to come west. ABC's "Wide World of Entertainment" has decided to make a ninety-minute special about the search.

At this writing Wes and I do not know the ultimate outcome. We think we're going to get that $200,000 back, and a lot more in substantial profits, in short order. And we're doing it the way the gods of show business intended: we're going out in the field to find talent.

Our Singing Cowboy will be under contract to Wes and me. He gets paid fifty-two weeks a year, whether he works or not. We're going back to the original studio system, where we can lend out the services of our Singing Cowboy for films, television, records, personal appearances and all the rest of the grand hoopla. They're going to call us lucky, too—but we won't mind, because we'll have succeeded in putting another spark of humanity and creative imagination into the business we love.



"I get around thirty-five miles per pound of fat."

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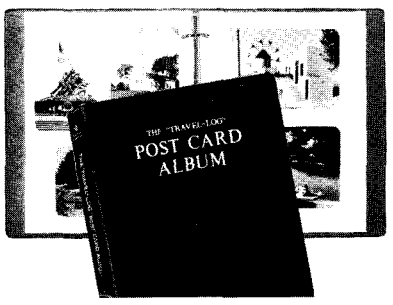

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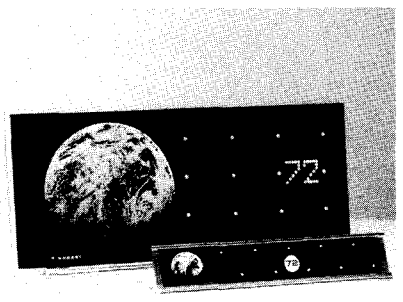

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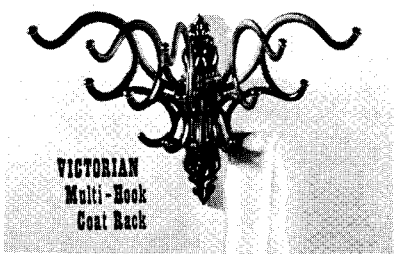

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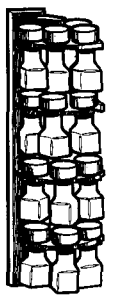

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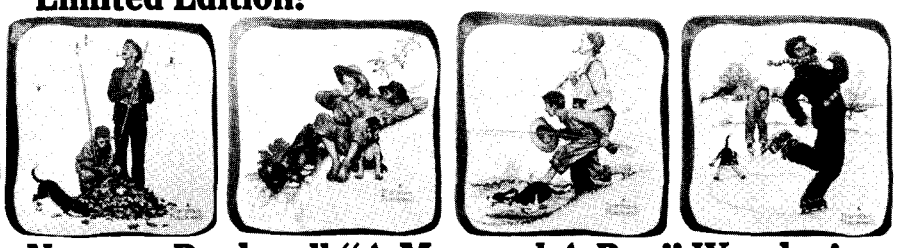

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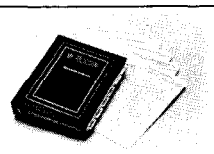

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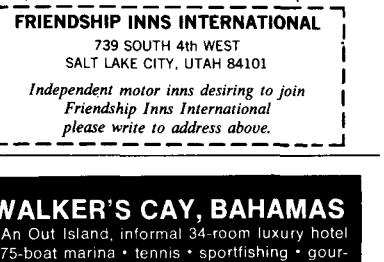

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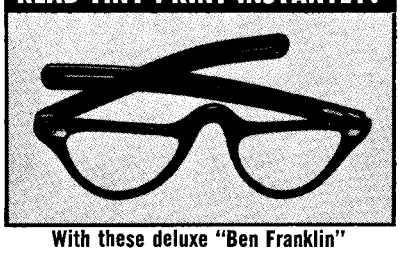

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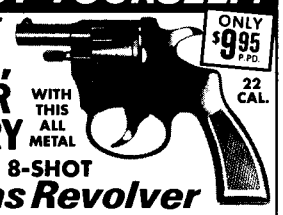

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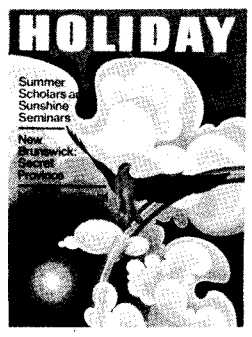

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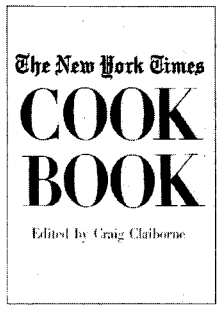

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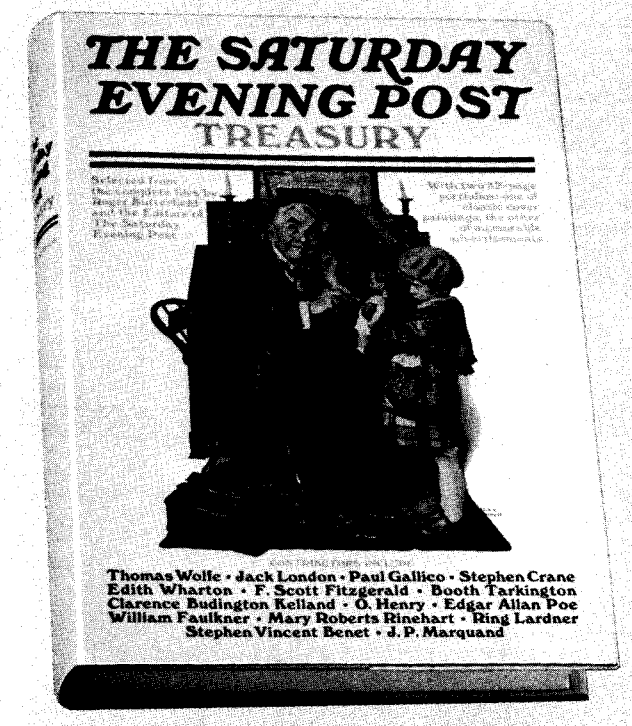
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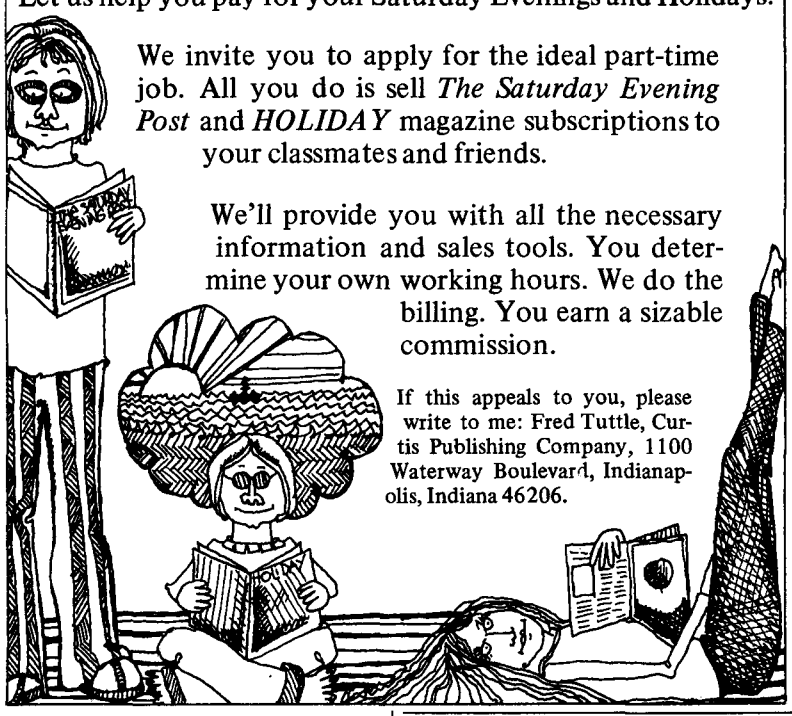

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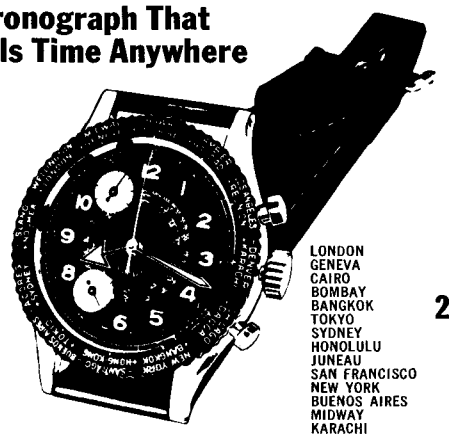

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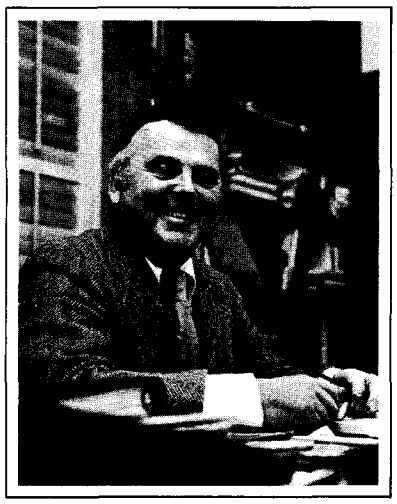

Pierre Cossette, TV producer *extraordinaire* and the ebullient author of the article "Where Is The World's Singing-est Cowboy?" (see page 66 of this issue) is a story in himself.

Pierre was born in the charmingly named Valleyfield, Quebec. He was whisked to California at an early age, though, and ultimately attended that breeding ground of entertainment talent, the University of Southern California. Pierre published his own campus magazine, which was sold on eighty-five other university campuses as well. This in turn became his stepping-stone to show business. After graduation, Pierre attempted to continue his magazine, and, in an effort to raise money, hired the Hollywood Palladium for a big entertainment bash. As author of the record and movie columns in his own magazine, he had plenty of clout with the big stars of song and screen, and the biggies came in for Pierre in a herd. In those days, Pierre tells, most big shows at the Palladium were benefits. After he had hauled in the moola, Pierre was compelled to admit that the show was indeed a benefit . . . for, well, Cossette.

At this, waves of publicity went washing out into all of the entertainment press, with the exceptional result that MCA, the biggest talent outfit in the business, hired on the young impresario, possibly before he could cut in on *their* business. From then on, it was up all the way. He soon became head of MCA's variety department. After that, he moved on to the Flamingo Hotel, in Las Vegas, and the Mapes Hotel, in Reno. Then Pierre Cossette started Dunhill Records, which later became part of ABC. The firm is now one of the six largest record companies in the world.

Cossette went into television three years ago and has already produced many major television specials for all three networks and for sponsors such as Bristol-Myers, Chevrolet, Pontiac and the Bell Telephone Company. He has big plans in the making for the future.

continued from page 137

"What do you mean by that last term?"

"The lands of the Muhammadan world."

"*They* supply the fuel that runs the industry of the world?"

"Most of it."

"Hah! Then the Sultan has a power undreamed of even by Suleiman the Magnificent."

"Not the Sultan, sir. The Ottoman Empire was in decline already in your time and it fell apart in the early decades of this century so that there is no longer a sultan. Many of its fragments were, during my own younger years, dominated by Great Britain and France."

"You mean a Christian power ruled on the Golden Horn and kept its state in Constantinople."

"No, not that. Turkey maintained its independence and retained Constantinople—it's called Istanbul now. The oil-producing nations are for the most part those that rim the Persian Gulf."

"It is too much to grasp," said Franklin. "I cannot squeeze two centuries of history into my mind in two hours. But at least I see that the United States and Europe have grown to depend on these fragments of empire about the Persian Gulf. But what do those fragments need in their turn?"

"Industrial knowledge. They sell their oil for money, but money itself is worthless unless it buys what increases true wealth."

"The gold itself being merely a symbol," said Franklin. "Yes, I agree with you, and yet it is hard for the nations to understand that. Spain, two centuries ago, as *I* count time, had all the gold of Mexico and Peru at its disposal and counted itself rich. But it was Great Britain and France and the Netherlands that developed manufactured goods and commerce. They sold at a profit and grew strong while Spain bought at a loss and grew weak—and lost its gold as well."

I said, "The oil-producing nations are aware of this and wish to develop an advanced industry and to educate their people in modern technology."

"And from where can they find such development and education?"

"That must come from the United States and Europe."

"Then," said Franklin, "each side needs the other."

"Of course," I said.

"I know, now, what to look for in that mind of yours with its dusty accumulation of two centuries of additional human discoveries. It is not just oil that is a problem. Various minerals, too?"

"The supply runs short," I said. What is left of one or another is concentrated largely in one section of the earth or another. If we are not cautious we will run out altogether."

"And oil will run out, too?" asked Franklin. "Will the wells of the Middle East someday also pass their peak?"

"Undoubtedly."

"When will that be?"

I shrugged. "It depends on the rate at which we use it."

"If at the present rate?"

"Perhaps thirty to fifty years."

Franklin said, "You will find more oil sources, perhaps. After all, none of these you use were known in my time. They were found. Have you found them all?"

"Not all, certainly. But if all the earth were made of oil, we'd use it up eventually.

"How was it formed?"

"Theory has it that it was formed over the space of hundreds of millions of years through the agency of myriads of microscopic living creatures in the sea that died and sank into the ooze of the shallow sea bottom and there were buried. The fat of their tiny bodies slowly turned into this oil we now collect and use."

"Can you not duplicate the process and make more?"

"We can. From coal, for instance. It takes a great deal of energy to do so, though, and the oil thus made will be far more expensive than the oil we now have."

"I didn't mean it that way. Is there no way you can make oil cheaply with this—I do not know what the word you used means."

"Energy," I said, and then was struck by the fact that the word had not even been invented till seventeen years after Franklin's death, "energy makes work possible and burning oil releases a lot of it in a very useful way. But you cannot make energy out of nothing; you can only change one form of energy into another. That's called the law of conservation of energy, not discovered till fifty years after your day here. It's also called the first law of thermodynamics. In fact, in changing one form of energy into another, you invariably waste energy. That's the second law of thermodynamics, the one you came across in my mind earlier."

"You mean," said Franklin, "that if you wish to make available the energy of oil by starting with the energy of coal, you will spend more coal in the process than if you had used that same coal directly for the purpose you intended?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

"Why not use coal directly?"

"Because it is solid and not as convenient as liquid oil. In converting coal into oil there is a waste of energy but a gain in convenience."

"And are there still other sources of energy?"

"Certainly. There are some that are virtually inexhaustible. There is the energy of the heat from the interior of the earth, the energy of sunlight, the energy of certain nuclear reactions called fusion."

"In that case, is not the matter of oil of little importance after all?"

"No, sir, Mr. Franklin. The trouble with these other sources of energy is that although they are there, mankind has not learned how to make practical use of them."

"Will mankind do so some day?"

"Probably, but it is likely to take at least thirty to fifty years."

"And what nation will develop these new sources of energy on which alone your world of the future can survive?"

I shook my head. "I doubt that any one nation can. Nuclear fusion, for instance, is being investigated by several nations. Each adopts the other's advances as soon as made."

"Is this energy problem a matter of distant possibility to the people of the world, as nuclear war is?"

"Not at all," I said, feelingly. "There is a well-advertised oil shortage the world over now, as, partly for political reasons and partly for economic reasons, the oil-producing nations are cutting production and raising prices. Hundreds of millions of people feel the result directly."

"Do you?"

"Absolutely. I dare not use my automobile."

Franklin said, with an energy surprising in a man of his age, "Then abandon this energy of yours and come back to the conditions which served my own world well enough."

"And burn wood, sir? There isn't enough left, and there are too many of us. Sir, the population of the world in your day was just under 900,000,000. The population, today, is just over 3,700,000,000. The population has grown more than fourfold; yet it lives, on the average, more comfortably than the people in your day. They do so at the expense of a vastly increased rate of energy expenditure. For my time to return to yours means that billions must die."

Franklin said, "You say, then, that every nation needs every other nation; for oil, or for metal, or for industrial experience and technological knowledge. You say that the oil supplies will soon be used up and that permanent new energy supplies must be found by nations working together. You say that failure to cooperate means the end of your technological civilization and the death of billions. You say it all as though it were such apparent truth that it wearied you to have to explain it to me. You are, then, sir, not the only person in the world to know all this."

"Every person who reads the newspapers or watches television knows it."

"Then do you still ask me," Franklin's voice grew dimmer and his face grew misty, "what the writers and orators of the world should take as their theme? It is the same theme we took up in the days of the Stamp Act: Unite or die. Unite or die. What other choice have you?"

"Yes, but sir, the ingrained prejudices and distrust—"

"There must then be . . . compromise. . . ." came the whisper. Franklin was fading fast.

"What kind of compromise? How?" I asked.

"Compromise," came a last breath of sound, and he was gone.

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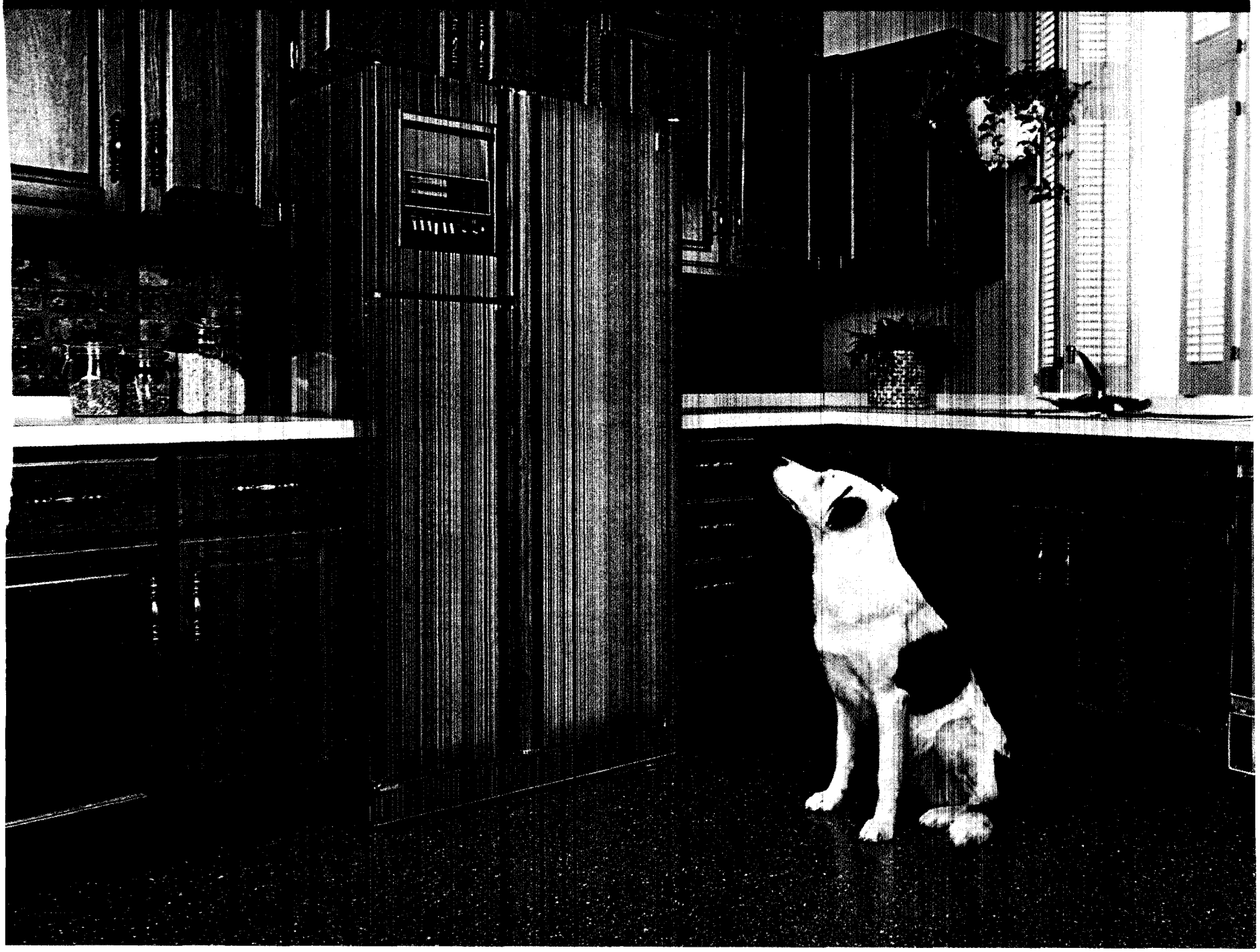

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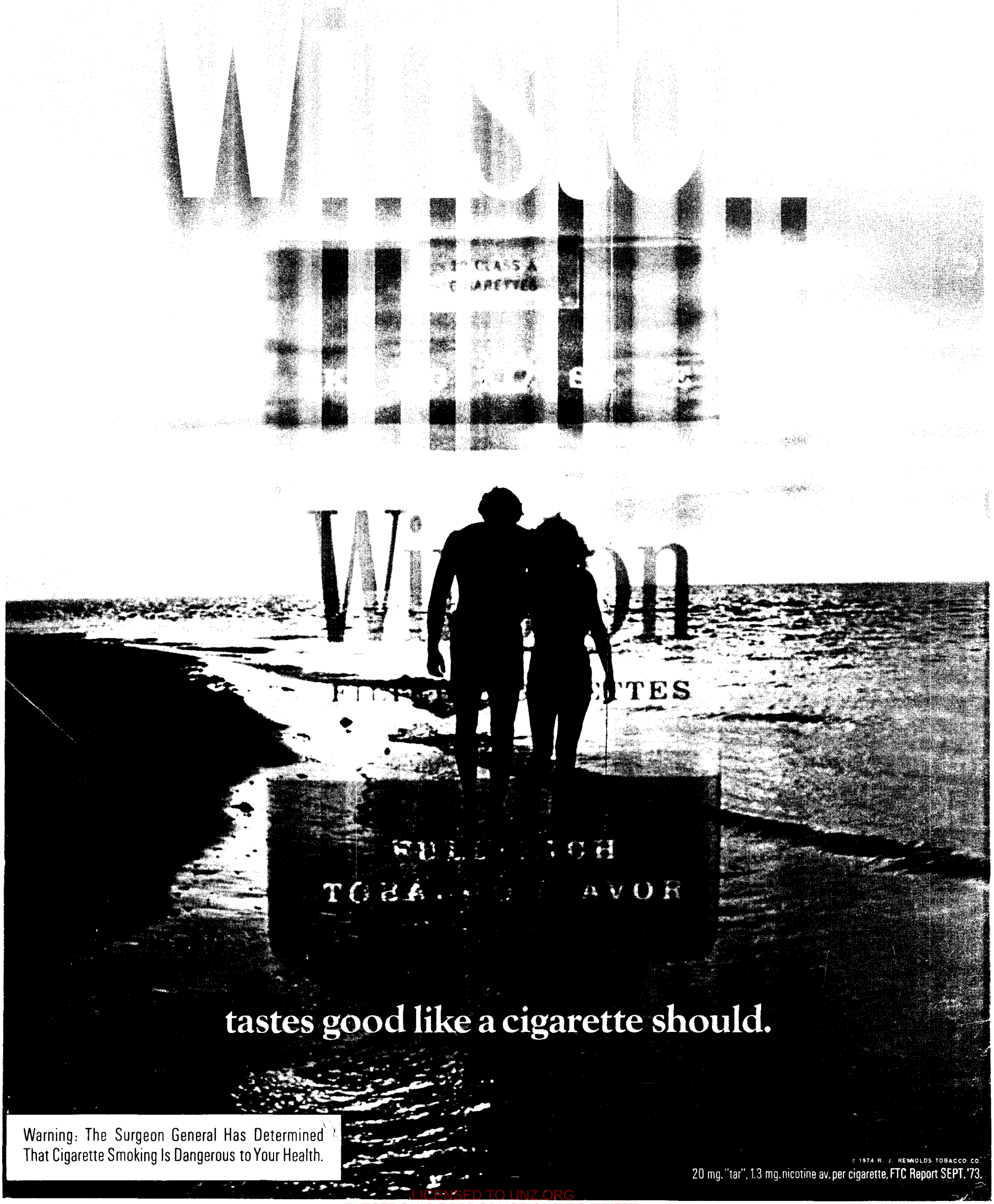
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